

The Muses' Library

POEMS
OF
HENRY VAUGHAN
SILURIST

EDITED BY
E K CHAMBERS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CANON BEECHING

VOL II



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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

RECENT inquiries into the life of Henry Vaughan have added but little to the information already contained in the memoirs of Mr Lyte and Dr Grosart. I have, however, been enabled to put together a few notes on this somewhat obscure subject, which may be taken as supplementary to Mr Beeching's *Introduction* in Vol I. It will be well to preface them by reprinting the account of Anthony a Wood, our chief original authority (*Ath Oxon*, ed Bliss, 1817, iv 425).

"Henry Vaughan, called the *Silurist* from that part of Wales whose inhabitants were in ancient times called Silures, brother twin (but elder)¹ to Eugenius Philalethes, alias Tho Vaughan was born at Newton S Briget, lying on the river Isca, commonly called Uske, in Brecknockshire, educated

¹ Dr Grosart, however, says (ii 298), "In all the pedigree that have been submitted to me, Thomas is placed as the first of the twins." But, as Henry inherited Newton, and Thomas took orders, Anthony a Wood is probably right.

in grammar learning in his own country for six years under one Matthew Herbert, a noted schoolmaster of his time, made his first entry into Jesus College in Mich term 1638, aged 17 years, where spending two years or more in logicals under a noted tutor, was taken thence and designed by his father for the obtaining of some knowledge in the municipal laws at London. But soon after the civil war beginning, to the horror of all good men, he was sent for home, followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology, became noted for his ingenuity, and published several specimens thereof, of which his *Olor Iscanus* was most valued. Afterwards applying his mind to the study of physic, became at length eminent in his own country for the practice thereof, and was esteemed by scholars an ingenious person, but proud and humorous. [A list of Vaughan's works follows.] He died in the latter end of April (about the 29th day) in sixteen hundred ninety and five, and was buried in the parish church of Llan senfreid, about two miles distant from Brecknock, in Brecknockshire."

Anthony à Wood seems to have had some personal acquaintance with the poet, for in his account of Thomas Vaughan (*Ath Oxon* iii 725) he says that "Olor Iscanus sent me a catalogue of his brother's works"

(a) THE VAUGHAN GENEALOGY

Henry Vaughan's descent from the Vaughans of Tietower, County Brecon, has been accurately traced by Dr Grosart and others. Little has been hitherto known about his immediate family. Theophilus Jones, in his *History of Brecknockshire* (1805-9), ii 544, says "Henry Vaughan died in 1695, aged 75,¹ leaving by his first wife two sons and three daughters, and by his second a daughter Rachel, who married John Turberville. His grand daughter, Denys, or Dyenis, a corruption or abbreviation of Dyonisia, who was the daughter of Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn, by Luce his wife, died single in 1780, aged 92, and is buried in the Priory churchyard.² What became of the remainder of his family, or whether they are extinct, I know not." To this statement Mr Lyte added nothing but some errors, and Dr Grosart nothing but the following hypothesis —

"I am inclined to think that William Vaughan, censor of the College of Physicians, physician to William III^d, was one of the sons of our worthy mentioned by Mr Lyte. William Vaughan's 'age 20' in 1668 represents 1648 as the birth date,

¹ The tombstone says 73 G T Clark repeats Jones error

² The tombstone is actually in the north aisle of the church itself

and that fits in with the love verse of the Poems of 1646 ”

Mr G T Clark, in his *Genealogies of Glamorgan*, p 240, gives the following account —

Henry [Vaughan], ob 1695, æt 75, father by first wife of (1) a son, s p , (2) Lucy ob 29 Aug , 1780, æt 92,¹ m Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn Their d Denise Jones, died single, 1780, æt 92 By second wife (3) Rachel, m John Turberville , (4) Edmund , (5) Alexander, ob 1622 [?], s p , (6) Catharine, m Wm Harris , (7) Mary, m John Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach , (8) Elizabeth, m John Arnold , (9) Frances, m Wm Johns of Cwm Dhu

Unfortunately Mr Clark is unable to remember his authority for this pedigree I have found another, which differs from it in many ways, and is exceedingly interesting, inasmuch as it gives, for the first time, the names of Henry Vaughan's two wives, who appear to have been sisters It is in a volume of *Brecknockshire Pedigrees* collected by the Welsh Herald, Hugh Thomas, and now amongst the Harleian MSS Hugh Thomas was born and lived hard by Llansantffread, and must have known Vaughan and his family personally

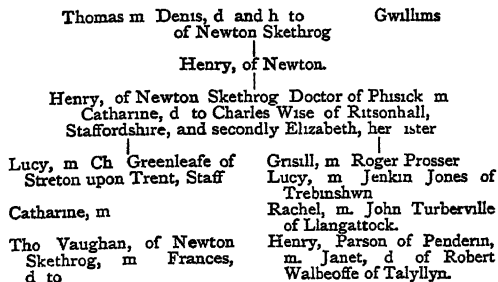
¹ Obviously Mr Clark has confused Lucy Jones with her daughter, Denise Jones.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

xix

PEDIGREE OF VAUGHAN OF TRETOWER AND NEWTON

(From Harl MS 2289, f 8r)



It will be observed that neither Mr Clark's pedigree nor Hugh Thomas' agrees with the number of children assigned to each marriage by Theophilus Jones, and that neither of them helps out Dr Grosart's hypothesis that Dr William Vaughan was a son of the poet Mr W B Rye (*Genealogist*, iii 33) has made it appear likely that this Dr Vaughan, who married Anne Newton, of Romford in Essex, belonged to a branch of the Vaughans who had been settled in Romford since 1571

I now proceed to confirm and illustrate the pedigrees by giving such further facts concerning Vaughan's immediate family as I have been able

with Miss Morgan's assistance, to glean I can trace no family of Wises in Staffordshire so early as the seventeenth century, nor any place in that county called Ritsonhall. It is possible that the R W of the *Elegy* (vol 11, p 79, *note*) may have been a Wise, and also that the connection between Vaughan and the Staffordshire Egertons may have been through this family (vol 11, p 294, *note*). Vaughan's first wife Catharine was probably dead before 1658. Thomas Vaughan, in his diary (MS Sloane, 1741, f 106 (b)), makes mention in that year of "eyewater made at the Pinner of Wakefield by my dear wife and my Sister Vaughan, who are both now with God." The second wife, Elizabeth, survived her husband. Administration of his goods was granted to her as the widow of an intestate in May, 1695.¹ The fine old manor house at Newton was pulled down by a stupid land agent within the memory of man, but a stone has been found built into the wall of a house half a mile from the site, bearing the inscription

¹ This was noted by Mr W B Rye in *The Genealogist*, 111 33, from the Entry Book of the Registry at Hereford. Since then Mr Clark of Hereford has kindly sent me, through Miss Morgan, a copy of the bond entered into by the administratrix, Elizabetha Vaughan de I lansaunfread, and her son in law and surety, Roger Prosser de Villa Brecon. The bond, or the copy, is dated in error "30 May, 1694, et 7th Wm 11." Administration was granted on May 29, 1695. The inventory of the personal property amounted to £49 4s 0d. The witnesses are Walter Prosser and David Thomas.

"H^VE, 1689" This may well stand for H[enry and] E[lizabeth] V[aughan] Newton probably passed to the poet's eldest son Thomas and his wife Frances¹ Of their descendants, if any, we know nothing There was a William Vaughan of Llansantffread who, later than 1714, married Mary Games of Tregaer in Llanfrynach But this was probably a Vaughan not of Newton, but of Scethrog also in Llansantffread (*cf* footnote to p xiv below) In 1733 William Vaughan was church warden of Llanfrynach In 1740 William Vaughan of Tregaer was high sheriff of Brecknock In 1760 Tregaer had passed by purchase to a Mr Phillips The registers of Llanfrynach from 1695-1756 are now lost Lucy Greenleafe and her sister Catharine are quite obscure One of them may have been the niece who was living with Thomas Vaughan when news came from the country in 1658 of his father's death (MS Sloane, 1741, f 89(b)) Of the second family, Henry became Rector of Penderin in 1684, and vacated the living, probably through death, in 1713 A tablet to his memory hung during

¹ An old alphabetical catalogue of wills in the Hereford Registry between 1660-1677, has the following entries —

Thomas Vaughan, Lansamfread, 11 Dec, 1660.

Franca Vaughan, Lansamfread, 16 Nov 1677

The wills cannot, in the present state of the Registry, be found (*Genealogist*, 111, 33) These dates are much too early for the poet's son and daughter in law, but whose are the wills?

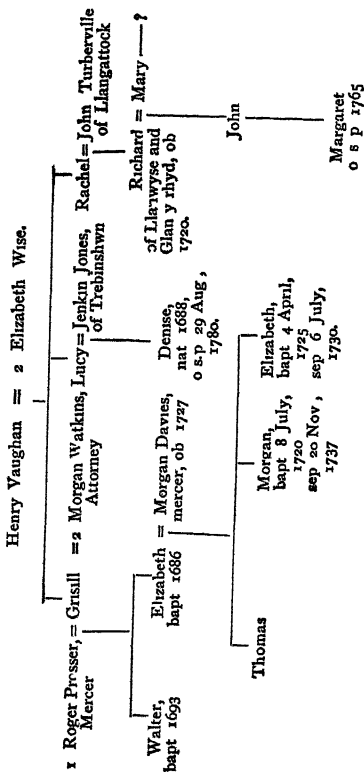
the present century in the church at Penderin,¹ but when the church was restored the tablets were taken down and buried under the tiles of the chancel. His wife, a Walbeoffe of Talyllyn, belonged to the same family as the Walbeoffes of Llanhamlach (vol. II, p. 189, *note*). The eldest girl, Grisill, married Roger Prosser. The Prossers were the younger branch of a Brecknockshire family who had become sadlers and mercers in Brecon. Many of their tombs are in the Priory church, but Theophilus Jones states that by his time they were extinct. Grisill Prosser was married a second time, in 1709, to Morgan Watkins, an attorney, and was buried on August 21, 1737. The second girl, Lucy, married Jenkin Jones of Trebinshwn, a cousin of Colonel Jenkin Jones, the local Parliamentary leader. Her daughter, Denise Jones, died single in 1780, as Theophilus Jones states, and her tombstone in the Priory church records her descent. The third girl, Rachel, married John Turberville, one of the Turbervilles of Llangattock, who claimed kinship with the Elizabethan poet of that name. The following pedigree shows the descendants of the three daughters of Henry Vaughan's second marriage, so far as they can be traced.¹

¹ The *Turberville* and *Jones* lines are taken from Theophilus Jones *History of Brecknockshire* (II 444), and from Harl. MS 2289, f. 70, respectively. Miss Morgan has kindly traced the Prossers from the *Registers* of St. John's and St. Mary's Churches, Brecon.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

XX.II

2



It will be seen that I can give no evidence of the existence of any living descendants of Henry Vaughan

Henry's grandfather, Thomas Vaughan, a younger son of Charles Vaughan of Tietower, seems to have come into the possession of Newton through his marriage with an heiress of the family of Gwillims or Williams. Newton, or in Welsh Tienewydd, is a farm of about 200 acres in the manor or lordship, and near the village of Scethrog, both being in the parish of Llansantffread and hundred of Penkelley. Williams is a common name in Breconshire, and I cannot trace the descent of Thomas Vaughan's wife. In the sixteenth century Newton belonged to a family who finally settled on the name of Howel, ap Howell or Powell.¹ The last of these is described on his tombstone in Llansantffread Church as "David Morgan David Howel, who married William of Llanhamoloch and they had issue one daughter called Denys. He died 2nd June, 1598." Perhaps Newton passed in some way from David Morgan David Howel to his wife's family, and so to Thomas Vaughan, who married Denise Gwillims. Theophilus Jones (ii 538) records that at a later date other Williams's,

¹ Miss Morgan tells me that David Morgan David Howel's father, Morgan ap Howel, is described in a pedigree as "of Tienewydd in Penkelley", and I find from Harl MS 2289, ff 84 (b), 85, that the Powells "of Newton Penkelley" were related to the Powells of Cantreff (*See* vol II, p. 57, *note*).

also apparently connected with Llarhamlach, were succeeded by other Vaughans at Scethrog, hard by Newton. His account is that David Williams, youngest brother of Sir Thomas Williams of Eltham, married a daughter of John Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach (*cf* pedigree in vol 11, p 189, *note*), and bought Scethrog. Their son Charles died without issue, and the property passed to his wife Mary (Anne in Harl MS, 2289, t 39, *cf* vol 11, p 204, *note*), the daughter of Morgan John of Wenallt. She afterwards married Hugh Powell, clerk, parson of Llansanffread and precentor of St David's, and her daughter Margaret married Charles Vaughan, son to Vaughan Morgan of Tretower.¹

A trace of Thomas Vaughan is probably preserved in a window head from the old church of Llansanffread, now destroyed, which has the inscription —

1626	E G	T V	W T
W	F	I	Q

T V may stand for T[homas] V[auhan].²

¹ The will of this Charles Vaughan has been abstracted by Mr W B Rye (*Genealogist*, 11 33) from the Hereford Will Office. It was made 9th April 1707, and proved 29th May, 1707. The testator is described as of Skellrog, Llansanffread, and mention is made of his wife Margaret Powell, and of a son William. This William, therefore, and not a grandson of Henry Vaughan, may be the William Vaughan of Llansanffread, who married Mary Games of Tregaer (p. xxi). Skellrog appears to have passed to another and probably elder son, Charles.

² S W Williams, *Llansanffread Church in Archaeologia Cambrensis* (1887)

Of Henry Vaughan, the poet's father, very little is known. His name appears in a list of Breconshire magistrates for 1620. And we learn from Thomas Vaughan's diary in Sloane MS. 1741, f. 89 (b), that he died in August 1658.

The only additional definite fact which I can here record of the poet himself is that in 1691 he entered a caveat against any institution to the vicarage of Llandeulley, he claiming the next presentation under a grant from William Winter, Esq.¹ Mr. Rye has shown that the specimen of handwriting facsimiled by Dr. Grosart in his edition of Henry Vaughan's *Works* cannot possibly be the poet's. The signatures, however, on the margin of a copy of *Olor Iscanus*, once in the library of Lady Isham, might be genuine.

(b) VAUGHAN AND JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD

Anthony à Wood's statement as to Vaughan's residence at Jesus College, Oxford, has been generally accepted, but I venture to doubt it on the following grounds —

(1) Vaughan's name does not occur in the University Matriculation Register, although his brother

¹ W. B. Rye in *Genealogist*, iii. 36, from Entry Book in Hereford Will Office.

Thomas Vaughan is duly entered as matriculating from Jesus on 14th December, 1638. The only College records which help us are the Battel-books for 1638 and 1640. That for 1639 is unfortunately missing. The Rev Llewellyn Thomas kindly informs me that he can only trace one undergraduate Vaughan in the two books in question. The Christian name is not given, but I think that we must assume it to be Thomas.

(2) Vaughan does not describe himself on any title page as of Jesus College, nor does he ever speak of himself as an Oxford man. This omission is the more noticeable as he would naturally have done so in the lines *Ad Posteror* (vol II, p. 51), and might well have done so in those *On Sir Thomas Bodley's Library, the Author being then in Oxford* (vol II, p. 197).

(3) Anthony à Wood cannot be depended on. He describes Thomas Carew, for instance, as of C C C, whereas he was a most certainly of Merton. And there was another Henry Vaughan of Jesus, who may have been confused with the poet. This Henry Vaughan, a son of John Vaughan of Cathlun, Merionethshire, matriculated at Oriel on July 4, 1634. He afterwards became a Scholar and Fellow of Jesus, taking his B A in 1637 and his M A in 1639. In 1643 he became vicar of Penteg, co Monmouth, and died at Abergavenny in 1661. (Wood, *Ath Oxon*, III 531, Foster, *Alumni Oxon*.)

(4) The only confirmation of Anthony à Wood's statement is the poem (vol II, p. 289) taken by Dr Grosart from the *Eucharistica Oxoniensis* (1641), and signed "H Vaughan, Jes Col". If I am right, this may be by Vaughan's namesake. He has indeed another poem in that volume signed "Hen Vaugh, Jes Soc" but that is in Latin, and it is not unexampled for one man to contribute more than one poem, especially in different tongues, to such collections. Or it may be by Herbert Vaughan, who was a Gentleman commoner of the College in 1641, and has, with Henry Vaughan the Fellow, verses in the *πρωτέλεια Anglo Batava* of the same year.

(c) VAUGHAN IN THE CIVIL WAR

There are several passages which make it probable that Vaughan, like his brother Thomas, bore arms on the King's side in the Civil War. The most important is in the poem *To Mr Ridsley* (vol II, p. 83), where he speaks of the time

"when this juggling fate
Of soldiery first seiz'd me"

In the same poem he mentions

"that day, when we
Left craggy Biston and the fatal Dee"

"Craggy Biston" is clearly Beeston Castle, one of the outlying defences of Chester, situated on a steep

rock not very far east of the Dee This castle was besieged on several occasions during the Civil War, especially during the campaign of 1645, when Chester was also besieged by the Parliamentarians¹ Between Beeston and the Dee was fought, on September 24, 1645, the battle of Rowton Heath, after which Charles the First, who had hoped to raise the siege of Chester, was obliged to retreat to Denbigh² The following lines from Vaughan's *Elegy on Mr R W* (vol II, p 79), who fell in that battle, seem to have been written by an eye witness

O that day
 When like the fathers in the fire and cloud
 I miss'd thy face¹ I might in ev'ry crowd
 See arms like thine, and men advance, but none
 So near to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on
 Have you observ'd how soon the nimble eye
 Brings th' object to conceit, and doth so vie
 Performance with the soul that you would swear
 The act and apprehension both lodg'd there?
 Just so mov'd he like shot his active hand
 Drew blood, ere well the foe could understand
 But here I lost him

This appears to me pretty conclusive evidence, against it, however, must be set the passage on the

¹ An account of the part played by Beeston Castle during the Civil War will be found in Ormerod's *History of Cheshire* (ed. Helsby), II 272 sqq

² Gardiner, *The Great Civil War* ch xxxvi, J R Phillips, *The Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, I 329, II 270

Civil War in the autobiographical poem *Ad Posteror*
(vol II, p 51)

Vixi, divisos cum fregerat haeresis Anglos
Inter Tysiphonas presbyteri et populi
His primum miseris per amoena furentibus arva
Prostravit sanctam vilis avena rosam
Turbarunt fontes, et fuis pax perit undis,
Moestaque coelestes obruit umbra dies
Duret ut integritas tamen, et pia gloria partem
Me nullam in tanta strage fuisse, scias,
Credidimus nempe insonti vocem esse cruori,
Et vires quae post funera flere docent
Hinc castae, fidaeque pati me more parentis
Commonui, et lachrimis fata levare meis,
Hinc nusquam horrendis violavi sacra procellis,
Nec mihi mens unquam, nec manus atra fuit

The natural interpretation of this certainly is that Vaughan took no share in the disturbances of his time, except to grieve over them in retirement. Yet, in the first place, the lines may have been written before he took up arms in 1645, and, in the second, they may only mean that he had no share in *bringing about* the troubles of England, or in *shedding innocent* blood. Similarly when elsewhere, as in *Abel's Blood* (vol I p 254), and in the prayer to be quoted below, he expresses horror of blood guiltiness, this need not necessarily be taken as extending to the man who fights in a righteous cause.

Miss Morgan, I may add, suggests that Vaughan was at Rowton Heath, not as a combatant, but as a

physician The description which he gives of the battle reads like that of a man who saw it from some commanding point of view, but was not himself engaged I think it not improbable that Vaughan was one of the garrison of Beeston Castle, which is described to me as "a sort of grand stand for the battle field" Beeston Castle was invested by the Parliamentarians in the course of September 1645 On the approach of Charles the troops were drawn off on 19th September to Chester¹ Charles no doubt took the opportunity to strengthen the garrison After Rowton Heath Beeston Castle was again besieged, and on November 16th it surrendered The garrison were allowed to march across the Dee to Denbigh I think that this winter ride from the fallen fortress is the one described by Vaughan in the poem to Mr Ridsley It is the more probable that Vaughan took part in this campaign of 1645, in that Charles's force was largely recruited from Wales After the battle of Naseby on June 14th, the King had marched through Wales, collecting such levies as he could He was in Brecon on August 5th² It is quite possible that Vaughan, whose kinsman Sir William Vaughan was in command of a brigade, volunteered on this occasion From Brecon Charles marched through Radnorshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and so to Oxford In September he set out again, and

¹ Ormerod, i 243² Phillips, i 324

after some delay at Hereford and Raglan, finally made for Chester

It is just conceivable that it is to some occasion in this campaign that Vaughan refers when he calls Dr Powell his "fellow prisoner" (vol ii, p 178). The poet may even have been the Captain Vaughan whose name appears in the official list of prisoners taken at Rowton Heath.¹ Powell's name is not there, but then the list does not profess to be complete. But on the whole I think that Vaughan and Powell were only fellow prisoners in the Platonic sense of imprisonment in the flesh, and even if a literal imprisonment is intended, it may have been due to some act of persecution which Vaughan had to suffer as a Royalist at a later date. There is in *The Mount of Olives* (1652) a *Prayer in Adversity and Troubles occasioned by our Enemies* (Grosart, vol iii, p 75), which, if it is to be taken—I think it is not—as autobiographical, seems to show that, at least for a time, he lost his estate. The prayer runs "Thou seest, O God, how furious and implacable mine enemies are they have not only robbed me of that portion and provision which Thou hast graciously given me, but they have also washed their hands in the blood of my friends, my dearest and nearest relations. I know, O God, and I am daily taught by that disciple whom Thou didst love, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Keep me,

¹ Phillips, ii 272

therefore, O my God, from the guilt of blood, and suffer me not to stain my soul with the thoughts of recompense and vengeance, which is a branch of Thy great prerogative, and belongs wholly unto Thee Though they persecute me unto death, and pant after the very dust upon the heads of Thy poor, though they have taken the bread out of Thy children's mouth, and have made me a desolation, yet, Lord, give me Thy grace, and such a measure of charity as may fully forgive them "

It may have been during some such time of trouble, or imprisonment, if imprisonment there was, that Vaughan's wife lived with Thomas Vaughan, as will be seen below, in London

(*n*) THOMAS VAUGHAN

It has not been thought necessary to reprint in this edition of Henry Vaughan's poems the scanty English and Latin verses of his brother, Thomas Vaughan They may be found, together with verses by Virgil and Campion ascribed to him, in vol. II. of Dr Grosart's *Fuller Worthies* edition But some account of so curious a person will not be out of place

As for his brother, our chief authority is Anthony a Wood (*Atk Oxon*, iii 722), who says that he was the son of Thomas Vaughan of Llansantffread,¹ that he was born in 1621, educated under Matthew Herbert and at Jesus College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow, took orders and received [in 1640] the living of Llansantffread from his kinsman, Sir George Vaughan [of Fallerstone, Wilts] He lost his living in the unquiet times of the Civil War, retired to Oxford, and became an eminent chemist, afterwards moving to London, where he worked under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray He was a great admirer of Cornelius Agrippa, "a great chymist, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian fraternity neither papist nor sectary, but a true resolute protestant in the best sense of the Church of England" In the great plague he fled with Murray from London to Oxford, and thence went to the house of Samuel Kem at Albury, where he died on February 27, 1664, of mercury accidentally getting into his nose while he was operating He was buried at Albury on March 1st Writing in 1673, Anthony a Wood gives a list of his alchemical and mystical treatises published between 1650 and 1655 Of these he had received a list from Olor Iscanus (Henry Vaughan) They all bear the

¹ Both Wood and Foster give the father's name as Thomas, but it appears to be Henry in all the pedigrees

name of Eugenius Philalethes, except the *Aula Lucis* (1652), which was issued as by S N, 22 [Thoma]S [Vaughan]N. Some of these pamphlets contain Vaughan's share of a vigorous and scurrilous controversy with Henry More, the Platonist Anthony à Wood distinguishes from Vaughan another Eugenius Philalethes, author of the *Brief Natural History* (1669), also one Eirenaeus Philalethes, author of *Ripley Redivivus* and other works, and Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes, author of *The Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5)¹

A few facts, from well known sources, may be added to Anthony à Wood's account. The University Registers show that "Thos Vaughan, son of Thomas of Llansanfraid, co Brecon, pleb, matriculated from Jesus College on 14 Dec, 1638, aged 16"

¹ The following list of Vaughan's admitted prose treatises is mainly taken from Dr Grosart — *Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650), *Anima Magica Abscondita* (1650), *Magia Adamica* with the *Coelum Terrae* (1650), *The Man Mouse taken in a Trap* (1650), *The Second Wash, or, the Moor scoured once more* (1651) [These two are polemics against Henry More], *Lumen de Lumine*, with the *Aphorismi Magici Eugeniani* (1651), *The Fame and Confession of the Fraternity of R C* (1652), *Aula Lucis* (1652), *Euphrates* (1655), *Nollus Chymist's Key* (1657), *A Brief Natural History* (1669), [Wood ascribes this to another writer, as it was not in the list furnished him by Henry Vaughan] — Henry More's pamphlets against Vaughan are the *Observations upon Anthroposophia Theomagica and Anima Magica Abscondita* (1650), issued under the name of Alazonomastix Philalethes and *The Second Lash of Alazonomastix* (1651)

He took his B A on 18 Feb, 164 $\frac{1}{2}$, but does not appear to have taken his M A, though he became Fellow of his College (Foster, *Alumni Oxon*) John Walker (*Sufferings of the Clergy* (1714), p 389) states that he was ejected from his living on the charges of "drunkenness, immorality, and bearing arms for the King"¹ This must have been in 1649, under the Act for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales There exists a letter from Thomas Vaughan to a friend in London, dated from "Newtown, Ash Wednesday, 1653,"² and it appears from Jones' *History of Brecknockshire* (II, 542), that at one time he lived with his brother Henry there The allusions to Henry More, to Murray, and to the Isis and Thames seem to show that he is the Daphnis of his brother's *Eclogue* (vol II, p 278) No trace of his death or burial can however be now found at Albury Mr Gordon Goodwin points out to me that Dr Samuel Kem was a somewhat notorious character (*Dict Nat Biog*, s v *Kem*) perhaps this friendship, together with the personal confession quoted below, throws light on the charges which lost Vaughan his living On the other hand

¹ Walker falls into the curious confusion of supposing that there were two Thomas Vaughans, one rector of Llansantffread, the other of Newton St. Bridget But "St. Bridget" is only the English form of the Welsh "Santffread"

² Printed from the Rawl MSS in Thurloe's *State Papers*, II. 120

Anthony à Wood speaks well of him, and the tone of his writings bears out this more kindly judgment, at any rate so far as his later years are concerned

What has been said fairly well exhausted the available information on Thomas Vaughan until a few years ago, when Mr A E Waite discovered in Sloane MS 1741 a valuable manuscript of his, containing amongst other things a number of autobiographical memoranda. He printed some extracts from this in the preface to an edition of some of *The Magical Writings of Thomas Vaughan* (Redway, 1888), and has been kind enough to furnish me with a reference to the MS itself, which I have carefully examined. It bears the title *Aqua Vitae non Vitis*, and the inscription "Ex libris Thomas et Rebecca Vaughan, 1651, Sept 28 Quos Deus coniunxit quis separabit?" The contents are partly personal jottings and records of dreams, partly alchemical formulae. They appear to cover the period 1658-1662. We learn from them the following facts — Vaughan was married on September 28, 1651, to a lady named Rebecca (f 106 (b)). With her and his "Sister Vaughan" he lived and studied alchemy at the Pinner of Wakefield¹. He had previously lodged at Mr Coalman's in Holborn (f 104 (b)). His wife died on Saturday, April 17, 1658, and was buried at

¹ Is this the inn of that name once in the Grays Inn Road? (Cunningham and Wheatley, *Handbook to London*)

Mappersall, in Bedfordshire (f 106 (b))¹ In 1658 his father and his brother W were both dead, and he mentions the news of his father's death coming to his niece in a letter from the country (f 89 (b)) On April 9, 1659, he saw his brother H in a dream On 16 July, 1658, he was living at Wapping (f 103 (b)), and at an earlier period at Paddington There is an inventory of his wife's goods left at Mrs Highgate's, and mention of a Mr Highgate and a Sir John Underhill (f 107) He names his cousin, Mr J Walbeoffe, with whom he had some money transactions (f 18), and speaks of "a certain person with whom I had in former times revelled away my years in drinking" (f 103) Perhaps this also was John Walbeoffe, on whom *see* vol 11, p 189, *note* The alchemical formulae and receipts are interesting In one place (f 12) Vaughan announces the discovery of the "Extract of Oil of Halcaly," which he had previously found in his wife's days and had lost again This he calls "the greatest joy I can ever have in this world after her death" He seems to have regarded it as the key to an universal solvent. Nearly every receipt is followed by his and his wife's

¹ The Rev Henry Howlett has kindly sent me the following extract from the registers of Meppershall —

"1658

Buried

Rebecka, the Wife of Mr Vahanne
the 26th of April

initials in the form T R V or T^V R , and by some expression of devotion to her or of religious piety

I now come to the remarkable statements made with respect to Thomas Vaughan in the *Mémoires d'une ex Palladiste*, now in course of publication by Miss Diana Vaughan. Miss Vaughan is a lady who has created a considerable sensation in Paris. Her own account of herself is that she was brought up as a worshipper of Lucifer, and was for some years a leading spirit amongst certain androgynous lodges of Freemasons, in which the worship of Lucifer is largely practised. She has now, owing to the direct interposition of Joan of Arc, become a Catholic, and has made it her mission to combat Luciferian Freemasonry in every way. Her *Mémoires* are partly a biography, partly an account of this cult.¹ Miss

¹ An entire literature has grown up in Paris during the last year around the question whether the cultus of Lucifer is practised in certain Masonic Lodges. A number of Catholic journalists and pamphleteers assert very categorically that this is the case, that the centre of this cultus, containing the full Luciferian initiates, is the 33rd degree of a so called New and Reformed Palladian Rite, having its head quarters at Charles town, and that the chiefs of this Rite have obtained a controlling influence over the whole of Freemasonry. The creed is described as Manichaean in character, with Lucifer as Dieu Bon and Adonai, the God of the Catholics, as Dieu Mauvais. Adonai is the principle of asceticism, Lucifer of natural humanity and *la joie de vivre*. The rituals and the accepted interpretation of the Masonic symbolism used in the lodges, or triangles, are of a phallic type. Women are admitted to

Vaughan claims to be a great grand daughter of Thomas Vaughan's. She declares him to have been a Luciferian, Grand master of the Rosicrucian order, and the founder of modern Freemasonry, and gives membership Immorality, a parody of the Eucharist, known as the black mass, and the practice of black magic, take place at the meetings. Lucifer is worshipped in the form of Baphomet, but from time to time he is personally evoked, and manifested to his followers. Luciferianism tends to become identical with Satanism, in which Lucifer and Satan are identified and frankly worshipped as evil. The first mention of Luciferian Freemasonry was in the *Y a t il des Femmes dans la Franc Maçonnerie?* (1891) of the somewhat notorious Leo Taxil. But the case rests mainly on the alleged revelations of writers who claim to have themselves been members of the Palladian Rite. The chief of these are Dr Hacke or Bataille, Signor Margiotto and Miss Diana Vaughan. Unfortunately very little evidence is forthcoming as to the identity of any of these personages. Many leading Masons, e.g., M. Papus in his *Le Diable et l'Occultisme*, deny that Luciferian Freemasonry exists at all, and it is freely stated (cf. *Light* for 27 June and 4 July, 1896, pp. 305, 322) that Miss Diana Vaughan is a myth and that her *Mémoires* with the rest of the revelations are the ingenious concoction of a band of irresponsible journalists of whom Leo Taxil is the chief. No one appears to have seen Miss Vaughan, and she is alleged to be hiding in some convent from the vengeance of the Luciferians. Probably there will be some further light thrown on the matter before long. In the meantime a good summary of the evidence up to date may be found in A. E. Waite's *Devil Worship in France* (1896). Assuming that Luciferianism really exists, I do not for a moment believe that it has the antiquity which Miss Vaughan claims for it. The various Rites of modern Freemasonry, with their fantastic and high sounding degrees, are comparatively recent excrescences upon the original Craft.

an exhaustive account of his career on the authority of family archives. The following paragraphs contain the substance of her narrative, the "legend of Philalethes," as it was told to Miss Vaughan by her father and her uncle, who were intimate friends of Albert Pike.

The traditional accounts of Thomas Vaughan, says Miss Vaughan, contain serious errors. The dates of his birth and of his death, and the pseudonym under which he wrote are all incorrectly stated¹ (p. 110). He was born in Monmouth in 1612, being two years the elder of his brother Henry. The two boys were brought up at Oxford, after

Masonry. The New and Reformed Palladian Rite is said to have been founded at Charlestown by the well known Mason, Albert Pike, in 1870. It is based on the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, which dates from the beginning of the century. If there is such a thing as Luciferianism, I do not think we need look further back than 1870 for its origin. As expounded by Miss Vaughan and others, it is pretty clearly a compilation from Eliphaz Levi and other occultist and Cabbalistic writers, with a good deal of modern American Spiritualism thrown in. Albert Pike, a man of considerable learning, could easily have invented it. Masonic symbolism lends itself readily enough to a wide range of interpretations. I do not say that seventeenth century occultism has left no traces upon Freemasonry which modern ritual mongers may have elaborated, but it is a far cry from this to the belief that Thomas Vaughan and Luther were Manichaean worshippers of Lucifer and Protestantism an organized warfare on Adonai.

¹ Miss Vaughan quotes from Allibone's *History of English Literature*. Allibone only repeats Anthony à Wood's account.

their father's death, by their uncle, Robert Vaughan the antiquary,¹ and entered at Jesus College (p 114) In 1636, at the age of 24, Thomas Vaughan went to London, and became the disciple of Robert Fludd, who was a Rosicrucian (p 148) The real nature of the Rosicrucians has hitherto been a mystery They were in reality Luciferians, and carried on in secret during the seventeenth century that warfare against Adonai, the god of the Catholics, out of which had already sprung Wiclif, Luther, and the Reformation, and out of which was some day to spring, more deadly and more dangerous still, Free masonry The Fraternity of Rosie Cross was founded by Faustus Socinus in 1597 He was succeeded as head of it by Caesar Cremonini (1604-1617), Michael Maier (1617-1622), Valentin Andreae (1622-1654), and Thomas Vaughan (1654-1678)² When Thomas Vaughan first came to London in 1636, Valentin Andreae was *Summus Magister* of the Fraternity, and amongst its leading members were Robert Fludd and Amos Komenski, or Comenius (pp 129-148) Robert Fludd initiated Thomas Vaughan into the lower degrees of the

¹ Robert Vaughan belonged to quite a different branch from the Vaughans of Newton and, as SI MS 1741 shows, the father of Henry and Thomas Vaughan did not die until 1658

² Miss Vaughan gives an elaborate account of the Rosicrucians and of their famous manifestoes, which I have no room to reproduce

Golden Cross (p 148), and sent him to Andreae at Calw, near Stuttgart, with a letter in which he prophesied for him a miraculous future (p 163) After this visit to Germany, Vaughan returned to London, and after Fludd's death, in 1637, undertook in 1638 his first visit to America In many of his writings he speaks as a Christian minister, and at this time he probably passed as a Nonconformist (p 164) He was back in London early in June, 1639 (p 165), and in the same year visited Denmark, and made a report to Komenskí on the mysterious golden horn found at Tondern in that country (p 166) In 1640 Vaughan received from Komenskí the first initiation of the Rosie Cross, and chose the pseudonym of Eirenaeus Philalethes¹ He now became exceedingly active, going and coming upon the face of the earth When

¹ Miss Vaughan states that Thomas Vaughan signed "not *Eugenius Philalethes*, but *Eirenaeus Philalethes*" (p 114) But she ascribes to him the *Anthroposophia Theomagica* and other writings which are signed, though she does not mention it, *Eugenius Philalethes* (p 211) She quotes from Anthony a Wood the assertion, which he does not make that the English translations of the *Fama Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis* (1652) and of Maier's *Themis Aurea* (1656) both bear the name of Eugenius, and were by another Thomas Vaughan! The manuscripts of both are, she says, signed *Eirenaeus* (p 163) What Wood says is that he has seen a translation of Maier's tract, dedicated to Elias Ashmole by $\begin{smallmatrix} N & L \\ T & S \end{smallmatrix} \} H S$, and that Ashmole has forgotten whose the initials are He does not suggest that this translation is by a Thomas Vaughan. (*Ath. Oxon.*, iii 724)

in England, he divided his time between Oxford and London (p 167) Between 1640 and 1644 he visited Hamburg, the Netherlands, Italy and Sweden (pp 171-174) It was at this period that he conceived the design of obtaining a far wider circulation than they had yet met with for the ideas of Faustus Socinus Some of the Rosicrucians were already "accepted masons" Vaughan determined to capture the vast organization of craft masonry by permeating the lodges with Luciferianism His associate in this task was Elias Ashmole, with whose aid, a few years later, he composed the degrees of Apprentice (1646), Companion (1648), and Master (1649) (pp 142, 169-175, 197-206) The Civil War had now approached Oliver Cromwell was a free mason, a Rosicrucian and a friend of Vaughan's (p 176) With the execution of Laud came the crisis of Vaughan's life, his initiation into the highest degree of Rosie Cross by the hands of Lucifer himself It took place in this wise At the last moment Vaughan was substituted for the intended executioner of Laud ¹ He had prepared a sacramental cloth which he soaked in the martyr's blood, and on the same night he sacrificed the relic to Lucifer The divinity

¹ This episode has previously done duty in the *Vingt Ans Après* (vol III, ch 8-10), of Alexandre Dumas, in which Mordaunt acts as the executioner of Charles There is a Latin poem amongst Vaughan's remains in *Thalia Rediviva* entitled *Epitaphium Gulielmi Laud Episcopi Cantuariensis* full of sorrow for the archbishop's death.

appeared, consecrated Vaughan as *Magnus*, named him as the next *Summus Magister* of the Fraternity, and signed a pact, granting him thirty three years more life, at the end of which he should be borne away from earth without death (p 177) In 1645 Vaughan wrote, but did not yet publish, his most important treatise, the *Introitus Apertus ad Oculum Regis Palatium* In 1645, still following the direct command of Lucifer, he departed for America Here he met the apothecary George Starkey, and in his presence performed the alchemical feat of making gold (p 179)¹ Here, too, he lived amongst the Lenni Lennaps, where he was united to the demon Venus Astarte in the form of a beautiful woman, who after eleven days bore him a daughter This girl was brought up among the Lenni Lennaps under the name of Diana Wulisso Waghan, and became Miss Diana Vaughan's great great grandmother (p 181) In 1648 Vaughan returned to England, and after composing the masonic degree of Master in 1649 (p 197), he began

¹ Miss Vaughan refers to Lenglet Dufresnoy's *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique* as an authority on Starkey's relations with Eirenaeus Philalethes Lenglet Dufresnoy probably took his account from *The Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5) The prefaces to this are signed with anagrams of George Starkey's name. But he ascribes the poem to a friend, who is called in the *Breve Manuductorium ad Campum Sophiae* Agricola Rhomaeus Perhaps Starkey himself was the real author The title page has the name Eirenaeus Philoponus Philalethes, apparently a distinct designation from that of Eirenaeus Philalethes.

the publication of a series of alchemical and, in reality, Luciferian writings. In 1650 appeared the *Anthroposophia Theomagica* and the *Magia Adamica*, in 1651 the *Lumen de Lumine*, in 1652 the *Aula Lucis* (p. 211). In 1654 Valentin Andreae died, and Vaughan succeeded him as *Summus Magister* of the Rosie Cross, the event being announced to him by the homage of three demons, Leviathan, Cerberus, and Belphegor (p. 214). In 1655 he published his *Euphrates*, and in 1656 made his head quarters at Amsterdam or Eirenaeopolis. In 1659 came his *Fraternity of R. C.*, in 1664 his *Medulla Alchymiae*.¹ In 1666 he exhibited the philosopher's stone to Helvetius at La Haye and converted him to occultism. In 1667 he at last resolved to publish his *Opus Magnum*, the *Introitus Apertus*, already written in 1645 (p. 215). In 1668 this was followed by the *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* and the *Tractatus Tres* (p. 236). The time was now approaching when Vaughan, in fulfilment of the pact of 1644, must disappear from earth. He named Charles Blount as his successor (p. 237), and was granted a magical vision of his grandson, the child of Diana Wulisso Waghan and a Lenni-Lennap (p. 239). He finished his *Memoirs*, published the *Ripley Revised*² and the *Enarratio Metho*

¹ The *Medulla Alchemiae* (1664) is only a Latin translation of the *Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5) of Eirenaeus Philoponos Philaethes. ² The actual name of the tract is *Ripley Revised*

disca trium Gebræ Medicinarum, left his poems to his brother Henry, who published them in the next year as the *Thalæ Rediviva*,¹ and on March 25, 1678, disappeared in the company of *Lucifer Dieu Bon* himself (p 240). This event is vouched for, not only by a written statement of Henry Vaughan (p 114), but also by the existence in a masonic triangle at Valetta of a magical talisman into which, when properly evoked, the spirit of Philaethes enters and records his glorious end for the edification of the Luciferians present² (p 243).

I fear that I have taken Miss Vaughan with undue seriousness. Her account of Thomas Vaughan is not only unsupported by direct evidence,³ but much of it

¹ The *Thalæ Rediviva* was actually published in 1678, not 1679.

² Miss Vaughan has herself witnessed this, in the presence of Lucifer. Moreover, the spirit of Philaethes has appeared and conversed with her (pp 257-267).

³ Miss Vaughan refers to several family documents, but does not offer them for inspection. They include (a) the will of her grandfather James, enumerating the proofs of his descent (p 111), (b) the autobiographical Memoirs of Philaethes, from which Miss Vaughan quotes largely (pp 174-240), (c) a letter from Fludd to Andreae (pp 114, 140), (d) a MS of the *Intritus Apertus*, of which the margin has been covered by Vaughan with a comment for Luciferian initiates (pp 111, 217, 245), (e) a letter from Andreae in the archives of the Sovereign Patriarchal Council of Hamburg (p 197), (f) Henry Vaughan's account of his brother's disappearance in the archives of the Supreme Dogmatic Directory of Charleston (p. 114), (g) Masonic rituals in the archives of Masonic chapters at

is of a character which we should not be justified in accepting, even were direct evidence forthcoming. And it is all discordant with the little that we do happen to know of Thomas Vaughan from other sources. The whole thing is, in fact, a pretty obvious romance of very modern fabrication. It appears to have been compiled from such information as to the alchemical and mystical writers of the seventeenth century as was within the reach of Albert Pike and the brothers Vaughan about the year 1870.¹

Bristol and Gibraltar (p. 200), (1/2) Rosicrucian rituals drawn up by one Nick Stone in the hands of Dr W. W. Westcott of London (p. 141). The documents in Masonic hands are presumably, like the Valetta talisman, now out of Miss Vaughan's reach. A communication signed Q. V. in *Light* for May 16, 1896, denies, on Dr Westcott's authority, that his rituals have anything to do with Nick Stone, or that Miss Vaughan ever saw them. Dr Westcott is the head of the modern *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*. This body does not even pretend to be the *Fraternity of R. C.* Finally, there is (2) Thomas Vaughan's original pact with Lucifer, now, according to Miss Vaughan, in holy hands, and to be destroyed on the day she takes the veil.

¹ Miss Vaughan somewhat naively gives us a lead. After describing Thomas Vaughan's sojourn with Venus Astarte among the Lenni Lennaps, she adds: "This legend is not accepted by all the Elect Mages, there are those who regard it as fabricated by my grandfather James of Boston, who was they believe, of Delaware origin, or, at any rate, a half-breed, and they even assert that, in the desire to Anglicize himself, he invented an entirely false genealogy, by way of justifying his change of the Lennap name Waghan into Vaughan. Herein the opponents of the Luciferian legend of Thomas Vaughan go too far" (p. 181).

It is always better to explain than to refute an error, and the nature of the Luciferian tradition of Thomas Vaughan is pretty clearly shown by the fact that it is not corroborated in a single particular by any of the new facts about him that have come to light since this probable date of its composition.¹ The fabricator put Thomas Vaughan's birth place in Monmouth instead of Brecon, because he had never seen Dr Grosart's *Fuller Worthies* Edition of Henry Vaughan. He makes no mention of any of the facts contained in Sloane MS 1741, because that MS was still unknown. And, most fatal of all, he puts Thomas Vaughan's birth in 1612 instead of 1621-2, because Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* being yet unpublished, he was ignorant of the record of that date preserved in the University Registers. But we can go a step further. We can confute him, not only by pointing to the books he did not use, but by pointing to those he did. It has already been shown that the ascription to Vaughan of the English translation of Maier's *Themis Aurea* is due to a misunderstanding.

¹ I have already pointed out that Miss Vaughan is quite possibly a myth. But, if she exists, I do not see any reason to suppose that she personally invented the "legend of Philalethes." It lies between Leo Taxil and his friends in 1895 and the alleged founders of Palladism in or about 1870, that is Albert Pike and Miss Vaughan's father and uncle. And so far as it goes, the ignorance shown in the legend of all books published in the last twenty years is evidence for the earlier date and therefore, to some extent, for the actual existence of Luciferianism.

of a phrase used by Anthony à Wood The *Athenae Oxonienses* then was one source of the compilation Another was the *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique*, written by Lenglet Dufresnoy in 1742 Here is the proof Miss Vaughan supports her statement as to the birth date in 1612 by a quotation from the *Intritus Apertus*, in which the writer states it to have been composed "en l'an 1645 de notre salut, et le trente troisième de mon age" This she professes to translate from the *editio princeps* published by Jean Lange in 1667 As a matter of fact it is taken from the version given in Lenglet Dufresnoy's book And Lenglet Dufresnoy followed, not the edition of 1667, but the later edition published by J M Faust at Frankfort in 1706 In this the words are "trigesimo tertio," whereas in the *editio princeps* they are "vicesimo tertio," and in W Cooper's English translation of 1669, "in the 23rd year of my age," thus bringing the date of the birth of Eirenaeus Philalethes not to 1612, but to 1622 The "legend of Philalethes" need detain us no longer Miss Vaughan's narrative is a very insufficient basis for regarding the pious minister and mystic which Thomas Vaughan appears to have been as a secret enemy of Christianity and a worshipper of Lucifer

But when the legend is set aside, there still remain certain questions suggested by it which may be considered without much reference to the statements of

Miss Vaughan Was Thomas Vaughan a Rosicrucian? And was he, admittedly the author of a series of tracts under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, also the author of those which bear the name of Eirenaeus Philalethes? The first question is, I am afraid, insoluble, until it has been decided whether the Fraternity of R C ever had an actual existence Anthony à Wood states that Thomas Vaughan was a zealous Rosicrucian, but probably Anthony à Wood took the term in the general sense of mystic and alchemist On the other hand Vaughan himself, in his preface to the English translation of the Rosicrucian manifestoes, seems to disavow any personal acquaintance with the members of the fraternity Even this is not conclusive, for the Rosicrucian rule, as given in the *Laws of the Brotherhood*, published by Sincerus Renatus in 1710,¹ obliges the members to deny their membership

There is more material for the discussion of the second question, but I do not know that it is more possible to come to a definite conclusion The personality of the anonymous adept who took the name of Eirenaeus Philalethes was shrouded in mystery even to his contemporaries The fullest account given of him on any of his title pages is on that of the *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* (1668), which is said to be "ex manuscripto

¹ Cf A E Waite, *Real History of the Rosicrucians*, p 274

Philosophi Americani alias Eyrenaei Philalethis, natu Angli, habitatione Cosmopolitae"¹ We have also the description given by George Starkey, or whoever it was, in the *Marrow of Alchemy* (1654-5), p 25 Starkey says —

" His present place in which he doth abide
I know not, for the world he walks about,
Of which he is a citizen, this tide
He is to visit artists and seek out
Antiquities a voyage gone and will
Return when he of travel hath his fill

' By nation an Englishman, of note
His family is in the place where he
Was born, his fortune & good and eke his coat
Of arms is of a great antiquity,
His learning rare, his years scarce thirty three,
Fuller description get you not from me '

¹ The principal writings ascribed to Eirenaeus Philalethes are *Introitus Apertus in Oclusum Regis Palatium* (1667), *Tres Tractatus* (1668), *Experimenta de Praeparatione Mercurii Sophici* (1668), *Ripley Revived* (1678), *Enarratio Trium Gebri Medicinarum* (1678) The works of Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes (George Starkey?) are often attributed to him in error The B M Catalogue, s vv *Philalethes*, *Philalethes* is a mass of confusions Lenglet Dufresnoy, *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique* (iii 261-266), gives a long list of printed and manuscript works Most of these he had probably never seen He probably took many items in his list from one in J M Faust's edition of the *Introitus Apertus* (Frankfort, 1706), and this, in its turn, was based on what Eirenaeus Philalethes himself says he has written in the preface to *Ripley Revived*. He there says, after naming other works "Two English Poems I wrote, declaring the whole secret, which are lost Also an Enchiridion of Experiments, together with a

Starkey gives the age of Eirenaeus Philaethes as 33 in 1654. This precisely confirms the writer's own statement in the earlier editions of the *Introitus Apertus* that he was 23 in 1645, and fixes the birth-date as 1621 or 1622. Now this agrees remarkably with the birth date ascertained from other sources of Thomas Vaughan. But Thomas died in 1666, and it is usually asserted that Eirenaeus Philaethes lived until at least 1678. Miss Vaughan states that he must have been alive in that year, because he then published the *Ripley Revived*, and the *Enarratio Trium Gebri Medicinarum*. She declares that the author of the *Enarratio* mentions the pains taken about that edition (p. 240). I do not find any prefatory matter in this book at all. There is a preface to the *Ripley Revived*, but this was written long before 1678, for it mentions the *Introitus Apertus*, published in 1667, as still in manuscript. Neither Jean Lange, the editor of the *Introitus Apertus* of 1667, writing 9th December, 1666, nor William Cooper, the editor of the English translation¹

Diurnal of Meditations, in which were many Philosophical receipts, declaring the whole secret, with an Aenigma annexed, which also fell into such hands which I conceive will never restore it. This last was written in English. 'Can this Enchiridion and Diurnal be SI MS 1741?' I find no "Aenigma. Can Starkey have stolen the poems and published them as the *Marrow of Alchemy*?

¹ The preface to *Ripley Revived* makes it clear that the *Introitus Apertus* was originally written in Latin, not in English.

of 1669, writing 15th September, 1668, know whether the author is still alive. In fact he cannot be shown to have outlived Thomas Vaughan, for there is no proof that the adept who showed the philosopher's stone to Helvetius on December 27th, 1666,¹ was the same as he who showed it to George Starkey many years before. I will briefly enumerate a few other links which connect Eirenaeus Philalethes with Thomas Vaughan. A German translation of the *Introitus Apertus*, published at Hamburg under the title of *Abyssus Alchemiae* (1704), is said on the title page to be "von T. de Vagan." Miss Vaughan states that a similar translation of the first of the *Tres Tractatus*, published at Hamburg in 1705, also bears this name (p. 237), and this is borne out by Lenglet Dufresnoy (iii. 261-6), who speaks of a French MS. of the *Tres Tractatus* inscribed "par Thomas de Vagan, dit Philalethe ou Martin Birrhius." Birrhius, however, was only the editor. These ascriptions are probably made on the authority of G. W. Wedelius, who in his preface, dated 2nd Sept., 1698, to an edition of the *Introitus Apertus*, published at Jena in 1699, says of the author — "Ex Anglia tamen vulgo habetur oriundus et Thomas De Vagan appellatus." The English *Three Tracts* (1694) are stated on the title page to have been

¹ This is recorded in Helvetius' *Vitulus Aureus* (1667). Helvetius describes his master as 43 or 44 years old, and calls him Elias Artistes.

written in Latin by Eirenaeus Philalethes, but there is a note in the British Museum Catalogue to the effect that the Latin original has the name *Eugenius Philalethes*. Unfortunately this Latin *Tres Tractatus*, published in 1668 by Martin Burthius at Amsterdam, is not in the Library, and I cannot verify the statement. Finally, I may note that the *Ripley Revived* (1678) has an engraved title page by Robert Vaughan, who also did the title page to *Olor Iscanus*, and that Starkey's *Marrow of Alchemy* contains, at the end of the preface to Part II, some lines by William Sampson, which mention

" Harry Mastix Moor

Who judged of Nature when he did not know her ,

clearly an allusion to More's controversy with Thomas Vaughan.

It will be seen that there is some *prima facie* evidence for identifying Eirenaeus Philalethes with Thomas Vaughan, whereas he was probably not George Starkey (Eirenaeus Philoponos Philalethes), and cannot be shown to have been anyone else. But I am not satisfied. We do not know that Thomas Vaughan was ever in America, and there is the strong evidence of Anthony à Wood, who distinguishes between Eirenaeus and Eugenius, and who appears to have had information from Henry Vaughan himself. Mr A. E. Waite argues against the identification on the ground that Eirenaeus Philalethes was a

"physical alchemist," whereas Thomas Vaughan's alchemy was spiritual and mystical. But we have Vaughan's authority for saying that he had pursued the physical alchemy also.¹ And he was clearly doing so when he wrote Sloane MS 1741. A more pertinent objection is perhaps that Eirenaeus Philalethes appears to have been in possession of the grand secret when he wrote the *Introitus Apertus* in 1645, whereas Thomas Vaughan was still seeking it in 1658. To pursue the matter further would require a wide knowledge of the alchemical writings of the seventeenth century, which unfortunately I do not possess.²

My gratitude is due for help received in compiling the biographical and other notes in these volumes to Dr Grosart, Mr C H Firth, Mr W C Hazlitt, Mr A E Waite, and the Rev Llewellyn Thomas, notably to Miss G E F Morgan of Brecon, whose knowledge of local genealogy and antiquities has been invaluable.

July, 1896

E K CHAMBERS

¹ See the passage from the Epistle to *Euphrates*, quoted by Grosart (Vol II, p 312).

² The "legend of Philalethes" has already been exposed by Mr A E Waite in his *Devil Worship in France* (ch XIII). I am also indebted to what Mr. Waite has written on Eirenaeus Philalethes in that book, as well as in his *True History of the Rosicrucians* (1887) and his *Lives of Alchymistical Philosophers* (1888).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

HENRY VAUGHAN'S WORKS

(1)

POEMS, | WITH | The tenth SATYRE of | IUVENAL |
 ENGLISHED | By *Henry Vaughan*, Gent | — *Tam nil*
nulla tibi vendo | *Illiade*— | LONDON, | Printed for *G*
Badger, and are to be sold at his | shop under Saint *Dunstan's*
 Church in | Fleet street 1646 [8^{vo}]

The translation from Juvenal has a separate title page

IUVENAL'S | TENTH | SATYRE | TRANSLATED |
Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidus | *Interpres*— |
 LONDON, | Printed for *G B*, and are to be sold at his
 Shop | under Saint *Dunstan's* Church 1646

(2)

[Emblem] | *Silex Scintillans* | or | SACRED POEMS |
 and | *Private Exaculations* | By | *Henry Vaughan Silurist* |
 LONDON | Printed by *T W* for *H Blunden* | at ye *Castle*
 in *Cornehill* 1650. [8^{vo}]

(3)

OLOR ISCANUS | A COLLECTION | OF SOME SE-
 LECT | POEMS, | AND | TRANSLATIONS, | Formerly
 written by | *Mr Henry Vaughan Silurist* | Published by a
 Friend | *Virg Georg* | *Flumina amo, Sylvasq Inglorius*— |
 LONDON | Printed by *T W* for *Humphrey Maseley*, | and

are to be sold at his shop, at the | Signe of the Princes Arms
in St Pauls | Church yard, 1651 [8^{vo}]

The Preface is dated "Newton by Usk this 17 of Decemb
1647"

The prose translations in this volume have separate title
pages

(a) OF THE | BENEFIT | Wee may get by our |
ENEMIES | A DISCOURSE | Written originally in the |
Greek by *Plutarchus Chaeronensis*, | translated in to Latin by
I Reynolds Dr | of Divinitie and lecturer of the Greeke
Tongue | In *Corpus Christi College In Oxford* | *Englised By*
H V Silurist | — *Dolus, an virtus quis in hoste requirat* |
— *fas est, et ab hoste doceri* | LONDON | Printed for
Humphry Moseley [etc]

(b) OF THE | DISEASES | OF THE | MIND | And
the BODY | A DISCOURSE | Written originally in the |
Greek by *Plutarchus Chaeronensis*, | put in to latine by *I*
Reynolds D D | Englised by *H V Silurist* | *Omnia*
perversae poterunt Corrumperere mentes | LONDON |
Printed for *Humphry Moseley* [etc]

(c) OF THE DISEASES | OF THE | MIND, | AND
THE | BODY, | and which of them is | most pernicious | The
Question stated, and decided | by *Maximus Tirus*, a Plato
nick Philosopher, written originally in | the Greek, put into
Latine by | *John Reynolds D D* | *Englised by* Henry
Vaughan *Silurist* | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphry*
Moseley [etc]

(d) THE | PRAISE | AND | HAPPINESSE | OF THE
| COUNTRIE LIFE, | Written Originally in | *Spanish* by
Don Antonio de Guevara, | Bishop of *Carthagena*, and |
Counsellour of Estate to | *Charls the Fifth Emperour* | of
Germany | *Put into English by* H Vaughan *Silurist* |
Virgil Georg | *O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,* |
Agricolae! — | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphry*
Moseley [etc.].

(4)

THE | MOUNT of OLIVES | OR, | SOLITARY
DEVOTIONS | By | HENRY VAUGHAN *Silurist* |
With | An excellent Discourse of the | blessed State of MAN
in GLORY, | written by the most Reverend and | holy Father
ANSELM Arch | Bishop of *Canterbury*, and now | done into
English | Luke 21, v 39, 37 | [quoted in full] | LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM LEAKE at the | Crown in Fleet
Street between the two | Temple Gates 1652 [12^m]

The preface is dated "Newton by Usk this first of October
1651

The translation from Anselm has a separate title page

MAN | IN | GLORY | OR, | A Discourse of the blessed
| state of the Saints in the | New JERUSALEM | Written
in Latin by the most | Reverend and holy Father |
ANSELMUS | Archbishop of *Canterbury* and now | done
into English | Printed *Anno Dom* 1652

(5)

Flores Solitudinis | Certaine Rare and Elegant |
PIECES, | Viz | Two Excellent Discourses | Of 1 *Tem-*
perance and Patience, | 2 *Life and Death* | BY | I E
NIEREMBERGIUS | THE WORLD | CONTEMNED,
| BY | EUCHERIUS, Bp of LYONS | And the Life of
| PAULINUS, | Bp of *NOLA* | Collected in his Sicknesse
and Retirement | BY | HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silurist* |
Tantus Amor Florum, & generandi gloria Mellis | London,
Printed for *Humphry Moseley* at the | *Princes Armes* in St
Pauls Church yard. 1654 [12^m]

The Preface is dated "Newton by Usk, in South Wales,
April 17, 1652" The pieces have separate title-pages

(a) Two Excellent | DISCOURSES | Of 1 *Temperance*
and *Patience* | 2 *Life and Death* | Written in Latin by |
Johan Euseb Nieremberg | Englished by | HENRY
VAUGHAN, *Silurist*. | *Mors vitam temperet, &*

vita Mortem | LONDON | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*,
etc

The Preface^s is dated "Newton by Uske neare Sketh Rock
1653"

(8) THE WORLD | CONTEMNED, | IN A | Pareneti-
cal Epistle written by | the Reverend Father | *EUCHERIUS*,
| Bishop of *Lyons*, to his Kinsman | *VALERIANUS* |
[Texts] | London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* [etc]

(c) Primitive Holiness, | Set forth in the | LIFE | of
blessed | *PAULINUS*, | The most Reverend, and | Learned
BISHOP of | *NOLA* | Collected out of his own Works, |
and other Primitive Authors by | *Henry Vaughan*, Silurist |
2 Kings cap 2 ver 12 | *My Father, my Father, the Chariot*
of | Israel, and the Horsmen thereof | LONDON, | Printed
for *Humphrey Moseley* [etc]

(6)

Silex Scintillans | SACRED | POEMS | And private |
EJACULATIONS | The second Edition, In two Books, |
By *Henry Vaughan*, Silurist | Job chap 35 ver 10, 11
| [quoted in full] | London, Printed for *Henry Crips* and
Lodo- wick Lloyd, next to the Castle in *Cornhill*, | and in
Popes head Alley 1655 [8^{vo}]

A reissue with additions and a fresh title page, of (2)
The Preface is dated 'Newton by Usk, near Sketh rock
Septem. 30, 1654

(7)

HERMETICAL | PHYSICK | OR, | The right
way to pre | serve, and to restore | HEALTH | BY | That
famous and faith | full Chymist, | *HENRY NOLLIVS* |
Englished by | *HENRY VAUGHAN*, Gent | LONDON |
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and | are to be sold at his
shop, at the | *Princes Armes*, in *S^t Pauls Church Yard*, 1655
[12^{mo}]

(8)

Thalia Rediviva | THE | *Pass Times* and *Diversions*

| OF A | COUNTRY MUSE, | In Choice | POEMS | On
several Occasions | WITH | Some Learned *Remains* of the
Eminent | *Eugenius Philalethes* | Never made Publick till
now | —Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia *Virgil* | Licensed,
Roger L Estrange | London, Printed for *Robert Pawlet* at the
Bible in | *Chancery lane*, near *Fleetstreet*, 1678 [8^{vo}]

The *Remains* of *Eugenius Philalethes* [Thomas Vaughan]
have a separate title page

Eugenius Philalethus, | VIRI | INSIGNISSIMI | ET |
Poetarum | Sui Saeculi, meritis Principis | *VERTUMNUS* |
ET | *CYNTHIA*, &c | Q Horat | —*Qui praegravat artes*
Infra se positas, | *extinctus am[ab]itur* — | *LONDINI*, |
Impensis *Roberti Pawletti*, M DC LXXVIII [12^{mo}]

(9)

Olor Iscanus A collection of some Select Poems, Together
with these Translations following, etc. All Englished by
H Vaughan, Silurist London Printed and are to be sold by
Peter Parker 1679 [8^{vo}]

A reissue, according to Dr Grosart (ii 59) and W C. Hazlitt
(*Supplement to Third Series of Collections*, p 106), of the 1651
Olor Iscanus, with a fresh title page I have not seen a copy

(10)

[Miss L I Guiney writes in her essay on *Henry Vaughan, the Silurist* (*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894) "Mr Carew Hazlitt has been fortunate enough to discover the advertisement of an eighteenth century Vaughan reprint"]

As to this Mr Hazlitt writes to me "I cannot tell where Miss Guiney heard about the Vaughan—not certainly from me But there is an edition of his 'Spiritual Songs', 8^{vo}, 1706, of which however, I don't at present know the whereabouts]

(11)

Silex Scintillans Sacred Poems and Private Ejacula-
tions of Henry Vaughan, with Memoir by the Rev H F
Lyte London William Pickering, 1847 [12^{mo}]

An edition of (6) and part of (8)

(12)

The Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with a Memoir by the Rev H F Lyte Boston [U S A] Little, Brown and Company, 1856 [8^{vo}]

A reprint of (11)

(13)

Silex Scintillans, etc Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, by Henry Vaughan London Bell and Daldy 1858

A reprint, with a revised text, of (11)

(14)

The Fuller Worthies Library The Works in Verse and Prose complete of Henry Vaughan, Silurist, for the first time collected and edited with Memorial Introduction Essay on Life and Writings and Notes by the Rev Alexander B Grosart, St Georges, Blackburn, Lancashire In four Volumes Printed for Private Circulation 1871

A reprint of the original editions with biographical and critical matter Only 50 4^{to}, 106 8^{vo}, and 156 12^{mo} copies printed In Vol II are included the Poems of Thomas Vaughan, with a separate title page

The English and Latin Verse Remains of Thomas Vaughan ('Eugenius Philalethes'), twin brother of the Silurist For the first time collected and edited with Memorial Introduction and Notes by the Rev Alexander B Grosart [etc]

(15)

Silex Scintillans etc Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations By Henry Vaughan, 'Silurist' With a Memoir by the Rev H F Lyte Job xxiv 10, 11 [in full] London George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden 1883 [8^{vo}]

A reprint, with a text further revised, of (11) and (13), forming a volume of the *Aldine Poets* Since reprinted in 1891

(16)

The Jewel Poets Henry Vaughan Edinburgh Macniven
and Wallace 1884.

A selection, with a short preface by W R Nicoll

(17)

Silex Scintillans Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,
by Henry Vaughan (Silurist) Being a facsimile of the
First Edition, published in 1650, with an Introduction by the
Rev William Clare, B A. (Adelaide) London Elliot Stock,
62, Paternoster Row 1885 [12^{mo}]

A facsimile reprint of (2)

(18)

Secular Poems by Henry Vaughan, Silurist Including
a few pieces by his twin brother Thomas ('Eugenius Phila-
lethes') Selected and arranged, with Notes and Bibliography,
by J R Tutin, Editor of 'Poems of Richard Crashaw, etc.
Hull J R Tutin 1893

A selection from Vol II of (14)

(19)

The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. With an
Introduction by H C Beeching, Rector of Yattendon [Pub-
lishers Device] London Lawrence and Bullen, 16, Henrietta
Street, W C New York Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157
Fifth Avenue 1896 [Two vols. 8^{vo}]

The present edition A hundred copies are printed on large
paper

POEMS,
WITH THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL
ENGLISHED
1646

VOL. II.

TO ALL INGENIOUS LOVERS OF POESY

GENTLEMEN,

To you alone, whose more refined spirits out wing these dull times, and soar above the drudgery of dirty intelligence, have I made sacred these fancies I know the years, and what coarse entertainment they afford poetry If any shall question that courage that durst send me abroad so late, and revel it thus in the dregs of an age, they have my silence only,

Languescente seculo, liceat ægrotari

My more calm ambition, amidst the common noise, hath thus exposed me to the world you have here a flame, bright only in its own innocence, that kindles nothing but a generous thought which though it may warm the blood, the fire at highest is but Platonic, and the commotion, within these limits, excludes danger For the satire, it was of purpose borrowed to feather some slower hours, and what you see here is but the interest it is one of his whose Roman pen had as much true passion for the infirmities of that state, as we should have pity

4 *TO ALL INGENIOUS LOVERS OF POESY*

to the distractions of our own honest—I am sure—it is, and offensive cannot be, except it meet with such spirits that will quarrel with antiquity, or purposely arraign themselves These indeed may think that they have slept out so many centuries in this satire and are now awakened, which, had it been still Latin, perhaps their nap had been everlasting But enough of these,—it is for you only that I have adventured thus far, and invaded the press with verse, to whose more noble indulgence I shall now leave it, and so am gone —

H V

TO MY INGENUOUS FRIEND, R W

WHEN we are dead, and now, no more
Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the town , when all is spent
That the base niggard world hath lent
Thy purse, or mine , when the loath'd noise
Of drawers, 'prentices and boys
Hath left us, and the clam'rous bar
Items no pints i' th' Moon or Star ,
When no calm whisp'ers wait the doors,
To fright us with forgotten scores ,
And such aged long bills carry,
As might start an antiquary ,
When the sad tumults of the maze,
Arrests, suits, and the dreadful face
Of sergeants are not seen, and we
No lawyers' ruffs, or gowns must fee
When all these mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, dear wit, must part, and die
We'll beg the world would be so kind,
To give's one grave as we'd one mind ,
There, as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect,
Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,
Freed from the tyranny of clay,

With equal wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessèd walks they'll find
More of thy genius, and my mind

First, in the shade of his own bays,
Great Ben they'll see, whose sacred lays
The learnèd ghosts admire, and throng
To catch the subject of his song
Then Randolph in those holy meads,
His *Lovers* and *Amyntas* reads,
Whilst his Nightingale, close by,
Sings his and her own elegy
From thence dismiss'd, by subtle roads,
Through airy paths and sad abodes,
They'll come into the drowsy fields
Of Lethe, which such virtue yields,
That, if what poets sing be true,
The streams all sorrow can subdue
Here, on a silent, shady green,
The souls of lovers oft are seen,
Who, in their life's unhappy spare,
Were murder'd by some perjur'd face
All these th' enchanted streams frequent,
To drown their cares, and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruel sex
Might not in death their spirits vex

And here our souls, big with delight
Of their new state, will cease their flight
And now the last thoughts will appear,

They'll have of us, or any here ,
But on those flow'ry banks will stay,
And drink all sense and cares away
So they that did of these discuss,
Shall find their fables true in us

LES AMOURS

TYRANT, farewell ' this heart, the prize
And triumph of thy scornful eyes,
I sacrifice to heaven, and give
To quit my sins, that durst believe
A woman's easy faith, and place
True joys in a changing face

Yet ere I go by all those tears
And sighs I spent 'twixt hopes and fears ,
By thy own glories, and that hour
Which first enslav'd me to thy power ,
I beg, fair one, by this last breath,
This tribute from thee after death
If, when I'm gone, you chance to see
That cold bed where I lodgèd be,
Let not your hate in death appear,
But bless my ashes with a tear
This influx from that quick'ning eye,
By secret pow'r, which none can spy,
The cold dust shall inform, and make
Those flames, though dead, new life partake
Whose warmth, help'd by your tears, shall bring
O'er all the tomb a sudden spring
Of crimson flowers, whose drooping heads
Shall curtain o'er their mournful beds

And on each leaf, by Heaven's command,
These emblems to the life shall stand

Two hearts, the first a shaft withstood ,
The second, shot and wash'd in blood ,
And on this heart a dew shall stay,
Which no heat can court away ,
But fix'd for ever, witness bears
That hearty sorrow feeds on tears
Thus Heaven can make it known, and true
That you kill'd me, 'cause I lov'd you

TO AMORET

THE SIGH

NIMBLE sigh, on thy warm wings,
Take this message and depart ,
Tell Amoret, that smiles and sings,
At what thy airy voyage brings,
That thou cam'st lately from my heart

Tell my lovely foe that I
Have no more such spies to send,
But one or two that I intend,
Some few minutes ere I die,
To her white bosom to commend

Then whisper by that holy spring,
Where for her sake I would have died,
Whilst those water nymphs did bring
Flowers to cure what she had tried ,
And of my faith and love did sing

That if my Amoret, if she
In after times would have it read,
How her beauty murder'd me,
With all my heart I will agree,
If she'll but love me, being dead

TO HIS FRIEND BEING IN LOVE

ASK, lover, ere thou diest , let one poor breath
Steal from thy lips, to tell her of thy death ,
Doating idolater ! can silence bring
Thy saint propitious ? or will Cupid fling
One arrow for thy paleness ? leave to try
This silent courtship of a sickly eye
Witty to tyranny, she too well knows
This but the incense of thy private vows,
That breaks forth at thine eyes, and doth betray
The sacrifice thy wounded heart would pay ,
Ask her, fool, ask her , if words cannot move,
The language of thy tears may make her love
Flow numbly from me then , and when you fall
On her breast's warmer snow, O may you all,
By some strange fate fix'd there, distinctly lie,
The much lov'd volume of my tragedy
Where, if you win her not, may this be read,
The cold that freez'd you so, did strike me dead

SONG

AMYNTAS go, thou art undone,
 Thy faithful heart is cross'd by fate ,
 That love is better not begun,
 Where love is come to love too late ¹

Had she professèd² hidden fires,
 Or show'd one³ knot that tied her heart,
 I could have quench'd my first desires,
 And we had only met to part

But, tyrant, thus to murder men,
 And shed a lover's harmless blood,
 And burn him in those flames again,
 Which he at first might have withstood

Yet, who that saw fair Chloris weep
 Such sacred dew, with such pure⁴ grace ,
 Durst think them feignèd tears, or seek
 For treason in an angel's face

This is her art, though this be true,
 Men's joys are kill'd with⁵ griefs and fears,
 Yet she, like flowers oppress'd with dew,
 Doth thrive and flourish in her tears

¹ MS *Whose pure offering comes too late*

² MS *profess d her* ³ MS *the* ⁴ MS *such a* ⁵ MS *by*

Thus, cruel, thou hast done, and thus
That face hath many servants slain,
Though th' end be not to ruin us,
But to seek glory by our pain ¹

¹ MS *Your aime is sure to ruine us
Seeking your glory by our painne*

For sure such two conspiring minds,
Which no accident, or sight,
Did thus unite ,
Whom no distance can confine,
Start, or decline,
One for another were desi n'd

TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM

FANCY and I, last evening, walk'd,
And Amoret, of thee we talk'd ,
The West just then had stolen the sun,
And his last blushes were begun
We sate, and mark'd how everything
Did mourn his absence how the spring
That smil'd and curl'd about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streams
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise, and smoother grace ,
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent
The careless ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfum'd bosoms to his head
And with an open, free embrace,
Did entertain his beamy face,
Like absent friends point to the West,
And on that weak reflection feast
If creatures then that have no sense,
But the loose tie of influence,
Though fate and time each day remove
Those things that element their love,
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we ?

A SONG TO AMORET

If I were dead, and in my place
Some fresher youth design'd
To warm thee with new fires, and grace
Those arms I left behind,
Were he as faithful as the sun,
That's wedded to the sphere,
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run,
As April's mildest tear,
Or were he rich, and with his heaps
And spacious share of earth,
Could make divine affection cheap,
And court his golden birth
For all these aits I'd not believe,
—No, though he should be thine—
The mighty amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine
Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,
And greater men than I
But my true resolv'd mind
They never shall come nigh.¹
For I not for an hour did love,
Or for a day desire,
But with my soul had from above
This endless, holy fire

¹ MS *But with my true steadfast minde
None can pretend to vie*

AN ELEGY

'Tis true, I am undone yet, ere I die,
I'll leave these sighs and tears a legacy
To after lovers that, rememb'ring me,
Those sickly flames which now benighted be,
Fann'd by their warmer sighs, may love, and prove
In them the metempsychosis of love
'Twas I—when others scorn'd—vow'd you were fair,
And sware that breath enrich'd the coarser air,
Lent roses to your cheeks, made Flora bring
Her nymphs with all the glories of the spring
To wait upon thy face, and gave my heart
A pledge to Cupid for a quicker dart,
To arm those eyes against myself, to me
Thou ow'st that tongue's bewitching harmony
I courted angels from those upper joys,
And made them leave their spheres to hear thy voice
I made the Indian curse the hours he spent
To seek his pearls, and wisely to repent
His former folly, and confess a sin,
Charm'd by the brighter lustre of thy skin
I borrow'd from the winds the gentler wing
Of Zephyrus, and soft souls of the spring,
And made—to air those cheeks with fresher grace—
The warm inspirers dwell upon thy face

Oh ! iam satis

A RHAPSODIS

*Occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his
friends at the Globe Tavern, in a chamber
painted overhead with a cloudy sky and some few
dispersed stars, and on the sides with landscapes,
hills, shepherds and sheep*

DARKNESS, and stars i' th' mid day ' They invite
Our active fancies to believe it night
For taverns need no sun, but for a sign,
Where rich tobacco and quick tapers shine ,
And royal, witty sack, the poet's soul,
With brighter suns than he doth gild the bowl ,
As though the pot and poet did agree,
Sack should to both illuminator be
That artificial cloud, with its curl'd brow,
Tells us 'tis late , and that blue space below
Is fir'd with many stars mark ' how they break
In silent glances o'er the hills, and speak
The evening to the plains, where, shot from far,
They meet in dumb salutes, as one great star
The room, methinks, grows darker , and the air
Contracts a sadder colour, and less fair
Or is't the drawer's skill ? hath he no arts
To blind us so we can't know pints from quarts ?
No, no, 'tis night look where the jolly clown
Musters his bleating herd and quits the down
Hark ' how his rude pipe frets the quiet air,

Whilst ev'ry hull proclaims Lycoris fair
Rich, happy man ' that canst thus watch and sleep,
Free from all cares, but thy wench, pipe and sheep '
But see, the moon is up , view, where she stands
Sentinel o'er the door, drawn by the hands
Of some base painter, that for gain hath made
Her face the landmark to the tippling trade
This cup to her, that to Endymion give ,
'Twas wit at first, and wine that made them live
Choke may the painter ' and his box disclose
No other colours than his fiery nose ,
And may we no more of his pencil see
Than two churchwardens, and mortality
Should we go now a wand'ring, we should meet
With catchpoles, whores and carts in ev'ry street
Now when each narrow lane, each nook and cave,
Sign posts and shop doors, pimp for ev'ry knave,
When riotous sinful plush, and tell tale spurs
Walk Fleet Street and the Strand, when the soft stirs
Of bawdy, ruffled silks, turn night to day ,
And the loud whip and coach scolds all the way ,
When lust of all sorts, and each itchy blood
From the Tower wharf to Cymbeline, and Lud,
Hunts for a mate, and the tir'd footman reels
'Twixt charmen, torches, and the hackney wheels
Come, take the o'ther dish , it is to him
That made his horse a senator each brim
Look big as mine the gallant, jolly beast
Of all the herd—you'll say—was not the least

Now crown the second bowl, rich as his worth
I'll drink it to , he, that like fire broke forth
Into the Senate's face, cross'd Rubicon,
And the State's pillars, with their laws thereon,
And made the dull grey beards and furr d gowns fly
Into Brundusium to consult, and lie

This, to brave Sylla ! why should it be said
We drink more to the living than the dead ?
Flatt'ners and fools do use it let us laugh
At our own honest mirth , for they that quaff
To honour others, do like those that sent
Their gold and plate to strangers to be spent

Drink deep , this cup be pregnant, and the wine
Spirit of wit, to make us all divine,
That big with sack and mirth we may retire
Possessors of more souls, and nobler fire ,
And by the influx of this painted sky,
And labour'd forms, to higher matters fly ,
So, if a nap shall take us, we shall all,
After full cups, have dreams poetical

Let's laugh now, and the press'd grape drink,
Till the drowsy day star wink ,
And in our merry, mad mirth run
Faster, and further than the sun ,
And let none his cup forsake,
Till that star again doth wake ;
So we men below shall move
Equally with the gods above

TO AMORET, OF THE DIFFERENCE
'TWIXT HIM AND OTHER LOVERS,
AND WHAT TRUE LOVE IS

MARK, when the evening's cooler wings
Fan the afflicted air, how the faint sun,
 Leaving undone,
 What he begun,
Those spurious flames suck'd up from slime and earth
 To their first, low birth,
 Resigns, and brings

They shoot their tinsel beams and vanities,
 Threading with those false fires their way ,
 But as you stay
 And see them stray,
You lose the flaming track, and subtly they
 Languish away,
 And cheat your eyes

Just so base, sublunary lovers' hearts
 Fed on loose profane desires,
 May for an eye
 Or face comply
But those remov'd, they will as soon depart,
 And show their art,
 And painted fires

Whilst I by pow'rful love, so much refin'd,
That my absent soul the same is,
Careless to miss
A glance or kiss,
Can with those elements of lust and sense
Freely dispense,
And court the mind

Thus to the North the loadstones move,
And thus to them th' enamour'd steel aspires
Thus Amoret
I do affect ,
And thus by wingèd beams, and mutual fire,
Spirits and stars conspire
And this is LOVE

TO AMORET WEeping

LEAVE Amoret, melt not away so fast
Thy eyes' fair treasure , Fortune's wealthiest cast
Deserves not one such pearl , for these, well spent,
Can purchase stars, and buy a tenement
For us in heaven , though here the pious streams
Avail us not , who from that clue of sunbeams
Could ever steal one thread ? or with a kind
Persuasive accent charm the wild loud wind ?

Fate cuts us all in marble, and the Book
Forestalls our glass of minutes , we may look
But seldom meet a change , think you a tear
Can blot the flinty volume ? shall our fear
Or grief add to their triumphs ? and must we
Give an advantage to adversity ?
Dear, idle prodigal ! is it not just
We bear our stars ? What though I had not dust
Enough to cabinet a worm ? nor stand
Enslav'd unto a little dirt, or sand ?
I boast a better purchase, and can show
The glories of a soul that's simply true

But grant some richer planet at my birth
Had spied me out, and measur'd so much earth
Or gold unto my share I should have been
Slave to these lower elements, and seen

My high born soul flag with their dross, and lie
A pris'ner to base mud, and alchemy
I should perhaps eat orphans, and suck up
A dozen distress'd widows in one cup,
Nay, further, I should by that lawful stealth,
Damn'd usury, undo the commonwealth,
Or patent it in soap, and coals, and so
Have the smiths curse me, and my laundress too,
Geld wine, or his friend tobacco, and so bring
The incens'd subject rebel to his king,
And after all—as those first sinners fell—
Sink lower than my gold, and lie in hell

Thanks then for this deliv'rance ' blessed pow'rs,
You that dispense man's fortune and his hours,
How am I to you all engag'd ' that thus
By such strange means, almost miraculous,
You should preserve me, you have gone the way
To make me rich by taking all away
For I—had I been rich—as sure as fate,
Would have been meddling with the king, or State,
Or something to undo me, and 'tis fit,
We know, that who hath wealth should have no wit,
But, above all, thanks to that Providence
That arm'd me with a gallant soul, and sense,
'Gainst all misfortunes, that hath breath'd so much
Of Heav'n into me, that I scorn the touch
Of these low things, and can with courage dare
Whatever fate or malice can prepare
I envy no man's purse or mines I know

That, losing them, I've lost their curses too ,
And Amoret—although our share in these
Is not contemptible, nor doth much please—
Yet, whilst content and love we jointly vie,
We have a blessing which no gold can buy

UPON THE PRIORY GROVE, HIS USUAL
RETIREMENT

HAIL, sacred shades ! cool, leafy house !
Chaste treasurer of all my vows
And wealth ! on whose soft bosom laid
My love's fair steps I first betray'd
Henceforth no melancholy flight,
No sad wing, or hoarse bird of night,
Disturb this air, no fatal throat
Of raven, or owl, awake the note
Of our laid echo, no voice dwell
Within these leaves, but Philomel
The poisonous ivy here no more
His false twists on the oak shall score ,
Only the woodbine here may twine,
As th' emblem of her love, and mine ,
The amorous sun shall here convey
His best beams, in thy shades to play ,
The active air the gentlest show'rs
Shall from his wings rain on thy flowers
And the moon from her dewy locks
Shall deck thee with her brightest drops
Whatever can a fancy move,
Or feed the eye, be on this grove !

And when at last the winds and tears
Of heaven, with the consuming years,
Shall these green curls bring to decay,
And clothe thee in an aged grey
—If ought a lover can foresee,
Or if we poets prophets be—
From hence transplanted, thou shalt stand
A fresh grove in th' Elysian land ,
Where—most bless'd pair !—as here on earth
Thou first didst eye our growth, and birth ,
So there again, thou'lt see us move
In our first innocence and love ,
And in thy shades, as now, so then,
We'll kiss, and smile, and walk again

JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE TRANSLATED

IN all the parts of earth, from farthest West,
And the Atlantic Isles, unto the East
And famous Ganges, few there be that know
What's truly good, and what is good, in show,
Without mistake for what is't we desire,
Or fear discreetly ? to whate'er aspire,
So thoroughly bless'd, but ever as we speed,
Repentance seals the very act, and deed ?
The easy gods, mov'd by no other fate
Than our own pray'rs, whole kingdoms ruinate,
And undo families thus strife, and war
Are the sword's prize, and a litigious bar
The gown's prime wish Vain confidence to share
In empty honours and a bloody care
To be the first in mischief, makes him die
I ool'd 'twixt ambition and credulity
An oily tongue with fatal, cunning sense,
And that sad virtue ever, eloquence,
Are th' other's ruin, but the common curse ,
And each day's ill waits on the rich man's purse ,
He, whose large acres and imprison'd gold
So far exceeds his father's store of old,
As British whales the dolphins do surpass
In sadder times therefore, and when the laws

Of Nero's fiat reign'd, an armed band
 Seiz'd on Longinus, and the spacious land
 Of wealthy Seneca, besieg'd the gates
 Of Lateranus, and his fair estate
 Divided as a spoil in such sad feasts
 Soldiers—though not invited—are the guests

Though thou small pieces of the blessed mine
 Hast lodg'd about thee, travelling in the shine
 Of a pale moon, if but a reed doth shake,
 Mov'd by the wind, the shadow makes thee quake
 Wealth hath its cares, and want has this relief,
 It neither fears the soldier nor the thief,

Thy first choice vows, and to the gods best known,
 Are for thy stores' increase, that in all town
 Thy stock be greatest, but no poison lies
 I' th' poor man's dish, he tastes of no such spice
 Be that thy care, when, with a kingly gust,
 Thou suck'st whole bowls clad in the gilded dust
 Of some rich mineral, whilst the false wine
 Sparkles aloft, and makes the draught divine

Blam'st thou the sages, then? because the one
 Would still be laughing, when he would be gone
 From his own door, the other cried to see
 His times addicted to such vanity?
 Smiles are an easy purchase, but to weep
 Is a hard act, for tears are fetch'd more deep
 Democritus his numble lungs would tire
 With constant laughter, and yet keep entire
 His stock of mirth, for ev'ry object was

Addition to his store , though then—alas !—
Sedans, and litters, and our Senate gowns,
With robes of honour, fasces, and the frowns
Of unbrib'd tribunes were not seen , but had
He liv'd to see our Roman prætor clad
In Jove's own mantle, seated on his high
Embroider'd chariot 'midst the dust and cry
Of the large theatre, loaden with a crown,
Which scarce he could support—for it would down,
But that his servant props it—and close by
His page, a witness to his vanity
To these his sceptre and his eagle add,
His trumpets, officers, and servants clad
In white and purple , with the rest that day,
He hir'd to triumph, for his bread, and pay ,
Had he these studied, sumptuous follies seen,
'Tis thought his wanton and effusive spleen
Had kill'd the Abderite, though in that age
—When pride and greatness had not swell'd the stage
So high as ours—his harmless and just mirth
From ev'ry object had a sudden birth
Nor was't alone their avarice or pride,
Their triumphs or their cares he did deride ,
Their vain contentions or ridiculous fears,
But even their very poverty and tears
He would at Fortune's threats as freely smile
As others mourn , nor was it to beguile
His crafty passions , but this habit he
By nature had, and grave philosophy

He knew their idle and superfluous vows,
 And sacrifice, which such wrong zeal bestows
 Were mere incendiaries, and that the gods,
 Not pleas'd therewith, would ever be at odds
 Yet to no other air, nor better place
 Ow'd he his birth, than the cold, homely Thrace,
 Which shows a man may be both wise and good,
 Without the brags of fortune, or his blood

But envy ruins all what mighty names
 Of fortune, spirit, action, blood, and fame,
 Hath this destroy'd? yea, for no other cause
 Than being such, their honour, worth and place,
 Was crime enough, their statues, arms and crowns
 Their ornaments of triumph, chariots, gowns,
 And what the herald, with a learn'd care,
 Had long preserv'd, this madness will not spare

So once Sejanus' statue Rome allow'd
 Her demigod, and ev'ry Roman bow'd
 To pay his safety's vows, but when that face
 Had lost Tiberius once, its former grace
 Was soon eclips'd, no difference made—alas!—
 Betwixt his statue then, and common brass,
 They melt alike, and in the workman's hand
 For equal, servile use, like others stand

Go, now fetch home fresh bays, and pay new vows
 To thy dumb Capitol gods! thy life, thy house,
 And state are now secur'd Sejanus lies
 I' th' victors' hands Ye gods! what hearts and eyes
 Can one day's fortune change? the solemn cry

Of all the world is, "Let Sejanus die!"
They never lov'd the man, they swear, they know
Nothing of all the matter, when, or how,
By what accuser, for what cause, or why,
By whose command or sentence he must die
But what needs this? the least pretence will hit,
When princes fear, or hate a favourite
A large epistle stuff'd with idle fear,
Vain dreams, and jealousies, directed here
From Caprea does it, and thus ever die
Subjects, when once they grow prodigious high
'Tis well, I seek no more, but tell me how
This took his friends? no private murmurs now?
No tears? no solemn mourner seen? must all
His glory perish in one funeral?
O still true Romans! State wit bids them praise
The moon by night, but court the warmer rays
O' th' sun by day, they follow fortune still,
And hate or love discreetly, as their will
And the time leads them This tumultuous fate
Puts all their painted favours out of date
And yet this people that now spurn, and tread
This mighty favourite's once honour'd head,
Had but the Tuscan goddess, or his stars
Destin'd him for an empire, or had wars,
Treason, or policy, or some higher pow'r
Oppress'd secure Tiberius, that same hour
That he receiv'd the sad Gemonian doom,
Had crown'd him emp'rour of the world and Rome

But Rome is now grown wise, and since that she
 Her suffrages, and ancient liberty
 Lost in a monarch's name, she takes no care
 For favourite or prince, nor will she share
 Their fickle glories, though in Cato's days
 She rul'd whole States and armies with her voice
 Of all the honours now within her walls,
 She only dotes on plays and festivals
 Nor is it strange, for when these meteors fall,
 They draw an ample ruin with them all
 Share in the storm, each beam sets with the sun,
 And equal hazard friends and flatt'ers run
 This makes, that circled with distractiv fear
 The lifeless, pale Sejanus' limbs they tear,
 And lest the action might a witness need,
 They bring their servants to confirm the deed,
 Nor is it done for any other end,
 Than to avoid the title of his friend
 So falls ambitious man, and such are still
 All floating States built on the people's will

Hearken all you ! whom this bewitching lust
 Of an hour's glory, and a little dust
 Swells to such dear repentance ! you that can
 Measure whole kingdoms with a thought or span !
 Would you be as Sejanus ? would you have,
 So you might sway as he did, such a grave ?
 Would you be rich as he ? command, dispose,
 All acts and offices ? all friends and foes ?
 Be generals of armies and colleague

Unto an emperor ? break or make a league ?
 No doubt you would , for both the good and bad
 An equal itch of honour ever had
 But O ! what state can be so great or good,
 As to be bought with so much shame and blood ?
 Alas ! Sejanus will too late confess
 'Twas only pride and greatness made him less
 For he that moveth with the lofty wind
 Of Fortune, and Ambition, unconfin'd
 In act or thought, doth but increase his height,
 That he may loose it with more force and weight ,
 Scorning a base, low ruin, as if he
 Would of misfortune make a prodigy

Tell, mighty Pompey, Crassus, and O thou
 That mad'st Rome kneel to thy victorious brow,
 What but the weight of honours, and large fame
 After your worthy acts, and height of name,
 Destroy'd you in the end ? The envious Fates,
 Easy to further your aspiring States,
 Us'd them to quell you too , pride, and excess
 In ev'ry act did make you thrive the less
 Few kings are guilty of grey hairs, or die
 Without a stab, a draught, or treachery
 And yet to see him, that but yesterday
 Saw letters first, how he will scrape, and pray ,
 And all her feast time tire Minerva's ears
 For fame, for eloquence, and store of years
 To thrive and live in , and then lest he dotes,
 His boy assists him with his box and notes

Fool that thou art ' not to discern the ill
 These vows include , what, did Rome's consul kill
 Her Cicero ? what, him whose very dust
 Greece celebrates as yet , whose cause, though just,
 Scarce banishment could end , nor poison save
 His free born person from a foreign grave ?
 All this from eloquence both head and hand
 The tongue doth icrfeit , petty wits may stand
 Secure from danger, but the nobler vein
 With loss of blood the bar doth often stain

O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam } CARMEN
 } CICERO
 } NIANUM

Had all been thus, thou might'st have scorn'd the
 sword

Of fierce Antonius , here is not one word
 Doth pinch , I like such stuff, 'tis safer far
 Than thy Philippics, or Pharsalia's war
 What sadder end than his, whom Athens saw
 At once her patriot, oracle, and law ?
 Unhappy then is he, and curs'd in stars
 Whom his poor father, blind with soot and scars,
 Sends from the anvil's harmless chine, to wear
 The factious gown, and tire his client's ear
 And purse with endless noise Trophies of wa ,
 Old rusty armour, with an honour'd scar,
 And wheels of captiv'd chariots, with a piece
 Of some torn British galley, and to these
 The ensign too, and last of all the train

The pensive pris'ner loaden with his chain,
 Are thought true Roman honours, these the Greek
 And rude barbarians equally do seek
 Thus air, and empty fame, are held a prize
 Beyond fair virtue, for all virtue dies
 Without reward, and yet by this fierce lust
 Of fame, and titles to outlive our dust,
 And monuments—though all these things must die
 And perish like ourselves—whole kingdoms lie
 Run'd and spoil'd put Hannibal i' th' scale,
 What weight affords the mighty general?
 This is the man, whom Afric's spacious land
 Bounded by th' Indian Sea, and Nile's hot sand
 Could not contain—Ye gods! that give to men
 Such boundless appetites, why state you them
 So short a time? either the one deny,
 Or give their acts and them eternity
 All Æthiopia, to the utmost bound
 Of Titan's course,—than which no land is found
 Less distant from the sun—with him that ploughs
 That fertile soil where fam'd¹ Iberus flows,
 Are not enough to conquer, pass'd now o'er
 The Pyrrhene hills, the Alps with all its store
 Of ice, and rocks clad in eternal snow,
 —As if that Nature meant to give the blow—
 Denies him passage, straight on ev'ry side
 He wounds the hill, and by strong hand divides
 The monstrous pile, nought can ambition stay

¹ The original has *framed*

The world and Nature yield to give him way
 And now pass'd o'er the Alps, that mighty bar
 'Twixt France and Rome, fear of the future war
 Strikes Italy, success and hope doth fire
 His lofty spirits with a fresh desire
 All is undone as yet—saith he—unless
 Our Pænish forces we advance, and press
 Upon Rome's self, break down her gates and wall,
 And plant our colours in Suburra's vale
 O the rare sight ! if this great soldier we
 Arm'd on his Getick elephant might see !
 But what's the event ? O glory, how the itch
 Of thy short wonders doth mankind bewitch !
 He that but now all Italy and Spain
 Had conquer'd o'er, is beaten out again ,
 And in the heart of Afric, and the sight
 Of his own Carthage, forc'd to open flight
 Banish'd from thence, a fugitive he posts
 To Syria first, then to Bithynia's coasts,
 Both places by his sword secur'd, though he
 In this distress must not acknowledg'd be ,
 Where once a general he triumphed, now
 To show what Fortune can, he begs as low

And thus that soul which through all nations hurl'd
 Conquest and war, and did amaze the world,
 Of all those glories robb'd, at his last breath,
 Fortune would not vouchsafe a soldier's death
 For all that blood the field of Cannæ boasts,
 And sad Apulia fill'd with Roman ghosts,

No other end—freed from the pile and sword—
Than a poor ring would Fortune him afford

Go now, ambitious man ! new plots design,
March o'er the snowy Alps and Apennine ,
That, after all, at best thou may'st but be
A pleasing story to posterity !

The Macedon one world could not contain,
We hear him of the narrow earth complain,
And sweat for room, as if Seriphus Isle
Or Gyara had held him in exile ,
But Babylon this madness can allay,
And give the great man but his length of clay
The highest thoughts and actions under heaven
Death only with the lowest dust lays even
It is believed—if what Greece writes be true—
That Xerxes with his Persian fleet did hew
Their ways through mountains, that their sails full
blown

Like clouds hung over Athos and did drown
The spacious continent, and by plain force
Betwixt the mount and it, made a divorce ,
That seas exhausted were, and made firm land,
And Sestos joined unto Abydos strand ,
That on their march his Medes but passing by
Drank thee, Scamander, and Melenus dry ,
With whatsoe'er incredible design
Sostratus sings, inspir'd with pregnant wine
But what's the end ? He that the other day
Divided Hellespont, and forc'd his way

Through all her angry billows, that assign'd
 New punishments unto the waves, and wind,
 No sooner saw the Salaminian seas
 But he was driven out by Themistocles,
 And of that fleet—supposed to be so great,
 That all mankind shar'd in the sad defeat—
 Not one sail sav'd, in a poor fisher's boat,
 Chas'd o'er the working surge, was glad to float,
 Cutting his desp'rate course through the tur'd flood,
 And fought again with carcasses, and blood
 O foolish mad Ambition ! these are still
 The famous dangers that attend thy will

Give store of days, good Jove, give length of years,
 Are the next vows , these with religious fears
 And constancy we pay , but what's so bad
 As a long, sinful age ? what cross more sad
 Than misery of years ? how great an ill
 Is that which doth but nurse more sorrow still ?
 It blacks the face, corrupt and dulls the blood,
 Benights the quickest eye, distastes the food,
 And such deep furrows cuts i' th' checker'd skin
 As in th' old oaks of Tabraca are seen

Youth varies in most things , strength, beauty, wit,
 Are several graces , but where age doth hit
 It makes no difference , the same weak voice,
 And trembling ague in each member lies
 A general hateful baldness, with a curs'd
 Perpetual pettishness , and, which is worst,
 A foul, strong flux of humours, and more pain

To feed, than if he were to nurse again ,
So tedious to himself, his wife, and friends,
That his own sons, and servants, wish his end
His taste and feeling dies , and of that fire
The am'rous lover burns in, no desire
Or if there were, what pleasure could it be,
Where lust doth reign without ability?
Nor is this all what matters it, where he
Sits in the spacious stage ? who can nor see,
Nor hear what's acted, whom the stiller voice
Of spinted, wanton airs, or the loud noise
Of trumpets cannot pierce , whom thunder can
But scarce inform who enters, or what man
He personates, what 'tis they act, or say ?
How many scenes are done ? what time of day ?
Besides that little blood his carcase holds
Hath lost¹ its native warmth, and fraught with
 colds

Catarrhs, and rheums, to thick black jelly turns,
And never but in fits and fevers burns
Such vast infirmities, so huge a stock
Of sickness and diseases to him flock,
That Hyppia ne'er so many lovers knew,
Nor wanton Maura , physic never slew
So many patients, nor rich lawyers spoil
More wards and widows , it were lesser toil
To number out what manors and domains
Licinius' razor purchas'd one complains

¹ The original has *low*

Of weakness in the back, another pants
 For lack of breath, the third his eyesight wants,
 Nay, some so feeble are, and full of pain,
 That infant like they must be fed again
 These faint too at their meals, their wine they spill,
 And like young birds, that wait the mother's bill,
 They gape for meat, but sadder far than this
 Their senseless ignorance and dotage is,
 For neither they, their friends, nor servants know,
 Nay, those themselves begot, and bred up too,
 No longer now they'll own, for madly they
 Proscribe them all, and what, on the last day,
 The misers cannot carry to the grave
 For their past sins, their prostitutes must have
 But grant age lack'd these plagues yet must they
 see

As great, as many frail mortality,
 In such a length of years, hath many falls,
 And deads a life with frequent funerals
 The nimblest hour in all the span can steal
 A friend, or brother from's, there's no repeal
 In death, or time, this day a wife we mourn,
 To morrow's tears a son, and the next urn
 A sister fills Long livers have assign'd
 These curses still, that with a restless mind,
 An age of fresh renewing cares they buy,
 And in a tide of tears grow old and die

Nestor,—if we great Homer may believe—
 In his full strength three hundred years did live

Happy—thou'lt say—that for so long a time
 Enjoy'd free nature, with the grape and wine
 Of many autumns , but, I prithee thee, hear
 What Nestor says himself, when he his dear
 Antilochus had lost , how he complains
 Of life's too large extent, and copious pains ?
 Of all he meets, he asks what is the cause
 He liv'd thus long , for what breach of their
 laws

The gods thus punish'd him ? what sin had he
 Done worthy of a long life's misery
 Thus Peleus his Achilles mourned, and he
 Thus wept that his Ulysses lost at sea
 Had Priam died before Phereclus' fleet
 Was built, or Paris stole the fatal Greek,
 Troy had yet stood, and he perhaps had gone
 In peace unto the lower shades , his son
 Sav'd with his plenteous offspring, and the rest
 In solemn pomp bearing his fun'ral chest
 But long life hinder'd this unhappy he,
 Kept for a public ruin, liv'd to see
 All Asia lost, and ere he could aspire,
 In his own house saw both the sword and fire ,
 All white with age and cares, his feeble arm
 Had now forgot the war , but this alarm
 Gathers his dying spirits , and as we
 An aged ox worn out with labour see
 By his ungrateful master, after all
 His years of toil, a thankless victim fall

So he by Jove's own altar , which shows we
 Are nowhere safe from heaven, and destiny
 Yet died a man , but his surviving queen,
 Freed from the Greekish sword, was barking seen
 I haste to Rome, and Pontus' king let pass,
 With Lydian Croesus, whom in vain—alas !—
 Just Solon's grave advice bad to attend,
 That happiness came not before the end

What man more bless'd in any age to come
 Or past, could Nature show the world, or Rome,
 Than Marius was ? if amidst the pomp of war,
 And triumphs fetch'd with Roman blood from fœi,
 His soul had fled , exile and fetters then
 He ne'er had seen, nor known Minturna's fen ,
 Nor had it, after Carthage got, been said
 A Roman general had begg'd his bread

Thus Pompey th' envious gods, and Rome's ill
 stars

—Freed from Campania's fevers, and the wars—
 Doom'd to Achilles' sword our public vows
 Made Cæsar guiltless , but sent him to lose
 His head at Nile this curse Cethegus miss'd ,
 This Lentulus, and this made him resist
 That mangled by no lictor's axe, fell dead
 Entirely Catiline, and sav'd his head

The anxious matrons, with their foolish zeal,
 Are the last votaries, and their appeal
 Is all for beauty , with soft speech, and slow,
 They pray for sons, but with a louder vow

Commend a female feature all that can
 Make woman pleasing now they shift, and scan
 And when reprov'd, they say, Latona's pair
 The mother never thinks can be too fair

But sad Lucretia warns to wish no face
 Like hers Virginia would bequeath her grace
 To crook back Rutila in exchange, for still
 The fairest children do their parents fill
 With greatest cares, so seldom chastity
 Is found with beauty, though some few there be
 That with a strict, religious care contend
 Th' old, modest, Sabine customs to defend
 Besides, wise Nature to some faces grants
 An easy blush, and where she freely plants
 A less instruction serves but both these join'd,
 At Rome would both be forc'd or else puloin'd

So steel'd a forehead Vice hath, that dares win,
 And bribe the father to the children's sin,
 But whom have gifts defiled not? what good face
 Did ever want these tempters? pleasing grace
 Betrays itself, what time did Nero mind
 A coarse, maim'd shape? what blemish'd youth con-
 fin'd

His goatish pathic? whence then flow these joys
 Of a fair issue? whom these sad annoys
 Wait, and grow up with, whom perhaps thou'lt see
 Public adulterers, and must be
 Subject to all the curses, plagues, and awe

¹ The original has *wky*

Of jealous madmen, and the Julian law ,
Nor canst thou hope they'll find a milder star,
Or more escapes than did the god of war
But worse than all, a jealous brain confine.
His fury to no law , what rage assigns
Is present justice thus the rash sword spills
Ths lecher's blood , the scourge another kills
But thy spruce boy must touch no other face
Than a patrician ? is of any race
So they be rich , Servilia is as good,
With wealth, as she that boasts Iulus' blood
To please a servant all is cheap , what thing
In all their stock to the last suit, and king,
But lust exacts ? the poorest whore in this
As generous as the patrician is
But thou wilt say what hurt's a beauteous skin
With a chaste soul ? Ask Theseus' son, and him
That Stenobœa murder'd , for both these
Can tell how fatal 'twas in them to please
A woman's spleen then carries most of fate,
When shame and sorrow aggravate her hate
Resolve me now, had Silius been thy son,
In such a hazard what should he have done ?
Of all Rome's youth, this was the only best,
In whom alone beauty and worth did rest
This Messalina saw, and needs he must
Be ruin'd by the emp'ror, or her lust
All in the face of Rome, and the world's eye
Though Cæsar's wife, a public bigamy

She dares attempt , and that the act might bear
 More prodigy, the notaries appear,
 And augurs to't , and to complete the sin
 In solemn form, a dowry is brought in
 All this—thou'lt say—in private might have pass'd
 But she'll not have it so , what course at last ?
 What should he do ? If Messaline be cross'd,
 Without redress thy Silius will be lost ,
 If not, some two days' length is all he can
 Keep from the grave , just so much as will span
 This news to Hostia, to whose fate he owes
 That Claudius last his own dishonour knows
 But he obeys, and for a few hours' lust
 Forfeits that glory should outlive his dust ,
 Nor was it much a fault , for whether he
 Obey'd or not, 'twas equal destiny
 So fatal beauty is, and full of waste,
 That neither wanton can be safe, nor chaste
 What then should man pray for ? what is't that he
 Can beg of Heaven, without impiety ?
 Take my advice first to the gods commit
 All cares , for they things competent and fit
 For us foresee , besides, man is more dear
 To them than to himself , we blindly here,
 Led by the world and lust, in vain assay
 To get us portions, wives and sons , but they
 Already know all that we can intend,
 And of our children's children see the end
 Yet that thou may'st have something to commend

With thanks unto the gods for what they send ,
Pray for a wise and knowing soul , a sad,
Discreet, true valour, that will scorn to add
A needless horror to thy death , that knows
'Tis but a debt which man to nature owes ,
That starts not at misfortunes, that can sway
And keep all passions under lock and key ,
That covets nothing, wrongs none, and prefers
An honest want, before rich injurers
All this thou hast within thyself, and may
Be made thy own, if thou wilt take the way ,
What boots the world's wild, loose applause? what
[can]

Frail, perilous honours add unto a man ?
What length of years, wealth, or a rich fair wife ?
Virtue alone can make a happy life
To a wise man nought comes amiss but we
Fortune adore, and make our deity

OLOR ISCANUS.

1651.

VOL. 11

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—O quis me gelidis in vallibus Iscæ
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !

AD POSTEROS

DIMINUAT ne sera dies præsentis honorem
Quis, qualisque fui, percipe Posteritas
Cambria me genuit, patulis ubi vallibus errans
Subjacet aerus montibus Isca pater
Inde sinu placido suscepit maximus arte
Herbertus, Latæ gloria prima scholæ
Bis ternos, illo me conducente, per annos
Profeci, et geminam contulit unus opem,
Ars et amor, mens atque manus certare solebant,
Nec lassata illi mensue, manusue fuit
Hinc qualem cernis crevisse sed ut mea certus
Tempora cognoscas, dura fuere, scias
Vixi, divisos cum fregerat hæresis Anglos
Inter Tysiphonas presbyteri et populi
His primum miseris per amœna furentibus arva
Prostravit sanctam vilis avena rosam,
Turbarunt fontes, et fuis pax perit undis,
Moestaque coelestes obruit umbra dies
Duret ut integritas tamen, et pia gloria, partem
Me nullam in tanta strage fuisse, scias,
Credidimus nempe insonti vocem esse cruori,
Et vires quæ post funera flere docent.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND MOST EX
CELLENTLY ACCOMPLISHED, THE LORD
KILDARE DIGBY

MY LORD,

It is a position anciently known, and modern experience hath allowed it for a sad truth, that absence and time,—like cold weather, and an unnatural dormition—will blast and wear out of memory the most endearing obligations, and hence it was that some politicians in love have looked upon the former of these two as a main remedy against the fondness of that passion. But for my own part, my Lord, I shall deny this aphorism of the people, and beg leave to assure your Lordship, that, though these reputed obstacles have lain long in my way, yet neither of them could work upon me for I am now—without adulation—as warm and sensible of those numerous favours and kind influences received some times from your Lordship, as I really was at the instant of fruition. I have no plot by preambling thus to set any rate upon this present address, as if I should presume to value a return of this nature equal with your Lordship's deserts, but the design is to let you see that this habit I have got of being

troublesome flows from two excusable principles, gratitude and love These inward counsellors—I know not how discreetly—persuaded me to this attempt and intrusion upon your name, which if your Lordship will vouchsafe to own as the genius to these papers, you will perfect my hopes, and place me at my full height This was the aim, my Lord, and is the end of this work, which though but a *pazzarello* to the *voluminose insani*, yet as jessamine and the violet find room in the bank as well as roses and lilies, so happily may this, and—if shined upon by your Lordship—please as much To whose protection, sacred as your name and those eminent honours which have always attended upon it through so many generations, I humbly offer it, and remain in all numbers of gratitude,

My honoured Lord,

Your most affectionate, humblest Servant,

VAUGHAN

Newton by Usk this

17 of Decemb 1647

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It was the glorious Maro that referred his legacies to the fire, and though princes are seldom executors, yet there came a Cæsar to his testament, as if the act of a poet could not be repealed but by a king I am not, Reader, *Augustus vindex* here is no royal rescue, but here is a Muse that deserves it The Author had long ago condemned these poems to obscurity, and the consumption of that further fate which attends it This censure gave them a gust of death, and they have partly known that oblivion which our best labours must come to at last I present thee then not only with a book, but with a prey, and in this kind the first recoveries from corruption Here is a flame hath been sometimes extinguished, thoughts that have been lost and forgot, but now they break out again like the Platonic reminiscency I have not the Author's approbation to the fact, but I have law on my side, though never a sword I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own house Thou seest how saucy I am grown, and if thou dost expect I should commend what is published, I must tell thee, I cry no Seville oranges I will not say, Here is fine or cheap that were an

injury to the verse itself, and to the effects it can
produce Read on, and thou wilt find thy spirit
engaged not by the deserts of what we call tolerable,
but by the commands of a pen that is above it

UPON THE MOST INGENIOUS PAIR OF
TWINS, EUGENIUS PHILALETHES,
AND THE AUTHOR OF THESE POEMS

WHAT planet rul'd your birth ? what witty star ?
That you so like in souls as bodies are !
So like in both, that you seem born to free
The starry art from vulgar calumny
My doubts are solv'd, from hence my faith begins,
Not only your faces but your wits are twins

When this bright Gemini shall from Earth ascend,
They will new light to dull ey'd mankind lend,
Teach the star gazers, and delight their eyes,
Being fix'd a constellation in the skies

T POWELL, OXONIENSIS

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR UPON
THESE HIS POEMS

I CALL'D it once my sloth in such an age
So many volumes deep, I not a page ?
But I recant, and vow 'twas thrifty care
That kept my pen from spending on slight waile,
And breath'd it for a prize, whose pow'rful shine
Doth both reward the striver, and refine
Such are thy poems, friend for since th' hast writ,
I can't reply to any name, but wit ,
And lest amidst the throng that make us groan,
Mine prove a groundless heresy alone,
Thus I dispute, Hath there not rev'rence been
Paid to the beard at door, for Lord within ?
Who notes the spindle leg or hollow eye
Of the thin usher, the fair lady by ?
Thus I sin freely, neighbour to a hand
Which, while I aim to strengthen, gives command
For my protection , and thou art to me
At once my subject and security

I ROWLANDSON, OXONIENSIS

UPON THE FOLLOWING POEMS

I WRITE not here, as if thy last in store
 Of learnèd friends, 'tis known that thou hast more ;
 Who, were they told of this, would find a way
 To raise a guard of poets without pay,
 And bring as many hands to thy edition,
 As th' City should unto their May'r's petition
 But thou wouldst none of this, lest it should be
 Thy muster rather than our courtesy,
 Thou wouldst not beg as knights do, and appear
 Poet by voice and suffrage of the shire ,
 That were enough to make my Muse advance
 Amongst the crutches , nay, it might enhance
 Our charity, and we should think it fit
 The State should build an hospital for wit.

But here needs no relief thy richer verse
 Creates all poets, that can but rehearse,
 And they, like tenants better'd by their land,
 Should pay thee rent for what they understand
 Thou art not of that lamentable nation
 Who make a blessed alms of approbation,
 Whose fardel notes are briefs in ev'rything,
 But, that they are not *Licenc'd by the king*
 Without such scrape requests thou dost come forth
 Arm'd—though I speak it—with thy proper worth,

And needest not this noise of friends, for we
Write out of love, not thy necessity
And though this sullen age possessed be
With some strange desamour to poetry,
Yet I suspect—thy fancy so delights—
The Puritans will turn thy proselytes,
And that thy flame, when once abroad it shines,
Will bring thee as many friends as thou hast lines

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES,
Oxoniensis

OLOR ISCANUS

TO THE RIVER ISCA.

WHEN Daphne's lover here first wore the bays,
Eurotas' secret streams heard all his lays,
And holy Orpheus, Nature's busy child,
By headlong Hebrus his deep hymns compil'd ,
Soft Petrarch—thaw'd by Laura's flames—did weep
On Tiber's banks, when she—proud fair '—could
sleep ,

Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames
Doth murmur Sidney's Stella to her streams ,
While Severn, swoln with joy and sorrow, wears
Castara's smiles mix'd with fair Sabrin's tears.
Thus poets—like the nymphs, their pleasing themes—
Haunted the bubbling springs and gliding streams ,
And happy banks ' whence such fair flow'rs have
sprung,

But happier those where they have sat and sung '
Poets—like angels—where they once appear
Hallow the place, and each succeeding year
Adds rev'rence to't, such as at length doth give
This aged faith, that there their genu live
Hence th' ancients say, that from this sickly air
They pass to regions more refin'd and fair,

To meadows strew'd with lilies and the rose,
And shades whose youthful green no old age knows
Where all in white they walk, discourse, and sing
Like bees' soft murmurs, or a chiding spring

But sca, whensoever those shades I see,
And thy lov'd arbours must no more know me,
When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets, where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large, kind light,
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,
Shed such a previous and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead,
'Till rivers leave to run, and men to read

First, may all bards born after me

—When I am ashes—sing of thee !

May thy green banks or streams,—or none—

Be both their hill and Helicon !

May vocal groves grow there, and all

The shades in them prophetic,

Where laid men shall more fair truths see

Than fictions were of Thessaly !

May thy gentle swains—like flow'rs—

Sweetly spend their youthful hours,

And thy beauteous nymphs—like doves—

Be kind and faithful to their loves !

Garlands, and songs, and roundelays,

Mild, dewy nights, and sunshine days,

The turtle's voice, joy without fear,

Dwell on thy bosom all the year !
 May the evet and the toad
 Within thy banks have no abode,
 Nor the wily, winding snake
 Her voyage through thy waters make !
 In all thy journey to the main
 No nitrous clay, nor brimstone vein
 Mix with thy streams, but may they pass
 Fresh on the air, and clear as glass,
 And where the wand'ring crystal treads
 Roses shall kiss, and couple heads '
 The factor wind from far shall bring
 The odours of the scatter'd Spring,
 And loaden with the rich arrear,
 Spend it in spicy whispers there
 No sullen heats, nor flames that are
 Offensive, and canicular,
 Shine on thy sands, nor pry to see
 Thy scaly, shading family,
 But noons as mild as Hesper's rays,
 Or the first blushes of fair days '
 What gifts more Heav'n or Earth can add,
 With all those blessings be thou clad !

Honour, Beauty,
 Faith and Duty,
 Delight and Truth,
 With Love and Youth,

Crown all about thee ' and whatever Fate
 Impose elsewhere, whether the graver state

Or some toy else, may those loud, anxious cares
For dead and dying things—the common wares
And shows of Time—ne'er break thy peace, nor make
Thy repos'd arms to a new war awake !
But freedom, safety, joy and bliss,
United in one loving kiss,
Surround thee quite, and style thy borders
The land redeem'd from all disorders !

THE CHARNEL HOUSE

BLESS me ! what damp's are here ! how stiff an air !
Kelder of mists, a second fiat's care,
Front'spiece o' th' grave and darkness, a display
Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day,
Lean, bloodless shamble, where I can descry
Fragments of men, rags of anatomy,
Corruption's wardrobe, the transplantive bed
Of mankind, and th' exchequer of the dead !
How thou arrests my sense ! how with the sight
My winter'd blood grows stiff to all delight !
Torpedo to the eye ! whose least glance can
Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue headlong man
Eloquent silence ! able to immure
An atheist's thoughts, and blast an epicure
Were I a Lucian, Nature in this dress
Would make me wish a Saviour, and confess

Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd
hope,
Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,
Whose stretch'd excess runs on a string too high,
And on the rack of self extension die ?
Chameleons of state, air monging band,
Whose breath—like gunpowder—blows up a land,

Come see your dissolution, and weigh
What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day
As th' elements by circulation pass
From one to th' other, and that which first was
I so again, so 'tis with you , the grave
And Nature but complot , what the one gave
The other takes , think, then, that in this bed
There sleep the relics of as proud a head,
As stern and subtle as your own, that hath
Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest wrath
Hath levell'd kings with slaves, and wisely then
Calm these high furies, and descend to men
Thus Cyrus tam'd the Macedon , a tomb
Check'd him, who thought the world too straight a
room

Have I obey'd the powers of face,
A beauty able to undo the race
Of easy man ? I look but here, and straight
I am inform'd, the lovely counterfeit
Was but a smoother clay That famish'd slave
Beggard by wealth, who starves that he may save,
Brings hither but his sheet , nay, th' ostrich man
That feeds on steel and bullet, he that can
Outswear his lordship, and reply as tough
To a kind word, as if his tongue were buff,
Is chap fall'n here worms without wit or fear
Defy him now , Death hath disarm'd the bear
Thus could I run o'er all the piteous score
Of erring men, and having done, meet more,

Their shuffled wills, abortive, vain intents,
 Fantastic humours, perilous ascents,
 False, empty honours, traitorous delights,
 And whatsoe'er a blind conceit invites,
 But these and more which the weak vermins swell,
 Are couch'd in this accumulative cell,
 Which I could scatter, but the grudging sun
 Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
 Day leaves me in a double night, and I
 Must bid farewell to my sad library
 Yet with these notes—Henceforth with thought of
 thee

I'll season all succeeding jollity,
 Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
 Excess hath no religion, nor wit,
 But should wild blood swell to a lawless strain,
 One check from thee shall channel it again

IN AMICUM FÆNERATOREM

THANKS, mighty Silver ! I rejoyce to see
How I have spoil'd his thrift, by spending thee
Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,
His decoy gold, and bribes me to restore
As lesser lode stones with the North consent,
Naturally moving to their element,
As bodies swarm to th' centre, and that fire
Man stole from heaven, to heav'n doth still aspire,
So this vast crying sum draws in a less,
And hence this bag more Northward laid I guess,
For 'tis of pole star force, and in this sphere
Though th' least of many, rules the master bear
Prerogative of debts ! how he doth dress
His messages in chink ! not an express
Without a fee for reading, and 'tis fit,
For gold's the best restorative of wit
Oh how he gilds them o'er ! with what delight
I read those lines, which angels do indite !
But wilt have money, Og ? must I disburse
Will nothing serve thee but a poet's curse ?
Wilt rob an altar thus ? and sweep at once
What Orpheus like I forc'd from stocks and stones ?
'Twill never swell thy bag, nor ring one peal
In thy dark chest Talk not of shreeves, or gaol,

I fear them not I have no land to glut
Thy dirty appetite, and make thee strut
Nimrod of acres , I'll no speech prepare
To court the hopeful cormorant, thine heir
For there's a kingdom at thy beck if thou
But kick this dross Parnassus' flow'ry brow
I'll give thee with my Tempe, and to boot
That horse which struck a fountain with his foot
A bed of roses I'll provide for thee,
And crystal springs shall drop thee melody
The breathing shades we'll haunt, where ev'ry leaf
Shall whisper us asleep, though thou art deaf
Those waggish nymphs, too, which none ever yet
Durst make love to, we'll teach the loving fit ,
We'll suck the coral of their lips, and feed
Upon their spicy breath, a meal at need
Rove in their amber tresses, and unfold
That glist'ring grove, the curled wood of gold ,
Then peep for babies, a new puppet play,
And riddle what their prattling eyes would say
But here thou must remember to dispurse,
For without money all this is a curse
Thou must for more bags call, and so restore
This iron age to gold, as once before
This thou must do, and yet this is not all,
For thus the poet would be still in thrall,
Thou must then—if live thus—my nest of honey
Cancel old bonds, and beg to lend more money

TO HIS FRIEND ———

I WONDER, James, through the whole history
Of ages, such entails of poverty
Are laid on poets, lawyers—they say—have found
A trick to cut them, would they were but bound
To practise on us, though for this thing we
Should pay—if possible—their bribes and fee
Search—as thou canst—the old and modern store
Of Rome and ours, in all the witty score
Thou shalt not find a rich one, take each clime,
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,
Thou'lt meet them poor, and ev'rywhere descry
A threadbare, goldless genealogy
Nature—it seems—when she meant us for earth
Spent so much of her treasure in the birth
As ever after niggards her, and she,
Thus stor'd within, beggars us outwardly
Woful profusion ' at how dear a rate
Are we made up ' all hope of thrift and state
Lost for a verse When I by thoughts look back
Into the womb of time, and see the rack
Stand useless there, until we are produc'd
Unto the torture, and our souls infus'd
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt

That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout
 Of slaves to pick out one whom for their sport
 They keep afflicted by some ling'ring art ,
 So we are merely thrown upon the stage
 The mirth of fools and legend of the age
 When I see in the ruins of a suit
 Some nobler breast, and his tongue sadly mute
 Feed on the vocal silence of his eye,
 And knowing cannot reach the remedy ,
 When souls of baser stamp shine in their store,
 And he of all the throng is only poor ,
 When French apes for foreign fashions pay,
 And English legs are dress'd th' outlandish way,
 So fine too, that they their own shadows woo,
 While he walks in the sad and pilgrim shoe ,
 I'm mad at Fate, and angry ev'n to sin,
 To see deserts and learning clad so thin ,
 To think how th' earthly usurer can brood
 Upon his bags, and weigh the precious food
 With palsied hands, as if his soul did fear
 The scales could rob him of what he laid there
 Like devils that on hid treasures sit, or those
 Whose jealous eyes trust not beyond their nose,
 They guard the dirt and the bright idol hold
 Close, and commit adultery with gold
 A curse upon their dross ! how have we sued
 For a few scatter'd chips ? how oft pursu'd
 Petitions with a blush, in hope to squeeze
 For their souls' health, more than our wants, a piece ?

Their steel ribb'd chests and purse—rust eat them
both '—

Have cost us with much paper many an oath,
And protestations of such solemn sense,
As if our souls were sureties for the pence
Should we a full night's learnèd cares present,
They'll scarce return us one short hour's content
'Las ! they're but quibbles, things we poets feign,
The short-liv'd squibs and crackers of the brain

But we'll be wiser, knowing 'tis not they
That must redeem the hardship of our way
Whether a Higher Power, or that star
Which, nearest heav'n, is from the earth most far,
Oppress us thus, or angell'd from that sphere
By our strict guardians are kept luckless here,
It matters not, we shall one day obtain
Our native and celestial scope again

TO HIS RETIRED FRIEND, AN INVITA-
TION TO BRECKNOCK.

SINCE last we met, thou and thy horse—my dear—
Have not so much as drunk, or litter'd here ,
I wonder, though thyself be thus deceas'd,
Thou hast the spite to coffin up thy beast ,
Or is the palfrey sick, and his rough hide
With the penance of one spur mortified ?
Or taught by thee—like Pythagoras's ox—
Is then his master grown more orthodox
Whatever 'tis, a sober cause't must be
That thus long bars us of thy company
The town believes thee lost, and didst thou see
But half her suff'rings, now distress'd for thee,
Thou'ldst swear—like Rome—her foul, polluted walls
Were sack'd by Brennus and the savage Gauls
Abominable face of things ' here's noise
Of banged mortars, blue aprons, and boys,
Pigs, dogs, and drums, with the hoarse, hellish notes
Of politicly-deaf usurers' throats,
With new fine Worships, and the old cast team
Of Justices vex'd with the cough and phlegm
'Midst these the Cross looks sad, and in the Shire-
Hall furs of an old Saxon fox appear,

With brotherly ruffs and beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental hats, ta'en at the fight
Of 'Eighty eight, while ev'ry burgess foots
The mortal pavement in eternal boots

Hadst thou been bach'lor, I had soon divin'd
Thy close retirements, and monastic mind,
Perhaps some nymph had been to visit, or
The beauteous churl was to be waited for,
And like the Greek, ere you the sport would miss,
You stay'd, and strok'd the distaff for a kiss
But in this age, when thy cool, settled blood
Is t' d' t' one flesh, and thou almost grown good,
I know not how to reach the strange device,
Except—Domitian like—thou murder'st flies
Or is't thy piety? for who can tell
But thou may'st prove devout, and love a cell,
And—like a badger—with attentive looks
In the dark hole sit rooting up of books
Quick hermit! what a peaceful change hadst thou,
Without the noise of haircloth, whip, or vow!
But there is no redemption? must there be
No other penance but of liberty?
Why, two months hence, if thou continue thus,
Thy memory wul scarce remain with us,
The drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim
They have not seen thee here since Charles, his reign,
Or if they mention thee, like some old man,
That at each word inserts—"Sir, as I can
Remember"—so the cyph'ers puzzle me

With a dark, cloudy character of thee
That—certs '—I fear thou wilt be lost, and we
Must ask the fathers ere't be long for thee

Come ! leave this sullen state, and let not wine
And precious wit lie dead for want of thine
Shall the dull market landlord with his rout
Of sneaking tenants dirtily swill out
This harmless liquor ? shall they knock and beat
For sack, only to talk of rye and wheat ?
O let not such prepost'rous tippling be
In our metropolis, may I ne'er see
Such tavern sacrilege, nor lend a line
To weep the rapes and tragedy of wine !
Here lives that chymic, quick fire which betrays
Fresh spirits to the blood, and warms our lays
I have reserv'd 'gainst thy approach a cup
That were thy Muse stark dead, shall raise her up,
And teach her yet more charming words and skill
Than ever Coelia, Chloris, Astrophil,
Or any of the threadbare names inspir'd
Poor rhyming lovers with a mistress fir'd
Come then ! and while the slow icicle hangs
At the stiff thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
Benumb the year, blithe—as of old—let us
'Midst noise and war of peace and mirth discuss
This portion thou wert born for why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous misery ?
An age that thus hath fool'd itself, and will
—Spite of thy teeth and mine—persist so still

Let's sit then at this fire, and while we steal
A revel in the town, let others seal,
Purchase or cheat, and who can, let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day
Innocent spenders we ' a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse
Rout to their husks , they and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest , we care for a jest

MONSIEUR GOMBAULD

I'VE read thy soul's fair nightpiece, and have seen
Th' amours and courtship of the silent Queen,
Her stoln descents to Earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with Heav'n, then with a lover,
With Latmos' louder rescue, and—alas!—
To find her out a hue and cry in brass,
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad
In fancies darker than thy cave, thy glass
Of sleepy draughts, and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage what discourse she heard
Of spirits, what dark groves and ill shap'd guard
Ismena led thee through, with thy proud flight
O'er Periardes, and deep, musing night
Near fair Eurotas' banks, what solemn green
The neighbour shades wear, and what forms are seen
In their large bowers, with that sad path and seat
Which none but light heel'd nymphs and faeries beat,¹
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty, the severe contempt
They have of man, their privilege to live
A tree, or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume, with the sad vale

¹ So Grosart, for the *heat* of the original

Of Diophania, and the mournful tale,
Of th' bleeding vocal myrtle , these and more
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for, nor dost thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption , thy full vig'rous bays
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
Of style, or matter Just so have I known
Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To their next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last swoln with increase she glides along
The lawns and meadows in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame
Nor are they mere inventions, for we
In th' same piece find scatter'd philosophy
And hidden, dispers'd truths that folded lie
In the dark shades of deep allegory ,
So neatly weav'd, like arras, they descry
Fables with truth, fancy with history
So that thou hast in this thy curious mould
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Less mutable, and lasting as their star,
And while there is a people or a sun,
Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR R. W,
SLAIN IN THE LATE UNFORTUNATE
DIFFERENCES AT ROUTON HEATH,
NEAR CHESTER, 1645

I AM confirm'd, and so much wing is given
To my wild thoughts, that they dare strike at heav'n
A full year's grief I struggled with, and stood
Still on my sandy hopes' uncertain good,
So loth was I to yield, to all those fears
I still oppos'd thee, and denied my tears
But thou art gone ' and the untimely loss
Like that one day hath made all others cross
Have you seen on some river's flow'ry brow
A well built elm or stately cedar grow,
Whose curled tops gilt with the morning ray
Beckon'd the sun, and whisper'd to the day,
When unexpected from the angry North
A fatal sullen whirlwind sallies forth,
And with a full mouth'd blast rends from the ground
The shady twins, which rushing scatter round
Their sighing leaves, whilst overborn with strength
Their trembling heads bow to a prostrate length?
So forc'd fell he, so immaturely Death
Stuffed his able heart and active breath

The world scarce knew him yet, his early soul
Had but new-broke her day, and rather stole
A sight than gave one, as if subtly she
Would learn our stock, but hide his treasury
His years—should Time lay both his wings and glass
Unto his charge—could not be summ'd—alas !—
To a full score, though in so short a span
His riper thoughts had purchas'd more of man
Than all those worthless livers, which yet quick
Have quite outgone their own arithmetic.
He seiz'd perfections, and without a dull
And mossy grey possess'd a solid skull,
No crooked knowledge neither, nor did he
Wear the friend's name for ends and policy,
And then lay't by, as those lost youths of th' stage
Who only flourish'd for the Play's short age
And then retir'd, like jewels, in each part
He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart
Nor was it only in this he did excel,
His equal valour could as much, as well
He knew no fear but of his God, yet durst
No injury, nor—as some have—e'er purs'd
The sweat and tears of others, yet would be
More forward in a royal gallantry
Than all those vast pretenders, which of late
Swell'd in the runs of their king and State
He weav'd not self ends and the public good
Into one piece, nor with the people's blood
Fill'd his own veins, in all the doubtful way

Conscience and honour rul'd him O that day
When like the fathers in the fire and cloud
I miss'd thy face ! I might in ev'ry crowd
See arms like thine, and men advance, but none
So near to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on
Have you observ'd how soon the nimble eye
Brings th' object to conceit, and doth so vie
Performance with the soul, that you would swear
The act and apprehension both lodg'd there ,
Just so mov'd he like shot his active hand
Drew blood, ere well the foe could understand
But here I lost him Whether the last turn
Of thy few sands call'd on thy hasty urn,
Or some fierce rapid fate—hid from the eye—
Hath hurl'd thee pris'ner to some distant sky,
I cannot tell, but that I do believe
Thy courage such as scorn'd a base reprieve
Whatever 'twas, whether that day thy breath
Suffer'd a civil or the common death,
Which I do most suspect, and that I have
Fail'd in the glories of so known a grave ,
Though thy lov'd ashes miss me, and mine eyes
Had no acquaintance with thy exequies,
Nor at the last farewell, torn from thy sight
On the cold sheet have fix'd a sad delight,
Yet whate'er pious hand—instead of mine—
Hath done this office to that dust of thine,
And till thou rise again from thy low bed
Lent a cheap pillow to thy quiet head,

Though but a private turf, it can do more
To keep thy name and memory in store
Than all those lordly fools which lock their bones
In the dumb piles of chested brass, and stones
Th'art rich in thy own fame, and needest not
These marble frailties, nor the gilded blot
Of posthume honours, there is not one sand
Sleeps o'er thy grave, but can outbid that hand
And pencil too, so that of force we must
Confess their heaps show lesser than thy dust

And—blessed soul '—though this my sorrow can
Add nought to thy perfections, yet as man
Subject to envy, and the common fate,
It may redeem thee to a fairer date
As some blind dial, when the day is done,
Can tell us at midnight there was a sun,
So these perhaps, though much beneath thy fame,
May keep some weak remembrance of thy name,
And to the faith of better times commend
Thy loyal upright life, and gallant end

*Nomen et arma locum servant, te, amice, nequius
Conspicere*—————

UPON A CLOAK LENT HIM BY MR
J RIDSLEY

HERE, take again thy sackcloth ' and thank heav'n
Thy courtship hath not kill'd me , Is't not even
Whether we die by piecemeal, or at once?
Since both but ruin, why then for the nonce
Didst husband my afflictions, and cast o'er
Me this forc'd hurdle to inflame the score?
Had I near London in this rug been seen
Without doubt I had executed been
For some bold Irish spy, and 'cross a sledge
Had lain mess'd up for their four gates and bridge.
When first I bore it, my oppressèd feet
Would needs persuade me 'twas some leaden sheet,
Such deep impressions, and such dangerous holes
Were made, that I began to doubt my soles,
And ev'ry step—so near necessity—
Devoutly wish'd some honest cobbler by ,
Besides it was so short, the Jewish rag
Seem'd circumcis'd, but had a Gentile shag
Hadst thou been with me on that day, when we
Left craggy Biston, and the fatal Dee,
When beaten with fresh storms and late mishap
It shar'd the office of a cloak, and cap,

To see how 'bout my clouded head it stood
Like a thick turban, or some lawyer's hood,
While the stiff, hollow pleats on ev'ry side
Like conduit pipes rain'd from the bearded hide
I know thou wouldst in spite of that day's fate
Let loose thy mirth at my new shape and state,
And with a shallow smile or two profess
Some Saracen had lost the clouted dress
Didst ever see the good wife—as they say—
March in her short cloak on the christ'ning day,
With what soft motions she salutes the church,
And leaves the bedrid mother in the lurch,
Just so jogg'd I, while my dull horse did trudge
Like a circuit beast, plagu'd with a gouty judge

But this was civil I have since known more
And worser pranks one night—as heretofore
Th' hast known—for want of change—a thing
which I

And Bias us'd before me—I did lie
Pure Adamite, and simply for that end
Resolv'd, and made this for my bosom friend
O that thou hadst been there next morn, that I
Might teach thee new Micro cosmo graphy !
Thou wouldst have ta'en me, as I naked stood,
For one of the seven pillars before the flood
Such characters and hieroglyphics were
In one night worn, that thou mightst justly swear
I'd slept in cere cloth, or at Bedlam, where
The madmen lodge in straw I'll not forbear

To tell thee all , his wild impress and tricks
Like Speed's old Britons made me look, or Picts ,
His villanous, biting, wire-embraces
Had seal'd in me more strange forms and faces
Than children see in dreams, or thou hast read
In arias, puppet plays, and gingerbread,
With angled schemes, and crosses that bred fear
Of being handled by some conjurer ,
And nearer, thou wouldst think—such strokes were
 diawn—

I'd been some rough statue of Fetter lane
Nay, I believe, had I that instant been
By surgeons or apothecaries seen,
They had condemned my raz'd skin to be
Some walking herbal, or anatomy

 But—thanks to th' day '—'tis off I'd now advise
Thee, friend, to put this piece to merchandise
The pedlars of our age have business yet,
And gladly would against the Fair day fit
Themselves with such a roof, that can secure
Their wares from dogs and cats rained in shower
It shall perform , or if this will not do
'Twill take the ale wives sure , 'twill make them two
Fine rooms of one, and spread upon a stick
Is a partition, without lime or brick.
Horn'd obstinacy ' how my heart doth fret
To think what mouths and elbows it would set
In a wet day ! have you for twopence ere
Seen King Harry's chapel at Westminster,

Where in their dusty gowns of brass and stone
The judges lie, and mark'd you how each one,
In sturdy marble pleats about the knee,
Bears up to show his legs and symmetry ?
Just so would this, that I think't weav'd upon
Some stiffneck'd Brownist's exercising loom
O that thou hadst it when this juggling fate
Of soldiery first seiz'd me ' at what rate
Would I have bought it then , what was there but
I would have giv'n for the compendious hut ?
I do not doubt but—if the weight could please—
'Twould guard me better than a Lapland lease
Or a German shirt with enchanted lint
Stuff'd through, and th' devil's beard and face weav'd
in't

But I have done And think not, friend, that I
This freedom took to jeer thy courtesy
I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muse
So known to thee, thou'lt not suspect abuse
She did this, 'cause—perhaps—thy love paid thus
Might with my thanks outlive thy cloak, and us

UPON MR FLETCHER'S PLAYS, PUBLISHED 1647

I KNEW thee not, nor durst attendance strive,
Label to wit, verser remonstrative,
And in some suburb page—scandal to thine—
Like Lent before a Christmas scatter mine
This speaks thee not, since at the utmost rate
Such remnants from thy piece entreat their date,
Nor can I dub the copy, or afford
Titles to swell the rear of verse with lord,
Nor politcly big, to inch low fame,
Stretch in the glories of a stranger's name,
And clip those bays I court, weak striver I,
But a faint echo unto poetry
I have not clothes t'adopt me, nor must sit
For plush and velvet's sake, esquire of wit
Yet modesty these crosses would improve,
And rags near thee, some reverence may move.

I did believe—great Beaumont being dead—
Thy widow'd Muse slept on his flow'ry bed,
But I am richly cozen'd, and can see
Wit transmigrates his spirit stay'd with thee,
Which, doubly advantag'd by thy single pen,
In life and death now treads the stage again

And thus are we freed from that dearth of wit
Which starv'd the land, since into schisms split,
Wherein th' hast done so much, we must needs gues-
Wit's last edition is now i' th' press
For thou hast drain'd invention, and he
That writes hereafter, doth but pillage thee
But thou hast plots, and will not the Kirk strain
At the designs of such a tragic brain?
Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see
Thy most abominable policy?
Will not the Ears assemble, and think't fit
Their Synod fast and pray against thy wit?
But they'll not tire in such an idle quest,
Thou dost but kill, and circumvent in jest,
And when thy anger'd Muse swells to a blow
'Tis but for Field's, or Swansted's overthrow
Yet shall these conquests of thy bays outlive
Their Scottish zeal, and compacts made to grieve
The peace of spirits and when such deeds fail
Of their foul ends, a fair name is thy bail
But—happy thou!—ne'er saw'st these storms, our air
Teem'd with even in thy time, though seeming fair
Thy gentle soul, meant for the shade and ease,
Withdrew betimes into the Land of Peace
So nested in some hospitable shore
The hermit angler, when the mid seas roar,
Packs up his lines, and—ere the tempest raves—
Retires, and leaves his station to the waves
Thus thou died'st almost with our peace, and we

This breathing time thy last fair issue see,
Which I think such—if needless ink not soil
So choice a Muse—others are but thy foil
This, or that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run parallel with thee
True, Ben must live ' but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past

When thou the wild of humours track'st, thy pen
So imitates that motley stock in men,
As if thou hadst in all their bosoms been,
And seen those leopards that lurk within
The am'rous youth steals from thy courtly page
His vow'd address, the soldier his brave rage ,
And those soft beauteous readers whose looks can
Make some men poets, and make any man
A lover, when thy slave but seems to die,
Turn all his mourners, and melt at the eye
Thus thou thy thoughts hast dress'd in such a strain
As doth not only speak, but rule and reign ,
Nor are those bodies they assum'd dark clouds,
Or a thick bark, but clear, transparent shrouds,
Which who looks on, the rays so strongly beat
They'll brush and warm him with a quick'ning heat ,
So souls shine at the eyes, and pearls display
Through the loose crystal streams a glance of day
But what's all this unto a royal test ?
Thou art the man whom great Charles so express'd !
Then let the crowd refrain their needless hum,
When thunder speaks, then squibs and winds are
dumb

TO THE BEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED
COUPLE ———

BLESSINGS as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heav'n on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks—like pearls—they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear !
And may they be fed from above
By Him which first ordain'd your love !

Fresh as the hours may all your pleasures be,
And healthful as eternity !
Sweet as the flowers' first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the rose,
When he unfolds his curtain'd head,
And makes his bosom the sun's bed !

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear
As your own glass, or what shines there !
Smooth as heav'n's face, and bright as he
When without mask or tiffany !
In all your time not one jar meet
But peace as silent as his feet !

Like the day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for, and serene as he,

Yet free and full as is that sheaf
Of sunbeams gilding ev'ry leaf,
When now the tyrant heat expires
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires !

And as those paicell'd glories he doth shed
Are the fair issues of his head,
Which, ne'er so distant, are soon known
By th' heat and lustre for his own ,
So may each branch of yours we see
Your copies and our wonders be !

And when no more on earth you must remain,
Invited hence to heav'n again,
Then may your virtuous, virgin flames
Shine in those heirs of your fair names,
And teach the world that mystery,
Yourselves in your posterity !

So you to both worlds shall rich presents bring,
And, gather'd up to heav'n, leave here a spring

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. R.
HALL, SLAIN AT PONTEFRAC, 1648

I KNEW it would be thus ' and my just fears
Of thy great spirit are improv'd to tears
Yet flow these not from any base distrust
Of a fair name, or that thy honour must
Confin'd to those cold relics sadly sit
In the same cell an obscure anchorite
Such low distempers murder, they that must
Abuse thee so, weep not, but wound thy dust

But I past such dim mourners can descry
Thy fame above all clouds of obloquy,
And like the sun with his victorious rays
Charge through that darkness to the last of days
'Tis true, fair manhood hath a female eye,
And tears are beauteous in a victory,
Nor are we so high proof, but grief will find
Through all our guards a way to wound the mind,
But in thy fall what adds the brackish sum
More than a blot unto thy martyrdom?
Which scorns such wretched suffrages, and stands
More by thy single worth than our whole bands
Yet could the puling tribute rescue ought
In this sad loss, or wert thou to be brought

Back here by tears, I would in any wise
Pay down the sum, or quite consume my eyes
Thou fell'st our double ruin, and thus rent
Forc'd in thy life shak'd both the Church and tent.
Learning in others steals them from the van,
And basely wise emasculates the man,
But lodg'd in thy brave soul the bookish feat
Serv'd only as the light unto thy heat
Thus when some quitted action, to their shame,
And only got a discreet coward's name,
Thou with thy blood mad'st purchase of renown,
And died'st the glory of the sword and gown
Thy blood hath hallow'd Pomfret, and this blow
—Profan'd before—hath church'd the Castle now

Nor is't a common valour we deplore,
But such as with fifteen a hundred bore,
And lightning like—not coop'd within a wall—
In storms of fire and steel fell on them all
Thou wert no woolsack soldier, nor of those
Whose courage lies in winking at their foes,
That live at loopholes, and consume their breath
On match or pipes, and sometimes peep at death,
No, it were sin to number these with thee,
But that—thus pois'd—our loss we better see
The fair and open valour was thy shield,
And thy known station, the defying field

Yet these in thee I would not virtues call,
But that this age must know that thou hadst all
Those richer graces that adorn'd thy mind

Like stars of the first magnitude, so shin'd,
That if oppos'd unto these lesser lights
All we can say is this, they were fair nights
Thy piety and learning did unite,
And though with sev'ral beams made up one light,
And such thy judgment was, that I dare swear
Whole councils might as soon and synods err

But all these now are out ! and as some star
Hurl'd in diurnal motions from far,
And seen to droop at night, is vainly said
To fall and find an occidental bed,
Though in that other world what we judge West
Proves elevation, and a new, fresh East ,
So though our weaker sense denies us sight,
And bodies cannot trace the spirit's flight,
We know those graces to be still in thee,
But wing'd above us to eternity
Since then—thus flown—thou art so much refin'd
That we can only reach thee with the mind,
I will not in this dark and narrow glass
Let thy scant shadow for perfections pass,
But leave thee to be read more high, more quaint,
In thy own blood a soldier and a saint

———*Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla !*
Æternumque vale !———

TO MY LEARNED FRIEND, MR. T
POWELL, UPON HIS TRANSLATION
OF MALVEZZI'S CHRISTIAN POLITI
CIAN

WE thank you, worthy Sir, that now we see
MALVEZZI languag'd like our infancy,
And can without suspicion entertain
This foreign statesman to our breast or biam ,
You have enlarg'd his praise, and from your store
By this edition made his worth the more
Thus by your learnèd hand—amidst the coil—
Outlandish plants thrive in our thankless soil,
And wise men after death, by a strange fate,
Lie leiger here, and beg to serve our State
Italy now, though mistress of the bays,
Waits on this wreath, proud of a foreign praise ,
For, wise Malvezzi, thou didst lie before
Confin'd within the language of one shore,
And like those stars which near the poles do steer
Were't but in one part of the globe seen clear
Provence and Naples were the best and most
Thou couldst shine in , fix'd to that single coast,
Perhaps some cardinal, to be thought wise,
And honest too, would ask , what was thy price ?

Then thou must pack to Rome, where thou mightst
lie

Ere thou shouldst have new clothes eternally,
For though so near the sev'n hills, ne'ertheless
Thou cam'st to Antwerp for thy Roman dress
But now thou art come hither, thou mayst run
Through any clime as well known as the sun,
And in thy sev'ral dresses, like the year,
Challenge acquaintance with each peopled sphere

Come then, rare politicians of the time,
Brains of some standing, elders in our clime,
See here the method A wise, solid State
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joint in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in success, true to the common trust
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allays the heat and burnings of a land ,
Religion guides it, and in all the tract
Designs so twist, that Heav'n confirms the act
If from these lists you wander as you steer,
Look back, and catechize your actions here
These are the marks to which true statesmen tend,
And greatness here with goodness hath one end

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER
T LEWES

SEES not my friend, what a deep snow
Candies our country's woody brow ;
The yielding branch his load scarce bears,
Oppress'd with snow and frozen tears ,
While the dumb rivers slowly float,
All bound up in an icy coat.

Let us meet then ! and while this world
In wild eccentric now is hurl'd,
Keep we, like nature, the same key,
And walk in our forefathers' way
Why any more cast we an eye
On what may come, not what is nigh ?
Why vex ourselves with fear, or hope
And cares beyond our horoscope ?
Who into future times would peer,
Looks oft beyond his term set here,
And cannot go into those grounds
But through a churchyard, which them bounds
Sorrows and sighs and searches spend
And draw our bottom to an end,
But discreet joys lengthen the lease,
Without which life were a disease ,
And who this age a mourner goes,
Doth with his tears but feed his foes

TO THE MOST EXCELLENTLY ACCOM-
PLISHED MRS K PHILIPS

SAY, witty fair one, from what sphere
Flow these rich numbers you shed here?
For sure such incantations come
From thence, which strike your readers dumb
A strain, whose measures gently meet
Like virgin lovers or Time's feet,
Where language smiles, and accents rise
As quick and pleasing as your eyes,
The poem smooth, and in each line
Soft as yourself, yet masculine,
Where not coarse trifles blot the page
With matter borrow'd from the age,
But thoughts as innocent and high
As angels have, or saints that die
 These raptures when I first did see
New miracles in poetry,
And by a hand their good would miss
His bays and fountains but to kiss,
My weaker genius—cross to fashion—
Slept in a silent admiration
A rescue, by whose grave disguise
Pretenders oft have pass'd for wise

And yet as pilgrims humbly touch
Those shrines to which they bow so much,
And clouds in courtship flock, and run
To be the mask unto the sun,
So I concluded it was true
I might at distance worship you,
A Persian votary, and say
It was your light show'd me the way
So loadstones guide the duller steel,
And high perfections are the wheel
Which moves the less, for gifts divine
Are strung upon a vital line,
Which, touch'd by you, excites in all
Affections epidemical
And thus made me—a truth most fit—
Add my weak echo to your wit ,
Which pardon, Lady, for assays
Obscure as these might blast your bays ,
As common hands soil flow'rs, and make
That dew they wear weep the mistake
But I'll wash off the stain, and vow
No laurel grows but for your brow

AN EPITAPH UPON THE LADY ELIZA
BETH, SECOND DAUGHTER TO HIS
LATE MAJESTY

YOUTH, beauty, virtue, innocence,
Heav'n's royal and select expense,
With virgin tears and sighs divine
Sit here the genu of this shrine ,
Where now—thy fair soul wing'd away—
They guard the casket where she lay
Thou hadst, ere thou the light couldst see,
Sorrows laid up and stor'd for thee ,
Thou suck'dst in woes, and the breasts lent
Their milk to thee but to lament ,
Thy portion here was grief, thy years
Distill'd no other rain but tears,
Tears without noise, but—understood—
As loud and shrill as any blood
Thou seem'st a rosebud born in snow,
A flower of purpose sprung to bow
To headless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensèd, stormy age
Others, ere their afflictions grow,
Are tim'd and season'd for the blow,
But thine, as rheums the tend'rest part,
Fell on a young and harmless heart

And yet, as balm trees gently spend
 Their tears for those that do them rend,
 So mild and pious thou wert seen,
 Though full of suff'rings , free from spleen,
 Thou didst not murmur, nor revile,
 But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile

As envious eyes blast and infect,
 And cause misfortunes by aspect,
 So thy sad stars dispens'd to thee
 No influx but calamity ,
 They view'd thee with eclipsèd rays,
 And but the back side of bright days

These were the comforts she had here,
 As by an unseen Hand 'tis clear,
 Which now she reads, and, smiling, wears
 A crown with Him who wipes off tears

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT UPON HIS
GONDIBERT

WELL, we are rescued ' and by thy rare pen
Poets shall live, when princes die like men
Th' hast clear'd the prospect to our harmless hill,
Of late years clouded with imputed ill,
And the soft, youthful couples there may move,
As chaste as stars converse and smile above
Th' hast taught their language and their love to flow
Calm as rose leaves, and cool as virgin snow,
Which doubly feasts us, being so refin'd,
They both delight and dignify the mind,
Like to the wat'ry music of some spring,
Whose pleasant flowings at once wash and sing
And where before heroic poems were
Made up of spirits, prodigies, and fear,
And show'd—through all the melancholy flight—
Like some dark region overcast with night,
As if the poet had been quite dismay'd,
While only grants and enchantments sway'd,
Thou like the sun, whose eye brooks no disguise,
Hast chas'd them hence, and with discoveries
So rare and learn'd fill'd the place, that we
Those fam'd grandezas find outdone by thee,

And underfoot see all those vizards hurl'd
Which bred the wonder of the former world
'Twas dull to sit, as our forefathers did,
At crumbs and voiders, and because unbid,
Refrain wise appetite This made thy fire
Break through the ashes of thy aged sire,
To lend the world such a convincing light
As shows his fancy darker than his sight
Nor was't alone the bars and length of days
—Though those gave strength and stature to his
bays—

Encounter'd thee, but what's an old complaint
And kills the fancy, a forlorn restraint
How couldst thou, mur'd in solitary stones,
Dress Birtha's smiles, though well thou mightst her
groans?

And, strangely eloquent, thyself divide
'Twixt sad misfortunes and a bloomy bride?
Through all the tenour of thy ample song,
Spun from thy own rich store, and shar'd among
Those fair adventurers, we plainly see
Th' imputed gifts inherent are in thee
Then live for ever—and by high desert—
In thy own mirror, matchless Gondibert,
And in bright Birtha leave thy love enshrined
Fresh as her emerald, and fair as her mind,
While all confess thee—as they ought to do—
The prince of poets, and of lovers too

[OVID,] TRISTIUM, LIB V ELEG III

TO HIS FELLOW-POETS AT ROME, UPON
THE BIRTHDAY OF BACCHUS

THIS is the day—blithe god of sack—which we,
If I mistake not, consecrate to thee,
When the soft rose we marry to the bays,
And, warm'd with thy own wine, rehearse thy praise,
'Mongst whom—while to thy poet fate gave way—
I have been held no small part of the day
But now, dull'd with the cold Bear's frozen seat,
Sarmatia holds me, and the warlike Gete
My former life, unlike to this my last,
With Rome's best wits of thy full cup did taste,
Who since have seen the savage Pontic band,
And all the choler of the sea and land
Whether sad chance or Heav'n hath this design'd,
And at my birth some fatal planet shin'd,
Of right thou shouldst the sisters' knots undo,
And free thy votary and poet too,
Or are you gods—like us—in such a state
As cannot alter the decrees of fate?
I know with much ado thou didst obtain
Thy jovial godhead, and on earth thy pain

Was no whit less, for, wand'ring, thou didst run
To the Getes too, and snow weeping Strymon,
With Persia, Ganges, and whatever streams
The thirsty Moor drinks in the mid day beams
But thou wert twice born, and the Fates to thee
—To make all sure—doubled thy misery

My sufferings too are many—if it be
Held safe for me to boast adversity—
Nor was't a common blow, but from above,
Like his that died for imitating Jove ,
Which, when thou heardest, a ruin so divine
And mother like should make thee pity mine,
And on this day, which poets unto thee
Crown with full bowls, ask what's become of me?

Help, buxom god, then ' so may thy lov'd vine
Swarm with the num'rous grape, and big with wine
Load the kind elm, and so thy orgies be
With priests' loud shouts and satyrs' kept to thee '
So may in death Lycurgus ne'er be blest,
Nor Pentheus' wand'ring ghost find any rest '
And so for ever bright—thy chief desires—
May thy wife's crown outshine the lesser fires '
If but now, mindful of my love to thee,
Thou wilt, in what thou canst, my helper be
You gods have commerce with yourselves , try then
If Cæsar will restore me Rome again

And you, my trusty friends—the jolly crew
Of careless poets ' when, without me, you
Perform this day's glad myst'ries, let it be

Your first appeal unto his deity,
And let one of you—touch'd with my sad name—
Mixing his wine with tears, lay down the same,
And—sighing—to the rest this thought commend,
O ! where is Ovid now, our banish'd friend ?
Thus do, if in your breasts I e'er deserv'd
So large a share, nor spitefully reserv'd,
Nor basely sold applause, or with a brow
Condemning others, did myself allow
And may your happier wits grow loud with fame
As you—my best of friends !—preserve my name

[OVID, EPISTOLARUM] DE PONTO, LIB III
[EPÍST VII]

TO HIS FRIENDS—AFTER HIS MANY
SOLICITATIONS—REFUSING TO PETI
TION CÆSAR FOR HIS RELEASEMENT

YOU have consum'd my language, and my pen,
Incens'd with begging, scorns to write again
You grant, you knew my suit my Muse and I
Had taught it you in frequent elegy
That I believe—yet seal'd—you have divin'd
Our repetitions, and forestall'd my mind,
So that my thronging elegies and I
Have made you—more than poets—prophecy

But I am now awak'd, forgive my dream
Which made me cross the proverb and the stream,
And pardon, friends, that I so long have had
Such good thoughts of you, I am not so mad
As to continue them You shall no more
Complain of troublesome verse, or write o'er
How I endanger you, and vex my wife
With the sad legends of a banish'd life
I'll bear these plagues myself for I have pass'd
Through greater ones, and can as well at last
These petty crosses 'Tis for some young beast
To kick his bands, or wish his neck releas'd

From the sad yoke Know then, that as for me
Whom Fate hath us'd to such calamity,
I scorn her spite and yours, and freely dare
The highest ills your malice can prepare

'Twas Fortune threw me hither, where I now
Rude Getes and Thrace see, with the snowy brow
Of cloudy Æmus, and if she decree
Her sportive pilgrim's last bed here must be,
I am content, nay, more, she cannot do
That act which I would not consent unto
I can delight in vain hopes, and desire
That state more than her change and smiles, then
high'r

I hug a strong despair, and think it brave
To baffle faith, and give those hopes a grave
Have you not seen cur'd wounds enlarg'd, and he
That with the first wave sinks, yielding to th' free
Waters, without th' expense of arms or breath,
Hath still the easiest and the quickest death
Why nurse I sorrows then? why these desires
Of changing Scythia for the sun and fires
Of some calm kinder air? what did bewitch
My frantic hopes to fly so vain a pitch,
And thus outrun myself? Madman! could I
Suspect fate had for me a courtesy?
These errors grieve and now I must forget
Those pleas'd ideas I did frame and set
Unto myself, with many fancied springs
And groves, whose only loss new sorrow brings

And yet I would the worst of fate endure,
Ere you should be repuls'd, or less secure
But—base, low souls !—you left me not for this,
But 'cause you durst not Cæsar could not miss
Of such a trifle, for I know that he
Scorns the cheap triumphs of my misery

Then since—degen'rate friends—not he, but you
Cancel my hopes, and make afflictions new,
You shall confess, and fame shall tell you, I
At Ister dare as well as Tiber die

[OVID, EPISTOLARUM] DE PONTO, LIB IV
EPIST III

TO HIS INCONSTANT FRIEND, TRANS-
LATED FOR THE USE OF ALL THE
JUDASES OF THIS TOUCHSTONE AGE

SHALL I complain, or not? or shall I mask
Thy hateful name, and in this bitter task
Master my just impatience, and write down
Thy crime alone, and leave the rest unknown?
Or wilt thou the succeeding years should see
And teach thy person to posterity?
No, hope it not, for know, most wretched man,
'Tis not thy base and weak detraction can
Buy thee a poem, nor move me to give
Thy name the honour in my verse to live

Whilst yet my ship did with no storms dispute,
And temp'rate winds fed with a calm salute
My prosp'rous sails, thou wert the only man
That with me then an equal fortune ran,
But now since angry heav'n with clouds and night
Stifled those sunbeams, thou hast ta'en thy flight,
Thou know'st I want thee, and art merely gone
To shun that rescue I reli'd upon,
Nay, thou dissemblest too, and dost disclaim
Not only my acquaintancè, but my name

Yet know—though deaf to this—that I am he
Whose years and love had the same infancy
With thine, thy deep familiar that did share
Souls with thee, and partake thy joys or care ,
Whom the same roof lodg'd, and my Muse those
 nights

So solemnly endear'd to her delights
But now, perfidious traitor, I am grown
The object of thy breast, not to be known
In that false closet more , nay, thou wilt not
So much as let me know I am forgot
If thou wilt say thou didst not love me, then
Thou didst dissemble or if love again,
Why now inconstant ? Came the crime from me
That wrought this change ? Sure, if no justice be
Of my side, thine must have it Why dost hide
Thy reasons then ? For me, I did so guide
Myself and actions, that I cannot see
What could offend thee, but my misery
'Las ! if thou wouldst not from thy store allow
Some rescue to my wants, at least I know
Thou couldst have writ, and with a line or two
Reliev'd my famish'd eye, and eas'd me so
I know not what to think ! and yet I hear,
Not pleas'd with this, th'art witty, and dost jeer
Bad man ! thou hast in this those tears kept back
I could have shed for thee, shouldst thou but lack.
Know'st not that Fortune on a globe doth stand,
Whose upper slipp'ry part without command

Turns lowest still ? the sportive leaves and wind
Are but dull emblems of her fickle mind
In the whole world there's nothing I can see
Will thoroughly parallel her ways but thee
All that we hold hangs on a slender twine,
And our best states by sudden chance decline
Who hath not heard of Croesus' proverb'd gold,
Yet knows his foe did him a pris'ner hold ?
He that once aw'd Sicilia's proud extent
By a poor art could famine scarce prevent ,
And mighty Pompey, ere he made an end,
Was glad to beg his slave to be his friend
Nay, he that had so oft Rome's consul been,
And forc'd Jugurtha and the Cimbrians in,
Great Marius ! with much want and more disgrace,
In a foul marsh was glad to hide his face
A Divine hand sways all mankind, and we
Of one short hour have not the certainty
Hadst thou one day told me the time should be
When the Getes' bows, and th' Euxine I should see,
I should have check'd thy madness, and have thought
Th' hadst need of all Anticyra in a draught
And yet 'tis come to pass ! nor, though I might
Some things foresee, could I procure a sight
Of my whole destiny, and free my state
From those eternal, higher ties of fate
Leave then thy pride, and though now brave and
high,
Think thou mayst be as poor and low as I

[OVID,] TRISTIUM, LIB III ELEG III

TO HIS WIFE AT ROME, WHEN HE WAS
SICK

DEAREST ' if you those fair eyes—wond'ring—stick
On this strange character, know I am sick,
Sick in the skirts of the lost world, where I
Breathe hopeless of all comforts, but to die
What heart—think'st thou?—have I in this sad seat,
Tormented 'twixt the Sauromate and Gete?
Nor air nor water please their very sky
Looks strange and unaccustom'd to my eye,
I scarce dare breathe it, and, I know not how,
The earth that bears me shows unpleasant now
Nor diet here's, nor lodging for my ease,
Nor any one that studies a disease,
No friend to comfort me, none to defray
With smooth discourse the charges of the day
All tir'd alone I lie, and—thus—whate'er
Is absent, and at Rome, I fancy here.
But when thou com'st, I blot the airy scroll,
And give thee full possession of my soul
Thee—absent—I embrace, thee only voice,
And night and day belie a husband's joys.
Nay, of thy name so oft I mention make
That I am thought distracted for thy sake.

When my tur'd spirits fail, and my sick heart
Draws in that fire which actuates each part,
If any say, th'art come ' I force my pain,
And hope to see thee gives me life again
Thus I for thee, whilst thou—perhaps—more blest,
Careless of me dost breathe all peace and rest,
Which yet I think not, for—dear soul '—too well
Know I thy grief, since my first woes befell
But if strict Heav'n my stock of days hath spun,
And with my life my error will be gone,
How easy then—O Cæsar '—were't for thee
To pardon one, that now doth cease to be?
That I might yield my native air this breath,
And banish not my ashes after death
Would thou hadst either spar'd me until dead,
Or with my blood redeem'd my absent head '
Thou shouldst have had both freely, but O ' thou
Wouldst have me live to die an exile now
And must I then from Rome so far meet death,
And double by the place my loss of breath?
Nor in my last of hours on my own bed
—In the sad conflict—rest my dying head?
Nor my soul's whispers—the last pledge of life,—
Mix with the tears and kisses of a wife?
My last words none must treasure, none will rise
And—with a tear—seal up my vanquish'd eyes,
Without these rites I die, distress'd in all
The splendid sorrows of a funeral,
Unpitied, and unmourn'd for, my sad head

In a strange land goes friendless to the dead
When thou hear'st this, O ' how thy faithful soul
Will sink, whilst grief doth ev'ry part control '
How often wilt thou look this way, and cry,
O ' where is't yonder that my love doth lie ?
Yet spare these tears, and mourn not thou for me,
Long since—dear heart '—have I been dead to thee
Think then I died, when thee and Rome I lost,
That death to me more grief than this hath cost
Now, if thou canst—but thou canst not—best wife,
Rejoice, my cares are ended with my life
At least, yield not to sorrows, frequent use
Should make these miseries to thee no news
And here I wish my soul died with my breath,
And that no part of me were free from death ,
For, if it be immortal, and outlives
The body, as Pythagoras believes,
Betwixt these Sarmates' ghosts, a Roman I
Shall wander, vex'd to all eternity

But thou—for after death I shall be free—
Fetch home these bones, and what is left of me ,
A few flow'rs give them, with some balm, and lay
Them in some suburb grave, hard by the way ,
And to inform posterity, who's there,
This sad inscription let my marble wear ,
“ Here lies the soft soul'd lecturer of love,
Whose envr'd wit did his own ruin prove.
But thou,—whoe'er thou be'st, that, passing by,
Lend'st to this sudden stone a hasty eye,

If e'er thou knew'st of love the sweet disease,
Grudge not to say, May Ovid rest in peace !"
This for my tomb but in my books they'll see
More strong and lasting monuments of me,
Which I believe—though fatal—will afford
An endless name unto their ruin'd lord

And now thus gone, it rests, for love of me,
Thou show'st some sorrow to my memory ,
Thy funeral off'rings to my ashes bear,
With wreaths of cypress bath'd in many a tear
Though nothing there but dust of me remain,
Yet shall that dust perceive thy pious pain
But I have done, and my tir'd, sickly head,
Though I would fain write more, desires the bed ,
Take then this word—perhaps my last—to tell,
Which though I want, I wish it thee, farewell !

AUSONIA IDYLL VI

CUPIDO [CRUCI AFFIXUS]

IN those bless'd fields of everlasting air
—Where to a myrtle grove the souls repair
Of deceas'd lovers—the sad, thoughtful ghosts
Of injur'd ladies meet, where each accosts
The other with a sigh, whose very breath
Would break a heart, and—kind souls—love in
death

A thick wood clouds their walks, where day scarce
peeps,

And on each hand cypress and poppy sleeps,
The drowsy rivers slumber, and springs there
Blab not, but softly melt into a tear,
A sickly dull air fans them, which can have,
When most in force, scarce breath to build a wave
On either bank through the still shades appear
A scene of pensive flow'rs, whose bosoms wear
Drops of a lover's blood, the emblem'd truths
Of deep despair, and love slain kings and youths
The Hyacinth, and self enamour'd boy
Narcissus flourish there, with Venus' joy,
The spruce Adonis, and that prince whose flow'r
Hath sorrow languag'd on him to this hour,
All sad with love they hang their heads, and grieve

As if their passions in each leaf did live ,
And here—alas !—these soft soul'd ladies stray,
And—O ! too late !—treason in love betray

Her blasted burth sad Semele repeats,
And with her tears would quench the thund'rer's
heats,

Then shakes her bosom, as if fir'd again,
And fears another lightning's flaming train
The lovely Procris here bleeds, sighs, and swoons,
Then wakes, and kisses him that gave her wounds
Sad Hero holds a torch forth, and doth light
Her lost Leander through the waves and night,
Her boatman desp'rate Sappho still admires,
And nothing but the sea can quench her fires
Distracted Phædra with a restless eye
Her disdain'd letters reads, then casts them by
Rare, faithful Thisbe—sequest' red from these—
A silent, unseen sorrow doth best please ,
For her love's sake and last good night poor she
Walks in the shadow of a mulberry
Near her young Canace with Dido sits,
A lovely couple, but of desp'rate wits ,
Both di'd alike, both pierc'd their tender breasts,
This with her father's sword, that with her guest's
Within the thickest textures of the grove
Diana in her silver beams doth rove ,
Her crown of stars the pitchy air invades,
And with a faint light gilds the silent shades,
Whilst her sad thoughts, fix'd on her sleepy lover,

To Latmos hill and his retirements move her
A thousand more through the wide, darksome wood
Feast on their cares, the maudlin lover's food,
For grief and absence do but edge desire,
And death is fuel to a lover's fire

To see these trophies of his wanton bow,
Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now—
Rash unadvised boy '—disperseth round
The sleepy mists, his wings and quiver wound
With noise the quiet air This sudden stir
Betrays his godship, and as we from far
A clouded, sickly moon observe, so they
Through the false mists his eclips'd torch betray
A hot pursuit they make, and, though with care
And a slow wing, he softly stems the air,
Yet they—as subtle now as he—surround
His silenc'd course, and with the thick night bound
Surprise the wag As in a dream we strive
To voice our thoughts, and vainly would revive
Our entranc'd tongues, but cannot speech enlarge,
'Till the soul wakes and reassumes her charge,
So, joyous of their prize, they flock about
And vainly swell with an imagin'd shout

Far in these shades and melancholy coasts
A myrtle grows, well known to all the ghosts,
Whose stretch'd top—like a great man rais'd by

Fate—

Looks big, and scorns his neighbour's low estate,
His leafy arms into a green cloud twist,

And on each branch doth sit a lazy mist,
A fatal tree, and luckless to the gods,
Where for disdain in life—Love's worst of odds—
The queen of shades, fair Proserpine, did rack
The sad Adonis hither now they pack
This little god, where, first disarm'd, they bind
His skittish wings, then both his hands behind
His back they tie, and thus secur'd at last,
The peevish wanton to the tree make fast
Here at adventure, without judge or jury,
He is condemn'd, while with united fury
They all assail him As a thief at bar
Left to the law, and mercy of his star,
Hath bills heap'd on him, and is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So now whatever Fate or their own will
Scor'd up in life, Cupid must pay the bill
Their servant's falsehood, jealousy, disdain,
And all the plagues that abus'd maids can feign,
Are laid on him, and then to heighten spleen,
Their own deaths crown the sum Press'd thus
between
His fair accusers, 'tis at last decreed
He by those weapons, that they died, should bleed
One grasps an airy sword, a second holds
Illusive fire, and in vain wanton folds
Belies a flame, others, less kind, appear
To let him bleed, and from the purple tear
Create a rose But Sappho all this while

Harvests the air, and from a thicken'd pile
 Of clouds like Leucas top spreads underneath
 A sea of mists, the peaceful billows breathe
 Without all noise, yet so exactly move
 They seem to chide, but distant from above
 Reach not the ear, and—thus prepar'd—at once
 She doth o'erwhelm him with the airy scone.
 Amidst these tumults, and as fierce as they,
 Venus steps in, and without thought or stay
 Invades her son, her old disgrace is cast
 Into the bill, when Mars and she made fast
 In their embraces were expos'd to all
 The scene of gods, stark naked in their fall
 Nor serves a verbal penance, but with haste
 From her fair brow—O happy flow'rs so plac'd!—
 She tears a rosy garland, and with this
 Whips the untoward boy, they gently kiss
 His snowy skin, but she with angry haste
 Doubles her strength, until bedew'd at last
 With a thin bloody sweat, their innate red,
 —As if griev'd with the act—grew pale and dead
 Thus laid their spleen, and now—kind souls—no
 more

They'll punish him, the torture that he bore
 Seems greater than his crime, with joint consent
 Fate is made guilty, and he innocent
 As in a dream with dangers we contest,
 And fictitious pains seem to afflict our rest,
 So, frighted only in these shades of night,

Cupid—got loose—stole to the upper light,
Where ever since—for malice unto these—
The spiteful ape doth either sex displease
But O ' that had these ladies been so wise
To keep his arms, and give him but his eyes !

BOET[HIUS, DE CONSOLATIONE]

LIB I METRUM I

I WHOSE first year flourish'd with youthful verse,
In slow, sad numbers now my grief rehearse
A broken style my sickly lines afford,
And only tears give weight unto my words
Yet neither fate nor force my Muse could fright,
The only faithful consort of my flight.
Thus what was once my green years' greatest glory,
Is now my comfort, grown decay'd and hoary ,
For killing cares th' effects of age spurr'd on,
That grief might find a fitting mansion ,
O'er my young head runs an untimely grey,
And my loose skin shrinks at my blood's decay
Happy the man, whose death in prosp'rous years
Strikes not, nor shuns him in his age and tears '
But O ' how deaf is she to hear the cry
Of th' oppress'd soul, or shut the weeping eye '
While treach'rous Fortune with slight honours fed
My first estate, she almost drown'd my head,
And now since—clouded thus—she hides those rays,
Life adds unwelcom'd length unto my days
Why then, my friends, judg'd you my state so good?
He that may fall once, never firmly stood

METRUM II

O IN what haste, with clouds and night
Eclips'd, and having lost her light,
The dull soul whom distraction rends
Into outward darkness tends !
How often—by these mists made blind—
Have earthly cares oppress'd the mind !

This soul, sometimes wont to survey
The spangled Zodiac's fiery way,
Saw th' early sun in roses dress'd,
With the cool moon's unstable crest,
And whatsoever wanton star,
In various courses near or far,
Pierc'd through the orbs, he could full well
Track all her journey, and would tell
Her mansions, turnings, rise and fall,
By curious calculation all
Of sudden winds the hidden cause,
And why the calm sea's quiet face
With impetuous waves is curl'd,
What spirit wheels th' harmonious world,
Or why a star dropp'd in the west
Is seen to rise again by east,
Who gives the warm Spring temp'rate hours,
Decking the Earth with spicy flow'rs,

Or how it comes—for man's recruit—
That Autumn yields both grape and fruit,
With many other secrets, he
Could show the cause and mystery

But now that light is almost out,
And the brave soul lies chain'd about
With outward cares, whose pensive weight
Sinks down her eyes from their first height
And clean contrary to her birth
Pores on this vile and foolish Earth

METRUM IV

WHOSE calm soul in a settled state
Kicks under foot the frowns of Fate,
And in his fortunes, bad or good,
Keeps the same temper in his blood ,
Not him the flaming clouds above,
Nor Ætna's fiery tempests move ,
No fretting seas from shore to shore,
Boiling with indignation o'er,
Nor burning thunderbolt that can
A mountain shake, can stir this man
Dull cowards then ! why should we start
To see these tyrants act their part ?
Nor hope, nor fear what may befall,
And you disarm their malice all
But who doth faintly fear or wish,
And sets no law to what is his,
Hath lost the buckler, and—poor elf !—
Makes up a chain to bind himself.

METRUM V

O THOU great builder of this starry frame,
 Who fix'd in Thy eternal throne doth tame
 The rapid spheres, and lest they jar
 Hast giv'n a law to ev'ry star
 Thou art the cause that now the moon
 With full orb dulls the stars, and soon
 Again grows dark, her light being done,
 The nearer still she's to the sun
 Thou in the early hours of night
 Mak'st the cool evening star shine bright,
 And at sun rising—'cause the least—
 Look pale and sleepy in the east
 Thou, when the leaves in winter stray,
 Appoint'st the sun a shorter way,
 And in the pleasant summer light,
 With nimble hours dost wing the night.
 Thy hand the various year quite through
 Discreetly tempers, that what now
 The north wind tears from ev'ry tree
 In spring again restor'd we see
 Then what the winter stars between
 The furrows in mere seed have seen,
 The dog star since—grown up and born—
 Hath burnt in stately, full ear'd corn
 Thus by creation's law controll'd

All things their proper stations hold,
Observing—as Thou didst intend—
Why they were made, and for what end.
Only human actions Thou
Hast no care of, but to the flow
And ebb of Fortune leav'st them all
Hence th' innocent endures that thrall
Due to the wicked, whilst alone
They sit possessors of his throne
The just are kill'd, and virtue lies
Buried in obscurities,
And—which of all things is most sad—
The good man suffers by the bad
No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence
Colour'd with holy, lying sense
Can them annoy, but when they mind
To try their force, which most men find,
They from the highest sway of things
Can pull down great and pious kings
O then at length, thus loosely hurl'd,
Look on this miserable world,
Whoe'er Thou art, that from above
Dost in such order all things move !
And let not man—of divine art
Not the least, nor vilest part—
By casual evils thus bandied, be
The sport of Fate's obliquity
But with that faith Thou guid'st the heaven
Settle this earth, and make them even

METRUM VI

WHEN the Crab's fierce constellation
Burns with the beams of the bright sun,
Then he that will go out to sow,
Shall never reap, where he did plough,
But instead of corn may rather
The old world's diet, acorns, gather
Who the violet doth love,
Must seek her in the flow'ry grove,
But never when the North's cold wind
The russet fields with frost doth bind
If in the spring time—to no end—
The tender vine for grapes we bend,
We shall find none, for only—still—
Autumn doth the wine press fill

Thus for all things—in the world's prime—
The wise God seal'd their proper time,
Nor will permit those seasons, He
Ordain'd by turns, should mingled be,
Then whose wild actions out of season
Cross to Nature, and her reason,
Would by new ways old orders rend,
Shall never find a happy end

METRUM VII

CURTAIN'D with clouds in a dark night,
The stars cannot send forth their light.
And if a sudden southern blast
The sea in rolling waves doth cast,
That angry element doth boil,
And from the deep with stormy coil
Spews up the sands, which in short space
Scatter, and puddle his curl'd face
Then those calm waters, which but now
Stood clear as heaven's unclouded brow,
And like transparent glass did lie
Open to ev'ry searcher's eye,
Look foully stirr'd and—though desir'd—
Resist the sight, because bemir'd
So often from a high hill's brow
Some pilgrim spring is seen to flow,
And in a straight line keep her course,
'Till from a rock with headlong force
Some broken piece blocks up the way,
And forceth all her streams astray
Then thou that with enlighten'd rays
Wouldst see the truth, and in her ways
Keep without error, neither fear
The future, nor too much give ear

To present joys , and give no scope
To grief, nor much to flatt'ring hope
For when these rebels reign, the mind
Is both a pris'ner, and stark blind

LIB II METRUM I

FORTUNE—when with rash hands she quite turmoils
The state of things, and in tempestuous foils
Comes whirling like Eurypus—beats quite down
With headlong force the highest monarch's crown,
And in his place, unto the throne doth fetch
The despis'd looks of some mechanic wretch
So jests at tears and miseries, is proud,
And laughs to hear her vassals groan aloud
These are her sports, thus she her wheel doth drive,
And plagues man with her blind prerogative ,
Nor is't a favour of inferior strain,
If once kick'd down, she lets him rise again

METRUM II

If with an open, bounteous hand
—Wholly left at man's command—
Fortune should in one rich flow
As many heaps on him bestow
Of massy gold, as there be sands
Toss'd by the waves and winds rude bands,
Or bright stars in a winter night
Decking their silent orbs with light,
Yet would his lust know no restraints,
Nor cease to weep in sad complaints
Though Heaven should his vows regard,
And in a prodigal reward
Return him all he could implore,
Adding new honours to his store,
Yet all were nothing Goods in sight
Are scorn'd, and lust in greedy flight
Lays out for more, what measure then
Can tame these wild desires of men?
Since all we give both last and first
Doth but inflame, and feed their thirst
For how can he be rich, who 'midst his store
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor

METRUM III

WHEN the sun from his rosy bed
The dawning light begins to shed,
The drowsy sky uncurtains round,
And the—but now bright—stars all drown'd
In one great light look dull and tame,
And homage his victorious flame
Thus, when the warm Etesian wind
The Earth's seal'd bosom doth unbind,
Straight she her various store discloses,
And purples every grove with roses,
But if the South's tempestuous breath
Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death
Oft in a quiet sky the deep
With unmov'd waves seems fast asleep,
And oft again the blust'ring North
In angry heaps provokes them forth

 If then this world, which holds all nations,
Suffers itself such alterations,
That not this mighty massy frame,
Nor any part of it can claim
One certain course, why should man prate,
Or censure the designs of Fate?
Why from frail honours, and goods lent
Should he expect things permanent?
Since 'tis enacted by Divine decree
That nothing mortal shall eternal be

METRUM IV

WHO wisely would for his retreat
Build a secure and lasting seat,
Where stov'd in silence he may sleep
Beneath the wind, above the deep ,
Let him th' high hills leave on one hand,
And on the other the false sand
The first to winds lies plain and even,
From all the blust'ring points of heaven ,
The other, hollow and unsure,
No weight of building will endure
Avoiding then the envied state
Of buildings bravely situate,
Remember thou thyself to lock
Within some low neglected rock
There when fierce heaven in thunder chides,
And winds and waves rage on all sides,
Thou happy in the quiet sense
Of thy poor cell, with small expense
Shall lead a life serene and fair,
And scorn the anger of the air

METRUM V

HAPPY that first white age ' when we
Lived by the Earth's mere charity
No soft luxurious diet then
Had effeminated men,
No other meat, nor wine had any
Than the coarse mast, or simple honey,
And by the parents' care laid up
Cheap berries did the children sup
No pompous wear was in those days
Of gummy silks, or scarlet baize,
Their beds were on some flow'ry brink,
And clear spring water was their drink
The shady pine in the sun's heat
Was their cool and known retreat,
For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
The youth and glory of the wood
The daring sailor with his slaves
Then had not cut the swelling waves,
Nor for desire of foreign store
Seen any but his native shore
No stirring drum had scarr'd that age,
Nor the shrill trumpet's active rage,
No wounds by bitter hatred made
With warm blood soil'd the shining blade,

For how could hostile madness arm
 An age of love, to public harm ?
 When common justice none withstood,
 Nor sought rewards for spilling blood
 O that at length our age would raise
 Into the temper of those days !
 But—worse than *Ætna's* fires !—debate
 And avarice inflame our State
 Alas ! who was it that first found
 Gold, hid of purpose under ground,
 That sought our pearls, and div'd to find
 Such precious perils for mankind !

METRUM VII

HE that thirsts for glory's prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view th' expansèd skies,
And the earth's contracted ball ,
'Twill shame him then the name he wan
Fills not the short walk of one man

2

O why vainly strive you then
To shake off the bands of Fate,
Though Fame through the world of men
Should in all tongues your names relate,
And with proud titles swell that story
The dark grave scorns your brightest glory

3

There with nobles beggars sway,
And kings with commons share one dust
What news of Brutus at this day,
Or Fabricius the just ?
Some rude verse, cut in stone, or lead,
Keeps up the names, but they are dead

4

So shall you one day—past reprieve—
Lie—perhaps—without a name
But if dead you think to live
By this air of human fame,
Know, when Time stops that posthume breath,
You must endure a second death

METRUM VIII

THAT the world in constant force
Varies her concordant course ,
That seeds jarring hot and cold
Do the breed perpetual hold ,
That in his golden coach the sun
Brings the rosy day still on ,
That the moon sways all those lights
Which Hesper ushers to dark nights ,
That alternate tides be found
The sea's ambitious waves to bound,
Lest o'er the wide earth without end
Their fluid empire should extend ,
All this frame of things that be,
Love which rules heaven, land, and sea,
Chains, keeps, orders as we see.
This, if the reins he once cast by,
All things that now by turns comply
Would fall to discord, and this frame
Which now by social faith they tame,
And comely orders, in that fight
And jar of things would perish quite
This in a holy league of peace
Keeps king and people with increase ,

And in the sacred nuptial bands
Ties up chaste hearts with willing hands,
And this keeps firm without all doubt
Friends by his bright instinct found out

O happy nation then were you,
If love, which doth all things subdue,
That rules the spacious heav'n, and brings
Plenty and peace upon his wings,
Might rule you too ! and without guile
Settle once more this floating isle !

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB IV
ODE XXVIII

ALMIGHTY Spirit ! Thou that by
Set turns and changes from Thy high
And glorious throne dost here below
Rule all, and all things dost foreknow !
Can those blind plots we here discuss
Please Thee, as Thy wise counsels us ?
When Thou Thy blessings here doth strow,
And pour on earth, we flock and flow,
With joyous strife and eager care,
Struggling which shall have the best share
In Thy rich gifts, just as we see
Children about nuts disagree
Some that a crown have got and foil'd
Break it , another sees it spoil'd
Ere it is gotten Thus the world
Is all to piecemeals cut, and hurl'd
By factious hands It is a ball
Which Fate and force divide 'twixt all
The sons of men But, O good God !
While these for dust fight, and a clod,
Grant that poor I may smile, and be
At rest and perfect peace with Thee !

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB II
ODE VII

It would less vex distressed man
If Fortune in the same pace ran
To run him, as he did rise
But highest States fall in a trice ,
No great success held ever long ,
A restless fate afflicts the throng
Of kings and commons, and less days
Serve to destroy them than to raise
Good luck smiles once an age, but bad
Makes kingdoms in a minute sad,
And ev'ry hour of life we drive,
Hath o'er us a prerogative

Then leave—by wild impatience driv'n,
And rash resents—to rail at heav'n ,
Leave an unmanly, weak complaint
That death and fate have no restraint.
In the same hour that gave thee breath,
Thou hadst ordain'd thy hour of death,
But he lives most who here will buy,
With a few tears, eternity

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB III
ODE XXII

LET not thy youth and false delights
Cheat thee of life , those heady flights
But waste thy time, which posts away
Like winds unseen, and swift as they
Beauty is but mere paint, whose dye
With Time's breath will dissolve and fly,
'Tis wax, 'tis water, 'tis a glass,
It melts, breaks, and away doth pass
'Tis like a rose which in the dawn
The air with gentle breath doth fawn
And whisper to, but in the hours
Of night is sullied with smart showers.
Life spent is wish'd for but in vain,
Nor can past years come back again

Happy the man, who in this vale
Redeems his time, shutting out all
Thoughts of the world, whose longing eyes
Are ever pilgrims in the skies,
That views his bright home, and desires
To shine amongst those glorious fires !

CASIMIRUS, LYRIC[ORUM] LIB III
ODE XXIII

Tis not rich furniture and gems,
With cedar roofs and ancient stems,
Nor yet a plenteous, lasting flood
Of gold, that makes man truly good.
Leave to inquire in what fair fields
A river runs which much gold yields,
Virtue alone is the rich prize
Can purchase stars, and buy the skies
Let others build with adamant,
Or pillars of carv'd marble plant,
Which rude and rough sometimes did dwell
Far under earth, and near to hell
But richer much—from death releas'd—
Shines in the fresh groves of the East
The phoenix, or those fish that dwell
With silver'd scales in Hiddekel
Let others with rare, various pearls
Their garments dress, and in forc'd curls
Bind up their locks, look big and high,
And shine in robes of scarlet dye
But in my thoughts more glorious far
Those native stars and speckles are
Which birds wear, or the spots which we

In leopards dispersèd see
The harmless sheep with her warm fleece
Clothes man, but who his dark heart sees
Shall find a wolf or fox within,
That kills the castor for his skin
Virtue alone, and nought else can
A diff'rence make 'twixt beasts and man ,
And on her wings above the spheres
To the true light his spirit bears

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB IV
ODE XV

NOTHING on earth, nothing at all
Can be exempted from the thrall
Of peevish weariness ! The sun,
Which our forefathers judg'd to run
Clear and unspotted, in our days
Is tax'd with sullen eclips'd rays
Whatever in the glorious sky
Man sees, his rash audacious eye
Dares censure it, and in mere spite
At distance will condemn the light
The wholesome mornings, whose beams clear
Those hills our fathers walk'd on here,
We fancy not , nor the moon's light
Which through their windows shin'd at night
We change the air each year, and scorn
Those seats in which we first were born.
Some nice, affected wand'ers love
Belgia's mild winters, others remove,
For want of health and honesty,
To summer it in Italy ,
But to no end , the disease still
Sticks to his lord, and kindly will

To Venice in a barge repair,
Or coach it to Vienna's air,
And then—too late with home content—
They leave this wilful banishment

But he, whose constancy makes sure
His mind and mansion, lives secure
From such vain tasks, can dine and sup
Where his old parents bred him up
Content—no doubt!—most times doth dwell
In country shades, or to some cell
Confines itself, and can alone
Make simple straw a royal throne

CASIMIRUS, [LYRICORUM] LIB IV
ODE XIII

If weeping eyes could wash away
Those evils they mourn for night and day,
Then gladly I to cure my fears
With my best jewels would buy tears
But as dew feeds the growing corn,
So crosses that are grown forlorn
Increase with grief, tears make tears' way,
And cares kept up keep cares in pay
That wretch whom Fortune finds to fear,
And melting still into a tear,
She strikes more boldly, but a face
Silent and dry doth her amaze
Then leave thy tears, and tedious tale
Of what thou dost misfortunes call
What thou by weeping think'st to ease,
Doth by that passion but increase ,
Hard things to soft will never yield,
'Tis the dry eye that wins the field ,
A noble patience quells the spite
Of Fortune, and disarms her quite.

THE PRAISE OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE BY
MATHIAS CASIMIRUS [EPODON ODE
III] IN ANSWER TO THAT ODE OF
HORACE, BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL
NEGOTIIS, &c

FLACCUS, not so ' that worldly he
Whom in the country's shade we see
Ploughing his own fields, seldom can
Be justly styl'd the blessed man
That title only fits a saint,
Whose free thoughts, far above restraint
And weighty cares, can gladly part
With house and lands, and leave the smart,
Litigious troubles and loud strife
Of this world for a better life
He fears no cold nor heat to blast
His corn, for his accounts are cast ,
He sues no man, nor stands in awe
Of the devouring courts of law ,
But all his time he spends in tears
For the sins of his youthful years ;
Or having tasted those rich joys
Of a conscience without noise,
Sits in some fair shade, and doth give

To his wild thoughts rules how to live

He in the evening, when on high
The stars shine in the silent sky,
Beholds th' eternal flames with mirth,
And globes of light more large than Earth,
Then weeps for joy, and through his tears
Looks on the fire enamell'd spheres,
Where with his Saviour he would be
Lifted above mortality

Meanwhile the golden stars do set,
And the slow pilgrim leave all wet
With his own tears, which flow so fast
They make his sleeps light, and soon past
By this, the sun o'er night deceas'd
Breaks in fresh blushes from the East,
When, mindful of his former falls,
With strong cries to his God he calls,
And with such deep drawn sighs doth move
That He turns anger into love

In the calm Spring, when the Earth bears,
And feeds on April's breath and tears,
His eyes, accusom'd to the skies,
Find here fresh objects, and like spies
Or busy bees, search the soft flow'rs,
Contemplate the green fields and bow'rs,
Where he in veils and shades doth see
The back parts of the Deity
Then sadly sighing says, "O ! how
These flow'rs with hasty, stretch'd heads grow

And strive for heav'n, but rooted here
Lament the distance with a tear '
The honeysuckles clad in white,
The rose in red, point to the light,
And the lilies, hollow and bleak,
Look as if they would something speak ,
They sigh at night to each soft gale,
And at the day spring weep it all
Shall I then only—wretched I '—
Oppress'd with earth, on earth still lie ?”
Thus speaks he to the neighbour trees,
And many sad soliloquies
To springs and fountains doth impart,
Seeking God with a longing heart
 But if to ease his busy breast
He thinks of home, and taking rest,
A rural cot and common fare
Are all his cordials against care
There at the door of his low cell,
Under some shade, or near some well
Where the cool poplar grows, his plate
Of common earth without more state
Expect their lord Salt in a shell,
Green cheese, thin beer, draughts that will tell
No tales, a hospitable cup,
With some fresh berries, do make up
His healthful feast , nor doth he wish
For the fat carp, or a rare dish
Of Lucrine oysters , the swift quist

Or pigeon sometimes—if he list—
With the slow goose that loves the stream,
Fresh, various salads, and the bean
By curious palates never sought,
And, to close with, some cheap unbought
Dish for digestion, are the most
And choicest dainties he can boast

Thus feasted, to the flow'ry groves
Or pleasant rivers he removes,
Where near some fair oak, hung with mast,
He shuns the South's infectious blast
On shady banks sometimes he lies,
Sometimes the open current tries,
Where with his line and feather'd fly
He sports, and takes the scaly fry
Meanwhile each hollow wood and hill
Doth ring with lowings long and shrill,
And shady lakes with rivers deep
Echo the bleating of the sheep,
The blackbird with the pleasant thrush
And nightingale in ev'ry bush
Choice music give, and shepherds play
Unto their flock some loving lay !
The thirsty reapers, in thick throngs,
Return home from the field with songs,
And the carts, laden with ripe corn,
Come groaning to the well stor'd barn
Nor pass we by, as the least good,
A peaceful, loving neighbourhood,

Whose honest wit, and chaste discourse
Make none—by hearing it—the worse,
But innocent and merry, may
Help—without sin—to spend the day
Could now the tyrant usurer,
Who plots to be a purchaser
Of his poor neighbour's seat, but taste
These true delights, O ! with what haste
And hatred of his ways, would he
Renounce his Jewish cruelty,
And those curs'd sums, which poor men borrow
On use to day, remit to morrow !

AD FLUVIUM ISCAM

ISCA parens florum, placido qui spumeus ore
 Lambis lapillos aureos ,
Qui mæstos hyacinthos, et picti ~~lævia~~ tophi
 Mulces susurris humidis ,
Dumque novas pergunt menses consumere lunas
 Coelumque mortales terit,
Accumulas cum sole dies, ævumque per omne
 Fidelis induras latex ,
O quis inaccessos et quali murmure lucos
 Mutumque solaris nemus !
Per te discerpti credo Thracis ire querelas
 Plectrumque divini senis.

VENERABILI VIRO PRÆCEPTORI SUO
OLIM ET SEMPER COLENDISSIMO
MAGISTRO MATHÆO HERBERT

QUOD vixi, Mathæe, dedit pater, hæc tamen olim
Vita fluat, nec erit fas meminisse datam
Ultra curasti solers, perituraque mecum
Nomina post cineres das resonare meos
Divide discipulum brevis hæc et lubrica nostri
Pars vertat patri, posthuma vita tibi

PRÆSTANTISSIMO VIRO THOMÆ POËLLO
IN SUUM DE ELEMENTIS OPTICÆ
LIBELLUM ¹

VIVACES oculorum ignes et lumina dia
 Fixit in angusto maximus orbe Deus ,
Ille explorantes radios dedit, et vaga lustra
 In quibus intuitus lexque, modusque latent.
Hos tacitos jactus, lusque, volubilis orbis
 Pingis in exiguo, magne² Poelle, libro,
Excursusque situsque ut Lynceus opticus, edis,
 Quotque modis fallunt, quotque adhibenda fides
Æmula Naturæ manus ¹ et mens conscia cœli
 Illa videre dedit, vestra videre docet

¹ The version in *Elementa Opticæ* has *Eximio viro, et amicorum longè optimo, T P in hunc suum de Elementis Opticæ libellum*

² *El Cpt* has *docte*

AD ECHUM

O QUÆ frondosæ per amœna cubilia silvæ
Nympha volas, lucoque loquax spatiaris in alto,
Annosi numen nemoris, saltusque verendi
Effatum, cui sola placent postrema relatus !
Te per Narcissi morientis verba, precesque
Per pueri lassatam animam, et conamina vitæ
Ultima, palantisque precor suspiria linguæ.
Da quo secretæ hæc incædua devia silvæ,
Anfractusque loci dubios, et lustra repandam
Sic tibi perpetua—meritoque—hæc regna juvena
Luxurient, dabiturque tuis, sine fine, viretis
Intactas lunæ lachrymas, et lambere rorem
Virgineum, coelique animas haurire tepentis
Nec cedant ævo stellis, sed lucida semper
Et satiata sacro æterni medicamine veris
Ostendant longe vegetos, ut sidera, vultus !
Sic spiret muscata comas, et cinnama passim !
Diffundat levis umbra, in funere qualia spargit
Phœnicis rogos aut Panchææ nubila flammæ !

THALIA REDIVIVA.

1678

VOL II.

M

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND TRULY
NOBLE HENRY, LORD MARQUIS AND
EARL OF WORCESTER, &c

MY LORD,

THOUGH dedications are now become a kind of tyranny over the peace and repose of great men, yet I have confidence I shall so manage the present address as to entertain your lordship without much disturbance, and because my purposes are governed by deep respect and veneration, I hope to find your Lordship more facile and accessible. And I am already absolved from a great part of that fulsome and designing guilt, being sufficiently removed from the causes of it for I consider, my Lord, that you are already so well known to the world in your several characters and advantages of honour—it was yours by tradition, and the adjunct of your nativity, you were swaddled and rocked in't, bred up and grew in't, to your now wonderful height and eminence—that for me under pretence of the inscription, to give you the heraldry of your family, or to carry your person through the famed topics of mind, body, or estate, were all one as to persuade the world that fire and light were very bright bodies, or that the

luminaries themselves had glory In point of protection I beg to fall in with the common wont, and to be satisfied by the reasonableness of the thing, and abundant worthy precedents, and although I should have secret prophecy and assurance that the ensuing verse would live eternally, yet would I, as I now do, humbly crave it might be fortified with your patronage, for so the sextile aspects and influences are watched for, and applied to the actions of life, thereby to make the scheme and good auguries of the birth pass into Fate, and a success infallible

My Lord, by a happy obliging intercession, and your own consequent indulgence, I have now recourse to your Lordship, hoping I shall not much displease by putting these twin poets into your hands The minion and vertical planet of the Roman lustre and bravery, was never better pleased than when he had a whole constellation about him not his finishing five several wars to the promoting of his own interest, nor particularly the prodigious success at Actum where he held in chase the wealth, beauty and prowess of the East, not the triumphs and absolute dominions which followed all this gave him not half that serene pride and satisfaction of spirit as when he retired himself to umpire the different excellencies of his insipid friends, and to distribute laurels among his poetic heroes If now upon the authority of this and several such examples, I had the ability and opportunity of drawing the value and

strange worth of a poet, and withal of applying some of the lineaments to the following pieces, I should then do myself a real service, and atone in a great measure for the present insolence. But best of all will it serve my defence and interest, to appeal to your Lordship's own conceptions and image of genuine verse, with which so just, so regular original, if these copies shall hold proportion and resemblance, then am I advanced very far in your Lordship's pardon the rest will entirely be supplied me by your Lordship's goodness, and my own awful zeal of being, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, most humbly
devoted servant, J W

TO THE READER

THE Nation of Poets above all Writers has ever challenged perpetuity of name, or as they please by their charter of liberty to call it, Immortality Nor has the World much disputed their claim, either easily resigning a patrimony in itself not very substantial, or, it may be, out of despair to control the authority of inspiration and oracle Howsoever the price as now quarrelled for among the poets themselves is no such rich bargain it is only a vanishing interest in the lees and dregs of Time, in the rear of those Fathers and Worthies in the art, who if they know anything of the heats and fury of their successors, must extremely pity them

I am to assure, that the Author has no portion of that airy happiness to lose, by any injury or unkindness which may be done to his Verse his reputation is better built in the sentiment of several judicious persons, who know him very well able to give himself a lasting monument, by undertaking any argument of note in the whole circle of learning

But even these his Diversions have been valuable

with the matchless Orinda , and since they deserved her esteem and commendations, who so thinks them not worth the publishing, will put himself in the opposite scale, where his own arrogance will blow him up.

I W

TO MR HENRY VAUGHAN THE SILURIST
UPON THESE AND HIS FORMER
POEMS ¹

HAD I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to wit and sense,
And hugg'd that fate, in hope the world would grant
'Twas good affection to be ignorant,²
Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy seen,
I had converted, or excuseless been
For each birth of thy Muse to after times
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes
First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by thy love, next by thy poetry,
Where thou the best of unions dost dispense,
Truth cloth'd in wit, and Love in innocence,
So that the muddy lover may learn here,
No fountains can be sweet that are not clear
There Juvenal, by thee reviv'd, declares
How flat man's joys are, and how mean his cares,
And wisely doth upbraid³ the world, that they
Should such a value for their ruin pay

¹ 1664-1667 have *To Mr Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems*

² So 1664-1667 *Thalia Rediviva* has *the ignorant*

³ 1664 has *generally upbraids*, 1667, *generously upbraids*

But when thy sacred Muse diverts her quill
The landscape to design of Sion's hill,¹
As nothing else was worthy her, or thee,
So we admire almost t' idolatry
What savage breast would not be rapt to find
Such jewels in such cabinets enshrined?
Thou fill'd with joys—too great to see or count—
Descend'st from thence, like Moses from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquestion'd awe
Restor'st the Golden Age, when Verse was Law
Instructing us, thou so secur'st² thy fame,
That nothing can disturb it but my name
Nay, I have hopes that standing so near thine
'Twill lose its dross, and by degrees refine
Live 'till the disabused world consent
All truths of use, of strength or ornament,
Are with such harmony by thee display'd
As the whole world was first by number made,
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings
Learn, there's no pleasure but in serious things!

ORINDA

¹ 1664-1667 have *Leon's hill*.² 1664 has *thou who secur'st*

UPON THE INGENIOUS POEMS OF HIS
LEARNED FRIEND, MR HENRY
VAUGHAN, THE SILURIST

FAIRLY design'd ' to charm our civil rage
With verse, and plant bays in an iron age '
But hath steel'd Mars so ductible a soul,
That love and poesy may it control ?
Yes ! brave Tyrtæus, as we read of old,
The Grecian armies as he pleas'd could mould ,
They march'd to his high numbers, and did fight
With that instinct and rage, which he did write
When he fell lower, they would straight retreat,
Grow soft and calm, and temper their bold heat
Such magic is in Virtue ' See here a young
Tyrtæus too, whose sweet persuasive song
Can lead our spirits any way, and move
To all adventures, either war or love
Then veil the bright Etesia, that choice she,
Lest Mars—Timander's friend—his rival be
So fair a nymph, dress'd by a Muse so neat,
Might warm the North, and thaw the frozen Gete

THO POWELL, D D

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR OF
THALIA REDIVIVA.

ODE I

WHERE reverend bards of old have sate
 And sung the pleasant interludes of Fate,
 Thou takest the hereditary shade
 Which Nature's homely art had made,
 And thence thou giv'st thy Muse her swing, and she
 Advances to the galaxy ,
 There with the sparkling Cowley she above
 Does hand in hand in graceful measures move
 We grovelling mortals gaze below,
 And long in vain to know
 Her wondrous paths, her wondrous flight
 In vain, alas ! we grope,¹
 In vain we use our earthly telescope,
 We're blinded by an intermedial night
 Thine eagle Muse can only face
 The fiery coursers in their race,
 While with unequal paces we do try
 To bear her tram aloft, and keep her company

II

The loud harmonious Mantuan
 Once charm'd the world , and here's the Uscan swan

¹ The original has *flight In raine , alas ! we grope*

In his declining years does chime,
And challenges the last remains of Time
Ages run on, and soon give o'er,
They have their graves as well as we ,
Time swallows all that's past and more,
Yet time is swallow'd in eternity
This is the only profits poets see
There thy triumphant Muse shall ride in state
And lead in chains devouring Fate ,
Claudian's bright Phoenix she shall bring
Thee an immortal offering ,
Nor shall my humble tributary Muse
Her homage and attendance too refuse ,
She thrusts herself among the crowd,
And joining in th' applause she strives to clap aloud

III

Tell me no more that Nature is severe,
Thou great philosopher !
Lo ' she has laid her vast exchequer here.
Tell me no more that she has sent
So much already, she is spent ,
Here is a vast America behind
Which none but the great Silurist could find
Nature her last edition was the best,
As big, as rich as all the rest
So will we here admit
Another world of wit

No rude or savage fancy here shall stay
The travelling reader in his way,
But every coast is clear go where he will,
Virtue's the road Thalia leads him still
Long may she live, and wreath thy sacred head
For this her happy resurrection from the dead

N W , JES COLL , OXON

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR HENRY
VAUGHAN THE SILURIST

SEE what thou wert ! by what Platonic round
Art thou in thy first youth and glories found ?
Or from thy Muse does this retrieve accrue ?
Does she which once inspir'd thee, now renew,
Bringing thee back those golden years which Time
Smooth'd to thy lays, and polish'd with thy rhyme ?
Nor is't to thee alone she does convey
Such happy change, but bountiful as day,
On whatsoever reader she does shine,
She makes him like thee, and for ever thine.

And first thy manual op'ning gives to see
Eclipse and suff rings burnish majesty,
Where thou so artfully the draught hast made
That we best read the lustre in the shade,
And find our sov'reign greater in that shroud
So lightning dazzles from its night and cloud,
So the First Light Himself has for His throne
Blackness, and darkness his pavilion

Who can refuse thee company, or stay,
By thy next charming summons forc'd away,
If that be force which we can so resent,
That only in its joys 'tis violent

Upward thy Eagle bears us ere aware,
Till above storms and all tempestuous air
We radiant worlds with their bright people meet,
Leaving this little all beneath our feet
But now the pleasure is too great to tell,
Nor have we other bus'ness than to dwell,
As on the hallow'd Mount th' Apostles meant
To build and fix their glorious banishment
Yet we must know and find thy skilful vein
Shall gently bear us to our homes again ,
By which descent thy former flight's impli'd
To be thy ecstasy and not thy pride
And here how well does the wise Muse demean
Herself, and fit her song to ev'ry scene '
Riot of courts, the bloody wreaths of war,
Cheats of the mart, and clamours of the bar,
Nay, life itself thou dost so well express,
Its hollow joys, and real emptiness,
That Dorian minstrel never did excite,
Or raise for dying so much appetite

Nor does thy other softer magic move
Us less thy fam'd Etesia to love ,
Where such a character thou giv'st, that shame
Nor envy dare approach the vestal dame
So at bright prime ideas none repine,
They safely in th' eternal poet shine

Gladly th' Assyrian phoenix now resumes
From thee this last reprisal of his plumes ,

He seems another more miraculous thing,
Brighter of crest, and stronger of his wing,
Proof against Fate in spicy urns to come,
Immortal past all risk of martyrdom

Nor be concern'd, nor fancy thou art rude
T' adventure from thy Cambrian solitude
Best from those lofty cliffs thy Muse does spring
Upwards, and boldly spreads her cherub wing

So when the sage of Memphis would converse
With boding skies, and th' azure universe,
He climbs his starry pyramid, and thence
Freely sucks clean prophetic influence,
And all serene, and rapt and gay he pries
Through the ethereal volume's mysteries,
Loth to come down, or ever to know more
The Nile's luxurious, but dull foggy shore

I W, A M OΛON

CHOICE POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND AND LOYAL
FELLOW PRISONER, THOMAS POWEL
OF CANT[REFF], DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

If sever'd friends by sympathy can join,
And absent kings be honour'd in their coin ,
May they do both, who are so curb'd ? but we
Whom no such abstracts torture, that can see
And pay each other a full self return,
May laugh, though all such metaphysics burn
 'Tis a kind soul in magnets, that atones
Such two hard things as iron are and stones,
And in their dumb compliance we learn more
Of love, than ever books could speak before
For though attraction hath got all the name,
As if that power but from one side came,
Which both unites , yet, where there is no sense
There is no passion, nor intelligence

And so by consequence we cannot state
A commerce, unless both we animate
For senseless things, though ne'er so called upon,
Are deaf, and feel no invitation,
But such as at the last day shall be shed
By the great Lord of life into the dead
'Tis then no heresy to end the strife
With such rare doctrine as gives iron life

For were it otherwise—which cannot be,
And do thou judge my bold philosophy—
Then it would follow that if I were dead,
Thy love, as now in life, would in that bed
Of earth and darkness warm me, and dispense
Effectual informing influence
Since then 'tis clear, that friendship is nought else
But a joint, kind propension, and excess
In none, but such whose equal, easy hearts
Comply and meet both in their whole and parts,
And when they cannot meet, do not forget
To mingle souls, but secretly reflect
And some third place their centre make, where they
Silently mix, and make an unseen stay
Let me not say—though poets may be bold—
Thou art more hard than steel, than stones more
cold,

But as the marigold in feasts of dew
And early sunbeams, though but thin and few,
Unfolds itself, then from the Earth's cold breast
Heaves gently, and salutes the hopeful East

So from thy quiet cell, the retir'd throne
Of thy fair thoughts, which silently bemoan
Our sad distractions, come ' and richly dress'd
With reverend mirth and manners, check the rest
Of loose, loath'd men ' Why should I longer be
Rack'd 'twixt two evils ? I see and cannot see

THE KING DISGUISED

*Written about the same time that Mr John
Cleveland wrote his*

A KING and no king ! Is he gone from us,
And stohn alive into his coffin thus ?
This was to ravish death, and so prevent
The rebels' treason and their punishment
He would not have them damn'd, and therefore he
Himself deposèd his own majesty
Wolves did pursue him, and to fly the ill
He wanders—royal saint !—in sheepskin still
Poor, obscure shelter, if that shelter be
Obscure, which harbours so much majesty
Hence, profane eyes ! the mystery's so deep,
Like Esdras books, the vulgar must not see't

Thou flying roll, written with tears and woe
Not for thy royal self, but for thy foe !
Thy grief is prophecy, and doth portend,
Like sad Ezekiel's sighs, the rebel's end
Thy robes forc'd off, like Samuel's when rent,
Do figure out another's punishment.

Nor grieve thou hast put off thyself awhile,
To serve as prophet to this sinful isle ,
These are our days of Purim, which oppress
The Church, and force thee to the wilderness
But all these clouds cannot thy light confine,
The sun in storms and after them, will shine
Thy day of life cannot be yet complete,
'Tis early, sure, thy shadow is so great

But I am vex'd, that we at all can guess
This change, and trust great Charles to such a
dress

When he was first obscur'd with this coarse thing,
He grac'd plebeians, but profan'd the king
Like some fair church, which zeal to charcoals
burn'd,

Or his own court now to an alehouse turn'd

But full as well may we blame night, and chide
His wisdom, Who doth light with darkness hide,
Or deny curtains to thy royal bed,
As take this sacred cov'ring from thy head
Secrets of State are points we must not know ,
This vizard is thy privy council now,
Thou royal riddle, and in everything
The true white prince, our hieroglyphic king !
Ride safely in His shade, Who gives thee light,
And can with blindness thy pursuers smite
O ! may they wander all from thee as far
As they from peace are, and thyself from war !
And wheresoe'er thou dost design to be

With thy—now spotted—spotless majesty,
Be sure to look no sanctuary there,
Nor hope for safety in a temple, where
Buyers and sellers trade O ' strengthen not
With too much trust the treason of a Scot !

THE EAGLE

Tis madness sure , and I am in the fit,
To dare an eagle with my unfledg'd wit
For what did ever Rome or Athens sing
In all their lines, as lofty as his wing?
He that an eagle's powers would rehearse
Should with his plumes first feather all his verse

I know not, when into thee I would pry,
Which to admire, thy wing first, or thine eye ,
Or whether Nature at thy birth design'd
More of her fire for thee, or of her wind
When thou in the clear heights and upmost air
Dost face the sun and his dispersèd hair,
Ev'n from that distance thou the sea dost spy
And sporting in its deep, wide lap, the fry
Not the least minnow there but thou canst see
Whole seas are narrow spectacles to thee

Nor is this element of water here
Below of all thy miracles the sphere
If poets ought may add unto thy store,
Thou hast in heav'n of wonders many more
For when just Jove to earth his thunder bends,
And from that bright, eternal fortress sends
His louder volleys, straight this bird doth fly
To Ætna, where his magazine doth lie,

And in his active talons brings him more
 Of ammunition, and recruits his store
 Nor is't a low or easy lift He soars
 'Bove wind and fire , gets to the moon, and pores
 With scorn upon her duller face , for she
 Gives him but shadows and obscurity
 Here much displeas'd, that anything like night
 Should meet him in his proud and lofty flight,
 That such dull tinctures should advance so far,
 And rival in the glories of a star,
 Resolv'd he is a nobler course to try,
 And measures out his voyage with his eye
 Then with such fury he begins his flight,
 As if his wings contended with his sight
 Leaving the moon, whose humble light doth trade
 With spots, and deals most in the dark and
 shade,

To the day's royal planet he doth pass
 With daring eyes, and makes the sun his glass
 Here doth he plume and dress himself, the beams
 Rushing upon him like so many streams ,
 While with direct looks he doth entertain
 The thronging flames, and shoots them back again
 And thus from star to star he doth repair,
 And wantons in that pure and peaceful air
 Sometimes he frights the starry swan, and now
 Orion's fearful hare, and then the crow
 Then with the orb itself he moves, to see
 Which is more swift, th' intelligence or he

Thus with his wings his body he hath brought
Where man can travel only in a thought

I will not seek, rare bird, what spirit 'tis
That mounts thee thus, I'll be content with this,
To think that Nature made thee to express
Our soul's bold heights in a material dress

TO MR M L UPON HIS REDUCTION OF
THE PSALMS INTO METHOD

SIR,

You have oblig'd the patriarch, and 'tis known
He is your debtor now, though for his own
What he wrote is a medley we can see
Confusion trespass on his piety
Misfortunes did not only strike at him,
They chargèd further, and oppress'd his pen ,
For he wrote as his crosses came, and went
By no safe rule, but by his punishment
His quill mov'd by the rod , his wits and he
Did know no method, but their misery

You brought his Psalms now into tune Nay all
His measures thus are more than musical ,
Your method and his airs are justly sweet,
And—what's church music right—like anthems meet
You did so much in this, that I believe
He gave the matter, you the form did give.
And yet I wish you were not understood,
For now 'tis a misfortune to be good !

Why then you'll say, all I would have, is this
None must be good, because the time's amiss.
For since wise Nature did ordain the night,
I would not have the sun to give us light

Whereas this doth not take the use away,
But urgeth the necessity of day
Proceed to make your pious work as free,
Stop not your seasonable charity
Good works despis'd or censur'd by bad times
Should be sent out to aggravate their crimes
They should first share and then reject our store,
Abuse our good, to make their guilt the more
'Tis war strikes at our sins, but it must be
A persecution wounds our piety

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF C[*HARLES*]
W[*ALBEOFFE*] ESQUIRE, WHO
FINISHED HIS COURSE HERE, AND
MADE HIS ENTRANCE INTO IMMOR-
TALITY UPON THE 13 OF SEPTEMBER,
IN THE YEAR OF REDEMPTION, 1653

Now that the public sorrow doth subside,
And those slight tears which custom springs are dried ,
While all the rich and outside mourners pass
Home from thy dust, to empty their own glass ,
I—who the throng affect not, nor their state—
Steal to thy grave undress'd, to meditate
On our sad loss, accompanied by none,
An obscure mourner that would weep alone

So, when the world's great luminary sets,
Some scarce known star into the zenith gets,
Twinkles and curls, a weak but willing spark,
As glow worms here do glitter in the dark
Yet, since the dimmest flame that kindles there
An humble love unto the light doth bear,
And true devotion from an hermit's cell
Will Heav'n's kind King as soon reach and as well
As that which from rich shrines and altars flies,
Led by ascending incense to the skies

'Tis no malicious rudeness, if the might
Of love makes dark things wait upon the bright,
And from my sad retirements calls me forth,
The just recorder of thy death and worth

Long didst thou live—if length be measured by
The tedious reign of our calamity—
And counter to all storms and changes still
Kept'st the same temper, and the selfsame will
Though trials came as duly as the day,
And in such mists, that none could see his way,
Yet thee I found still virtuous, and saw
The sun give clouds, and Charles give both the law
When private interest did all hearts bend,
And wild dissents the public peace did rend,
Thou, neither won, nor worn, wert still thyself,
Not aw'd by force, nor basely brib'd with pelf

What the insuperable stream of times
Did dash thee with, those suff'rings were, not crimes
So the bright sun eclipses bears, and we,
Because then passive, blame him not Should he
For enforc'd shades, and the moon's ruder veil
Much nearer us than him, be judg'd to fail?
Who traduce thee, so err As poisons by
Correction are made antidotes, so thy
Just soul did turn ev'n hurtful things to good,
Us'd bad laws so they drew not tears, nor blood
Heav'n was thy aim, and thy great, rare design
Was not to lord it here, but there to shine
Earth nothing had, could tempt thee All that e'er

Thou pray'd'st for here was peace, and glory there
 For though thy course in Time's long progress fell
 On a sad age, when war and open'd hell
 Licens'd all arts and sects, and made it free
 To thrive by fraud, and blood, and blasphemy
 Yet thou thy just inheritance didst by
 No sacrilege, nor pillage multiply
 No rapine swell'd thy state, no bribes, nor fees,
 Our new oppressors' best annuities
 Such clean pure hands hadst thou ' and for thy heart,
 Man's secret region, and his noblest part ,
 Since I was privy to't, and had the key
 Of that fur room, where thy bright spirit lay,
 I must affirm it did as much surpass
 Most I have known, as the clear sky doth glass
 Constant and kind, and plain, and meek, and mild
 It was, and with no new conceits defil'd
 Busy, but sacred thoughts—like bees—did still
 Within it stir, and strive unto that hill
 Where redeem'd spirits, evermore alive,
 After their work is done, ascend and hive
 No outward tumults reach'd this inward place
 'Twas holy ground, where peace, and love, and grace
 Kept house, where the immortal restless life,
 In a most dutiful and pious strife,
 Like a fix'd watch, mov'd all in order still ,
 The will serv'd God, and ev'ry sense the will '

In this safe state Death met thee, Death, which is
 But a kind usher of the good to bliss,

Therefore to weep because thy course is run,
Or droop like flow'rs, which lately lost the sun,
I cannot yield, since Faith will not permit
A tenure got by conquest to the pit
For the great Victor fought for us, and He
Counts ev'ry dust that is laid up of thee
Besides, Death now grows decrepit, and hath
Spent the most part both of its time and wrath
That thick, black night, which mankind fear'd, is torn
By troops of stars, and the bright day's forlorn
The next glad news—most glad unto the just '—
Will be the trumpet's summons from the dust
Then I'll not grieve, nay, more, I'll not allow
My soul should think thee absent from me now
Some bid their dead "Good night!" but I will say
'Good morrow to dear Charles!' for it is day

IN ZODIACUM MARCELLI PALINGENII

It is perform'd ' and thy great name doth run
 Through ev'ry sign, an everlasting sun,
 Not planet like, but fixed, and we can see
 Thy genius stand still in his apogee
 For how canst thou an aux eternal miss,
 Where ev'ry house thy exaltation is?
 Here's no ecliptic threatens thee with night,
 Although the wiser few take in thy light
 They are not at that glorious pitch, to be
 In a conjunction with divinity
 Could we partake some oblique ray of thine,
 Salute thee in a sextile, or a trine,
 It were enough, but thou art flown so high,
 The telescope is turn'd a common eye
 Had the grave Chaldee liv'd thy book to see,
 He had known no astrology but thee,
 Nay, more—for I believe't—thou shouldst have been
 Tutor to all his planets, and to him
 Thus, whosoever reads thee, his charm'd sense
 Proves captive to thy zodiac's influence.
 Were it not foul to err so, I should look
 Here for the Rabbins' universal book
 And say, their fancies did but dream of thee,
 When first they doted on that mystery

Each line's a *via lactea*, where we may
See thy fair steps, and tread that happy way
Thy genius led thee in Still I will be
Lodg'd in some sign, some face, and some degree
Of thy bright zodiac , thus I'll teach my sense
To move by that, and thee th' intelligence.

TO LYSIMACHUS, THE AUTHOR BEING
WITH HIM IN LONDON

SAW not, Lysimachus, last day, when we
Took the pure air in its simplicity,
And our own too, how the trimm'd gallants went
Cringing, and pass'd each step some compliment ?
What strange, fantastic diagrams they drew
With legs and arms , the like we never knew
In Euclid, Archimede, nor all of those
Whose learnèd lines are neither verse nor prose ?
What store of lace was there ? how did the gold
Run in rich traces, but withal made bold
To measure the proud things, and so deride
The fops with that, which was part of their pride ?
How did they point at us, and boldly call,
As if we had been vassals to them all,
Their poor men mules, sent thither by hard fate
To yoke ourselves for their sedans, and state ?
Of all ambitions, this was not the least,
Whose drift translated man into a beast
What blind discourse the heroes did afford !
This lady was their friend, and such a lord
How much of blood was in it ! one could tell
He came from Bevis and his Arundel ,

Morglay was yet with him, and he could do
More feats with it than his old grandsire too

Wonders my friend at this ? what is't to thee,
Who canst produce a nobler pedigree,
And in mere truth affirm thy soul of kin
To some bright star, or to a cherubin ?
When these in their profuse moods spend the night,
With the same sins they drive away the light
Thy learnèd thrift puts her to use, while she
Reveals her fiery volume unto thee ,
And looking on the separated skies,
And their clear lamps, with careful thoughts and eyes,
Thou break'st through Nature's upmost rooms and
bars

To heav'n, and there conversest with the stars

Well fare such harmless, happy nights, that be
Obscur'd with nothing but their privacy,
And missing but the false world's glories do
Miss all those vices which attend them too !
Fret not to hear their ill got, ill giv'n praise ,
Thy darkest nights outshine their brightest days

ON SIR THOMAS BODLEY'S LIBRARY,
THE AUTHOR BEING THEN IN
OXFORD

BOAST not, proud Golgotha, that thou canst show
The ruins of mankind, and let us know
How frail a thing is flesh ! though we see there
But empty skulls, the Rabbins still live here
They are not dead, but full of blood again ,
I mean the sense, and ev'ry line a vein
Triumph not o'er their dust , whoever looks
In here, shall find their brains all in their books.

Nor is't old Palestine alone survives ,
Athens lives here, more than in Plutarch's Lives
The stones, which sometimes danc'd unto the strain
Of Orpheus, here do lodge his Muse again
And you, the Roman spirits, learning has
Made your lives longer than your empire was
Cæsar had perish'd from the world of men
Had not his sword been rescu'd by his pen
Rare Seneca, how lasting is thy breath !
Though Nero did, thou couldst not bleed to death
How dull the expert tyrant was, to look
For that in thee which livèd in thy book !
Afflictions turn our blood to ink, and we

Commence, when writing, our eternity
Lucilius here I can behold, and see
His counsels and his life proceed from thee
But what care I to whom thy Letters be ?
I change the name, and thou dost write to me ,
And in this age, as sad almost as thine,
Thy stately Consolations are mine
Poor earth ! what though thy viler dust enrolls
The frail enclosures of these mighty souls ?
Their graves are all upon record , not one
But is as bright and open as the sun
And though some part of them obscurely fell,
And perish'd in an unknown, private cell,
Yet in their books they found a glorious way
To live unto the Resurrection day !

Most noble Bodley ! we are bound to thee
For no small part of our eternity
Thy treasure was not spent on horse and hound,
Nor that new mode which doth old states con
found

Thy legacies another way did go
Nor were they left to those would spend them so
Thy safe, discreet expense on us did flow ,
Walsam is in the midst of Oxford now
Th' hast made us all thine heirs , whatever we
Hereafter write, 'tis thy posterity
This is thy monument ! here thou shalt stand
Till the times fail in their last grain of sand
And wheresoe'er thy silent relics keep,

This tomb will never let thine honour sleep,
Still we shall think upon thee , all our fame
Meets here to speak one letter of thy name
Thou canst not die ' here thou art more than safe,
Where every book is thy large epitaph

THE IMPORTUNATE FORTUNE, WRITTEN
TO DR POWEL, OF CANTRE[FF]

For shame desist, why shouldst thou seek my fall?
It cannot make thee more monarchical
Leave off, thy empire is already built,
To ruin me were to enlarge thy guilt,
Not thy prerogative I am not he
Must be the measure to thy victory
The Fates hatch more for thee, 'twere a disgrace
If in thy annals I should make a clause
The future ages will disclose such men
Shall be the glory, and the end of them
Nor do I flatter So long as there be
Descents in Nature, or posterity,
There must be fortunes, whether they be good,
As swimming in thy tide and plenteous flood,
Or stuck fast in the shallow ebb, when we
Miss to deserve thy gorgeous charity
Thus, Fortune, the great world thy period is,
Nature and you are parallels in this
But thou wilt urge me still Away, be gone,
I am resolv'd, I will not be undone
I scorn thy trash, and thee nay, more, I do
Despise myself, because thy subject too
Name me heir to thy malice, and I'll be,

Thy hate's the best inheritance for me
 I care not for your wondrous hat and purse,
 Make me a Fortunatus with thy curse
 How careful of myself then should I be,
 Were I neglected by the world and thee?
 Why dost thou tempt me with thy dirty ore,
 And with thy riches make my soul so poor?
 My fancy's pris'ner to thy gold and thee,
 Thy favours rob me of my liberty
 I'll to my speculations Is't best
 To be confin'd to some dark, narrow chest
 And idolize thy stamps, when I may be
 Lord of all Nature, and not slave to thee?
 The world's my palace I'll contemplate there,
 And make my progress into ev'ry sphere
 The chambers of the air are mine, those three
 Well furnish'd stories my possession be
 I hold them all *in capite*, and stand
 Propp'd by my fancy there I scorn your land,
 It lies so far below me Here I see
 How all the sacred stars do circle me
 Thou to the great giv'st rich food, and I do
 Want no content, I feed on manna too
 They have their tapers, I gaze without fear
 On flying lamps and flaming comets here
 Their wanton flesh in silks and purple shrouds,
 And fancy wraps me in a robe of clouds
 There some delicious beauty they may woo,
 And I have Nature for my mistress too

Through ev'ry throne and domination
 So rushing through the guard the sacred streams
 Flow to the neighbour stars, and in their beams
 —A glorious cataract '—descend to earth,
 And give impressions unto ev'ry birth
 With angels now and spirits I do dwell,
 And here it is my nature to do well
 Thus, though my body you confinèd see,
 My boundless thoughts have their ubiquity
 And shall I then forsake the stars and signs,
 To dote upon thy dark and cursèd mines?
 Unhappy, sad exchange ! what, must I buy
 Guana with the loss of all the sky?
 Intelligences shall I leave, and be
 Familiar only with mortality?
 Must I know nought, but thy exchequer? shall
 My purse and fancy be symmetrical?
 Are there no objects left but one? must we
 In gaining that, lose our variety?

Fortune, this is the reason I refuse
 Thy wealth, it puts my books all out of use
 'Tis poverty that makes me wise, my mind
 Is big with speculation, when I find
 My purse as Randolph's was, and I confess
 There is no blessing to an emptiness!
 The species of all things to me resort
 And dwell then in my breast, as in their port.
 Then leave to court me with thy hated store;
 Thou giv'st me that, to rob my soul of more

TO I MORGAN OF WHITFHALL, ESQ,
UPON HIS SUDDEN JOURNEY AND
SUCCEEDING MARRIAGE

So from our cold, rude world, which all things tires,
To his warm Indies the bright sun retires
Where, in those provinces of gold and spice,
Perfumes his progress, pleasures fill his eyes,
Which, so refresh'd, in their return convey
Fire into rubies, into crystals, day,
And prove, that light in kinder climates can
Work more on senseless stones, than here on man

But you, like one ordain'd to shine, take in
Both light and heat, can love and wisdom spin
Into one thread, and with that firmly tie
The same bright blessings on posterity
Which so entail'd, like jewels of the crown,
Shall, with your name, descend still to your own

When I am dead, and malice or neglect
The worst they can upon my dust reflect,
—For poets yet have left no names, but such
As men have envied or despis'd too much—
You above both—and what state more excels,
Since a just fame like health, nor wants, nor swells?—
To after ages shall remain entire,
And shine still spotless, like your planet's fire,

No single lustre neither, the access
Of your fair love will yours adorn and bless,
Till, from that bright conjunction, men may view
A constellation circling her and you

So two sweet rose buds from their virgin beds
First peep and blush, then kiss and couple heads,
Till yearly blessings so increase their store,
Those two can number two and twenty more,
And the fair bank—by Heav'n's free bounty crown'd—
With choice of sweets and beauties doth abound,
Till Time, which families, like flowers, far spreads,
Gives them for garlands to the best of heads
Then late posterity—if chance, or some
Weak echo, almost quite expir'd and dumb,
Shall tell them who the poet was, and how
He liv'd and lov'd thee too, which thou dost know—
Straight to my grave will flowers and spices bring,
With lights and hymns, and for an offering
There vow this truth, that love—which in old times
Was censur'd blind, and will contract worse crimes
If hearts mend not—did for thy sake in me
Find both his eyes, and all foretell and see

FIDA, OR, THE COUNTRY BEAUTY TO
LYSIMACHUS

Now I have seen her , and by Cupid
The young Medusa made me stupid !
A face, that hath no lovers slain,
Wants forces, and is near disdain
For every fop will freely peep
At majesty that is asleep
But she—fair tyrant '—hates to be
Gaz'd on with such impunity
Whose prudent rigour bravely bears
And scorns the trick of whining tears,
Or sighs, those false alarms of grief,
Which kill not, but afford relief
Nor is it thy hard fate to be
Alone in this calamity,
Since I who came but to be gone,
Am plagu'd for merely looking on
Mark from her forehead to her foot
What charming sweets are there to do't.
A head adorn'd with all those glories
That wit hath shadow'd in quaint stories,
Or pencil with rich colours drew
In imitation of the true

Her hair, laid out in curious sets
And twists, doth show like silken nets,
Where—since he play'd at hit or miss—
The god of Love her pris'ner is,
And fluttering with his skittish wings
Puts all her locks in curls and rings

Like twinkling stars her eyes invite
All gazers to so sweet a light,
But then two archèd clouds of brown
Stand o'er, and guard them with a frown

Beneath these rays of her bright eyes,
Beauty's rich bed of blushes lies
Blushes which lightning like come on,
Yet stay not to be gaz'd upon ,
But leave the lilies of her skin
As fair as ever, and run in,
Like swift salutes—which dull paint scorn—
'Twixt a white noon and crimson morn

What coral can her lips resemble?
For hers are warm, swell, melt, and tremble
And if you dare contend for red,
This is alive, the other dead

Her equal teeth—above, below—
All of a size and smoothness grow
Where under close restraint and awe
—Which is the maiden tyrant law—
Like a cag'd, sullen linnet, dwells
Her tongue, the key to potent spells

Her skin, like heav'n when calm and bright,

Shows a rich azure under white,
With touch more soft than heart supposes,
And breath as sweet as new blown roses

 Betwixt this headland and the main,
Which is a rich and flow'ry plain,
Lies her fair neck, so fine and slender,
That gently how you please 'twill bend her

 This leads you to her heart, which ta'en,
Pants under sheets of whitest lawn,
And at the first seems much distress'd,
But, nobly treated, lies at rest

 Here, like two balls of new fall'n snow,
Her breasts, Love's native pillows, grow ,
And out of each a rose bud peeps,
Which infant Beauty sucking sleeps

 Say now, my Stoic, that mak'st sour faces
At all the beauties and the graces,
That criest, unclean ! though known thyself
To ev'ry coarse and dirty shelf
Couldst thou but see a piece like this,
A piece so full of sweets and bliss,
In shape so rare, in soul so rich,
Wouldst thou not swear she is a witch ?

FIDA FORSAKEN

Fool that I was ' to believe blood,
While swoll'n with greatness, then most good,
And the false thing, forgetful man,
To trust more than our true god, Pan
Such swellings to a dropsy tend,
And meanest things such great ones bend

Then live deceived ' and, Fida, by
That life destroy fidelity
For living wrongs will make some wise,
While Death chokes loudest injuries
And screens the faulty, making blinds
To hide the most unworthy minds

And yet do what thou can'st to hide,
A bad tree's fruit will be describ'd
For that foul guilt which first took place
In his dark heart, now damns his face,
And makes those eyes, where life should dwell,
Look like the pits of Death and Hell

Blood, whose rich purple shows and seals
Their faith in Moors, in him reveals
A blackness at the heart, and is
Turn'd ink to write his faithlessness

Only his lips with blood look red,
As if asham'd of what they fed

Then, since he wears in a dark skin
The shadows of his hell within,
Expose him no more to the light,
But thine own epitaph thus write
“Here burst, and dead and unregarded
Lies Fida's heart ' O well rewarded !”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MATCHLESS
ORINDA

LONG since great wits have left the stage
 Unto the drollers of the age,
 And noble numbers with good sense
 Are, like good works, grown an offence
 While much of verse—worse than old story—
 Speaks but Jack Pudding or John Dory
 Such trash admirers made us poor,
 And pies turn'd poets out of door,
 For the nice spirit of rich verse
 Which scorns absurd and low commerce,
 Although a flame from heav'n, if shed
 On rooks or daws warms no such head
 Or else the poet, like bad priest,
 Is seldom good, but when oppress'd,
 And wit as well as piety
 Doth thrive best in adversity
 For since the thunder left our air
 Their laurels look not half so fair
 However 'tis, 'twere worse than rude,
 Not to profess our gratitude
 And debts to thee, who at so low
 An ebb dost make us thus to flow,

And when we did a famine fear,
Hast bless'd us with a fruitful year
So while the world his absence mourns,
The glorious sun at last returns,
And with his kind and vital looks
Warms the cold earth and frozen brooks,
Puts drowsy Nature into play,
And rids impediments away,
Till flow'rs and fruits and spices through
Her pregnant lap get up and grow
But if among those sweet things, we
A miracle like that could see
Which Nature brought but once to pass,
A Muse, such as Orinda was,
Phœbus himself won by these charms
Would give her up into thy arms ,
And recondemn'd to kiss his tree,
Yield the young goddess unto thee

UPON SUDDEN NEWS OF THE MUCH
LAMENTED DEATH OF JUDGE
TREVERS

LEARNING and Law, your day is done,
And your work too, you may be gone
Trevor, that lov'd you, hence is fled
And Right, which long lay sick, is dead
Trevor ! whose rare and envied part
Was both a wise and winning heart,
Whose sweet civilities could move
Tartars and Goths to noblest love

Bold vice and blindness now dare act,
And—like the grey groat—pass, though crack'd,
While those sage lips lie dumb and cold,
Whose words are well weigh'd and tried gold
O, how much to discreet desires
Differs pure light from foolish fires !
But nasty dregs outlast the wine,
And after sunset glow worms shine.

TO ETESIA (FOR TIMANDER), THE FIRST
SIGHT

WHAT smiling star in that fair night
Which gave you birth gave me this sight,
And with a kind aspect tho' keen
Made me the subject, you the queen?
That sparkling planet is got now
Into your eyes, and shines below,
Where nearer force and more acute
It doth dispense, without dispute,
For I who yesterday did know
Love's fire no more than doth cool snow,
With one bright look am since undone,
Yet must adore and seek my sun

Before I walk'd free as the wind
And if but stay'd—like it—unkind,
I could like daring eagles gaze
And not be blinded by a face,
For what I saw till I saw thee,
Was only not deformity
Such shapes appear—compar'd with thine—
In arras, or a tavern sign,

And do but mind me to explore
A fairer piece, that is in store
So some hang ivy to their wine,
To signify there is a vine

Those princely flow'rs—by no storms vex'd—
Which smile one day, and droop the next,
The gallant tulip and the rose,
Emblems which some use to disclose
Bodied ideas—their weak grace
Is mere imposture to thy face
For Nature in all things, but thee,
Did practise only sophistry,
Or else she made them to express
How she could vary in her dress
But thou wert form'd, that we might see
Perfection, not variety

Have you observ'd how the day star
Sparkles and smiles and shines from far,
Then to the gazer doth convey
A silent but a piercing ray?
So wounds my love, but that her eyes
Are in effects the better skies
A brisk bright agent from them streams
Arm'd with no arrows, but their beams,
And with such stillness smites our hearts,
No noise betrays him, nor his darts.
He, working on my easy soul,
Did soon persuade, and then control,
And now he flies—and I conspire—

Through all my blood with wings of fire,
And when I would—which will be never—
With cold despair allay the fever,
The spiteful thing Etesia names,
And that new fuels all my flames

THE CHARACTER, TO ETESIA

Go catch the phoenix, and then bring
 A quill drawn for me from his wing
 Give me a maiden beauty's blood,
 A pure, rich crimson, without mud,
 In whose sweet blushes that may live,
 Which a dull verse can never give
 Now for an untouch'd, spotless white,
 For blackest things on paper write,
 Etesia, at thine own expense
 Give me the robes of innocence

 Could we but see a spring to run
 Pure milk, as sometimes springs have done,
 And in the snow white streams it sheds,
 Carnations wash their bloody heads,
 While ev'ry eddy that came down
 Did—as thou dost—both smile and frown
 Such objects, and so fresh would be
 But dull resemblances of thee

 Thou art the dark world's morning star,
 Seen only, and seen but from far ,
 Where, like astronomers, we gaze
 Upon the glories of thy face,
 But no acquaintance more can have,
 Though all our lives we watch and crave.

Thou art a world thyself alone,
Yea, three great worlds refin'd to one ,
Which shows all those, and in thine eyes
The shining East and Paradise

Thy soul—a spark of the first fire—
Is like the sun, the world's desire ,
And with a nobler influence
Works upon all, that claim to sense ,
But in summers hath no fever,
And in frosts is cheerful ever

As flow'rs besides their curious dress
Rich odours have, and sweetnesses,
Which tacitly infuse desire,
And ev'n oblige us to admire
Such, and so full of innocence
Are all the charms, thou dost dispense ,
And like fan Nature without arts
At once they seize, and please our hearts
O, thou art such, that I could be
A lover to idolatry !
I could, and should from heav'n stray,
But that thy life shows mine the way,
And leave a while the Deity
To serve His image here in thee

TO ETESIA LOOKING FROM HER CASE-
MENT AT THE FULL MOON

SEE you that beauteous queen, which no age tames?
Her train is azure, set with golden flames
My brighter fair, fix on the East your eyes,
And view that bed of clouds, whence she doth rise
Above all others in that one short hour
Which most concern'd me,¹ she had greatest pow'r
This made my fortunes humorous as wind,
But fix'd affections to my constant mind
She fed me with the tears of stars, and thence
I suck'd in sorrows with their influence
To some in smiles, and store of light she broke,
To me in sad eclipses still she spoke
She bent me with the motion of her sphere,
And made me feel what first I did but fear
But when I came to age, and had o'ergrown
Her rules, and saw my freedom was my own,
I did reply unto the laws of Fate,
And made my reason my great advocate
I labour'd to inherit my just right,
But then—O, hear Etesia '—lest I might
Redeem myself, my unkind starry mother
Took my poor heart, and gave it to another

¹ The original has *concerned me*

TO ETESIA PARTED FROM HIM, AND
LOOKING BACK

O, SUBTLE Love ' thy peace is war,
It wounds and kills without a scar,
It works unknown to any sense,
Like the decrees of Providence,
And with strange silence shoots me through,
The fire of Love doth fall like snow

Hath she no quiver, but my heart ?
Must all her arrows hit that part ?
Beauties like heav'n their gifts should deal
Not to destroy us, but to heal

Strange art of Love ' that can make sound,
And yet exasperates the wound
That look she lent to ease my heart,
Hath pierc'd it, and improv'd the smart

IN ETESIAM LACHRYMANTEM

O DULCIS luctus, risuque potentior omni '
 Quem decorant lachrimis sidera tanta suis
 Quam tacitæ spirant auræ ' vultusque nitentes
 Contristant veneres, collachrimantque suæ '
 Ornat gutta genas, oculisque simillima gemma
 Et tepido vivas irrigat imbre rosas
 Dicite Chaldæi ' quæ me fortuna fatigat,
 um formosa dies et sine nube perit ¹?

¹ The original has *peruit*

TO ETESIA GOING BEYOND SEA

Go, if you must ' but stay—and know
And mind before you go, my vow
To ev'ry thing, but heav'n and you,
With all my heart I bid adieu '
Now to those happy shades I'll go
Where first I saw my beauteous foe !
I'll seek each silent path where we
Did walk , and where you sat with me
I'll sit again, and never rest
Till I can find some flow'r you press'd
That near my dying heart I'll keep,
And when it wants dew I will weep
Sadly I will repeat past joys
And words, which you did sometimes voice
I'll listen to the woods, and hear
The echo answer for you there
But famish'd with long absence I,
Like infants left, at last shall cry,
And tears—as they do milk—will sup
Until you come, and take me up

ETESIA ABSENT

LOVE, the world's life ' what a sad death
 Thy absence is ! to lose our breath
 At once and die, is but to live
 Enlarg'd, without the scant reprieve
 Of pulse and air , whose dull returns
 And narrow circles the soul mourns
 But to be dead alive, and still
 To wish, but never have our will,
 To be possess'd, and yet to miss,
 To wed a true but absent bliss,
 Are ling'ring tortures, and their smart
 Dissects and racks and grinds the heart !
 As soul and body in that state
 Which unto us, seems separate,
 Cannot be said to live, until
 Reunion , which days fulfil
 And slow pac'd seasons, so in vain
 Through hours and minutes—Time's long train—
 I look for thee, and from thy sight,
 As from my soul, for life and light
 For till thine eyes shine so on me,
 Mine are fast clos'd and will not see.

TRANSLATIONS

SOME ODES OF THE EXCELLENT AND
KNOWING [ANICIUS MANLIUS]
SEVERINUS [BOETHIUS], ENGLISHED
[DE CONSOLATIONE] LIB III METRUM
XII

HAPPY is he, that with fix'd eyes
The fountain of all goodness spies '
Happy is he that can break through
Those bonds which tie him here below '
The Thracian poet long ago,
Kind Orpheus, full of tears and woe,
Did for his lov'd Eurydice
In such sad numbers mourn, that he
Made the trees run in to his moan,
And streams stand still to hear him groan
The does came fearless in one throng
With lions to his mournful song,
And charmed by the harmonious sound,
The hare stay'd by the quiet hound
But when Love height'n'd by despair
And deep reflections on his fair
Had swell'd his heart, and made it rise
And run in tears out at his eyes,

And those sweet airs, which did appease
 Wild beasts, could give their lord no ease,
 Then, vex'd that so much grief and love
 Mov'd not at all the gods above,
 With desperate thoughts and bold intent,
 Towards the shades below he went ,
 For thither his fair love was fled,
 And he must have her from the dead
 There in such lines, as did well suit
 With sad airs and a lover's lute,
 And in the richest language dress'd
 That could be thought on or express'd,
 Did he complain , whatever grief
 Or art or love—which is the chief,
 And all ennobles—could lay out,
 In well tun'd woes he dealt about.
 And humbly bowing to the prince
 Of ghosts begg'd some intelligence
 Of his Eurydice, and where
 His beauteous saint resided there
 Then to his lute's instructed groans
 He sigh'd out new melodious moans ,
 And in a melting, charming strain
 Begg'd his dear love to life again

The music flowing through the shade
 And darkness did with ease invade
 The silent and attentive ghosts ,
 And Cerberus, which guards those coasts
 With his loud barkings, overcome

By the sweet notes, was now struck dumb
The Furies, us'd to rave and howl
And prosecute each guilty soul,
Had lost their rage, and in a deep
Transport, did most profusely weep
Ixion's wheel stopp'd, and the curs'd
Tantalus, almost kill'd with thirst,
Though the streams now did make no haste,
But wait'd for him, none would taste.
That vulture, which fed still upon
Tityus his liver, now was gone
To feed on air, and would not stay,
Though almost famish'd, with her prey

Won with these wonders, their fierce prince
At last cried out, " We yield ' and since
Thy merits claim no less, take hence
Thy consort for thy recompense
But Orpheus, to this law we bind
Our grant you must not look behind,
Nor of your fair love have one sight,
Till out of our dominions quite "

Alas ! what laws can lovers awe ?
Love is itself the greatest law !
Or who can such hard bondage brook
To be in love, and not to look ?
Poor Orpheus almost in the light
Lost his dear love for one short sight ,
And by those eyes, which Love did guide,
What he most lov'd unkindly died !

This tale of Orpheus and his love
Was meant for you, who ever move
Upwards, and tend into that light,
Which is not seen by mortal sight
For if, while you strive to ascend,
You droop, and towards Earth once bend
Your seduc'd eyes, down you will fall
Ev'n while you look, and forfeit all

LIB III METRUM II

WHAT fix'd affections, and lov'd laws
—Which are the hid, magnetic cause—
Wise Nature governs with, and by
What fast, inviolable tie
The whole creation to her ends
For ever provident she bends
All this I purpose to rehearse
In the sweet airs of solemn verse

Although the Libyan lions should
Be bound in chains of purest gold,
And duly fed were taught to know
Their keeper's voice, and fear his blow
Yet, if they chance to taste of blood,
Their rage which slept, stirr'd by that food
In furious roaring will awake,
And fiercely for their freedom make
No chains nor bars their fury brooks,
But with enrag'd and bloody looks
They will break through, and dull'd with fear
Their keeper all to pieces tear

The bird, which on the wood's tall boughs
Sings sweetly, if you cage or house,
And out of kindest care should think
To give her honey with her drink,

And get her store of pleasant meat,
 Ev'n such as she delights to eat
 Yet, if from her close prison she
 The shady groves doth chance to see,
 Straightway she loathes her pleasant food,
 And with sad looks longs for the wood
 The wood, the wood alone she loves !
 And towards it she looks and moves
 And in sweet notes—though distant from—
 Sings to her first and happy home !

That plant, which of itself doth grow
 Upwards, if forc'd, will downwards bow ,
 But give it freedom, and it will
 Get up, and grow erectly still

The sun, which by his prone descent
 Seems westward in the evening bent,
 Doth nightly by an unseen way
 Haste to the East, and bring up day

Thus all things long for their first state,
 And gladly to 't return, though late
 Nor is there here to anything
 A course allow'd, but in a ring ,
 Which, where it first began, must end,
 And to that point directly tend

LIB IV METRUM VI

WHO would unclouded see the laws
Of the supreme, eternal Cause,
Let him with careful thoughts and eyes
Observe the high and spacious skies
There in one league of love the stars
Keep their old peace, and show our wars
The sun, though flaming still and hot,
The cold, pale moon annoyeth not
Arcturus with his sons—though the
See other stars go a far way,
And out of sight—yet still are found
Near the North Pole, their noted bound
Bright Hesper—at set times—delights
To usher in the dusky nights
And in the East again attends
To warn us, when the day ascends
So alternate Love supplies
Eternal courses still, and vies
Mutual kindness, that no jars
Nor discord can disturb the stars

The same sweet concord here below
Makes the fierce elements to flow
And circle without quarrel still,
Though temper'd diversely, thus will

The hot assist the cold, the dry
Is a friend to humidity
And by the law of kindness they
The like relief to them repay
The fire, which active is and bright,
Tends upward, and from thence gives light
The earth allows it all that space
And makes choice of the lower place,
For things of weight haste to the centre,
A fall to them is no adventure

From these kind turns and circulation
Seasons proceed, and generation
This makes the Spring to yield us flow'rs,
And melts the clouds to gentle show'rs
The Summer thus matures all seeds
And ripens both the corn and weeds
This brings on Autumn, which recruits
Our old, spent store, with new fresh fruits
And the cold Winter's blust'ring season
Hath snow and storms for the same reason.
This temper and wise mixture breed
And bring forth ev'ry living seed
And when their strength and substance spend
—For while they live, they drive and tend
Still to a change—it takes them hence
And shifts their dress! and to our sense
Their course is over, as their birth
And hid from us they turn to earth.

But all this while the Prince of life
Sits without loss, or change, or strife
Holding the reins, by which all move
—And those His wisdom, power, love
And justice are—and still what He
The first life bids, that needs must be,
And live on for a time, that done
He calls it back, merely to shun
The mischief, which His creature might
Run into by a further flight
For if this dear and tender sense
Of His preventing providence,
Did not restrain and call things back,
Both heav'n and earth would go to rack,
And from their great Preserver part,
As blood let out forsakes the heart
And perisheth, but what returns
With fresh and brighter spirits burns

This is the cause why ev'ry living
Creature affects an endless being
A grain of this bright love each thing
Had giv'n at first by their great King,
And still they creep—drawn on by this—
And look back towards their first bliss
For, otherwise, it is most sure,
Nothing that liveth could endure
Unless its love turn'd retrograde
Sought that First Life, which all things made

LIB IV METRUM III

IF old tradition hath not fail'd,
 Ulysses, when from Troy he sail'd
 Was by a tempest forc'd to land
 Where beauteous Circe did command
 Circe, the daughter of the sun,
 Which had with charms and herbs undone
 Many poor strangers, and could then
 Turn into beasts the bravest men
 Such magic in her potions lay,
 That whosoever passed that way
 And drank, his shape was quickly lost
 Some into swine she turn'd, but most
 To lions arm'd with teeth and claws,
 Others like wolves with open jaws
 Did howl, but some—more savage—took
 The tiger's dreadful shape and look

But wise Ulysses, by the aid
 Of Hermes, had to him convey'd
 A flow'r, whose virtue did suppress
 The force of charms, and their success
 While his mates drank so deep, that they
 Were turn'd to swine, which fed all day

On mast, and human food had left,
Of shape and voice at once bereft,
Only the mind—above all charms—
Unchang'd did mourn those monstrous harms

O, worthless herbs, and weaker arts,
To change their limbs, but not their hearts !
Man's life and vigour keep within,
Lodg'd in the centre, not the skin
Those piercing charms and poisons, which
His inward parts taint and bewitch,
More fatal are, than such, which can
Outwardly only spoil the man
Those change his shape and make it foul,
But these deform and kill his soul

LIB III METRUM VI

ALL sorts of men, that live on Earth,
 Have one beginning and one birth
 For all things there is one Father,
 Who lays out all, and all doth gather
 He the warm sun with rays adorns,
 And fills with brightness the moon's horns
 The azur'd heav'ns with stars He burnish'd,
 And the round world with creatures furnish'd
 But men—made to inherit all—
 His own sons He was pleas'd to call,
 And that they might be so indeed,
 He gave them souls of divine seed
 A noble offspring surely then
 Without distinction are all men

O, why so vainly do some boast
 Their birth and blood and a great host
 Of ancestors, whose coats and crests
 Are some rav'nous birds or beasts !
 If extraction they look for,
 And God, the great Progenitor,
 No man, though of the meanest state,
 Is base, or can degenerate,
 Unless, to vice and lewdness bent,
 He leaves and taints his true descent

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA OUT OF
CLAUDIAN, [EPIGRAMMA II]

*Felix, qui propriis avum transegit in arvis,
Una domus puerum, &c*

MOST happy man ! who in his own sweet fields
Spent all his time , to whom one cottage yields
In age and youth a lodging , who, grown old,
Walks with his staff on the same soil and mould
Where he did creep an infant, and can tell
Many fair years spent in one quiet cell !
No toils of fate made him from home far known,
Nor foreign waters drank, driv'n from his own
No loss by sea, no wild land's wasteful war
Vex'd him, not the brib'd coil of gowns at bar
Exempt from cares, in cities never seen,
The fresh field air he loves, and rural green
The year's set turns by fruits, not consuls, knows ,
Autumn by apples, May by blossom'd boughs
Within one hedge his sun doth set and rise,
The world's wide day his short demesnes comprise,
Where he observes some known, conerescent twig
Now grown an oak, and old, like him, and big

Verona he doth for the Indies take,
And as the Red Sea counts Benacus' Lake
Yet are his limbs and strength untir'd, and he,
A lusty grandsire, three descents doth see:
Travel and sail who will, search sea or shore,
This man hath liv'd, and that hath wander'd more.

THE SPHERE OF ARCHIMEDES OUT OF
CLAUDIAN, [EPIGRAMMA XVIII]

*Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro
Risit, et ad superos, &c*

WHEN Jove a heav'n of small glass did behold,
He smil'd, and to the gods these words he told
“ Comes then the power of man's art to this?
In a frail orb my work new acted is,
The poles' decrees, the fate of things, God's laws,
Down by his art old Archimedes draws
Spirits inclos'd the sev'ral stars attend,
And orderly the living work they bend
A feignèd Zodiac measures out the year,
Ev'ry new month a false moon doth appear
And now bold industry is proud, it can
Wheel round its world, and rule the stars by man
Why at Salmoneus' thunder do I stand?
Nature is rivall'd by a single hand ”

THE PHOENIX OUT OF CLAUDIAN,
[IDYLL I]

*Oceanæ summo circumfluus æquore lucus
Trans Indos, Eurumque viæ, &c*

A GROVE there grows, round with the sea confin'd,
Beyond the Indies and the Eastern wind,
Which, as the sun breaks forth in his first beam,
Salutes his steeds, and hears him whip his team,
When with his dewy coach the Eastern bay
Crackles, whence blusheth the approaching Day,
And blasted with his burnish'd wheels the Night
In a pale dress doth vanish from the light

Thus the bless'd Phoenix' empire is, here he,
Alone exempted from mortality,
Enjoys a land, where no diseases reign,
And ne'er afflicted like our world with pain
A bird most equal to the gods, which vies
For length of life and durance with the skies,
And with renew'd limbs tires ev'ry age
His appetite he never doth assuage
With common food Nor doth he use to drink
When thirsty on some river's muddy brink
A purer, vital heat shot from the sun
Doth nourish him, and airy sweets that come

Fall'n slow and dreggy from them , such in sight
 The cloudy moon is, having spent her light
 And now his wings, which used to contend
 With tempests, scarce from the low earth ascend
 He knows his time is out ' and doth provide
 New principles of life , herbs he brings dried
 From the hot hills, and with rich spices frames
 A pile, shall burn, and hatch him with its flames
 On this the weakling sits , salutes the sun
 With pleasant noise, and prays and begs for some
 Of his own fire, that quickly may restore
 The youth and vigour, which he had before
 Whom, soon as Phoebus spies, stopping his reins,
 He makes a stand and thus allays his pains
 O thou that buriest old age in thy grave,
 And art by seeming funerals to have
 A new return of life, whose custom 'tis
 To rise by ruin, and by death to miss
 Ev n death itself, a new beginning take,
 And that thy wither'd body now forsake '
 Better thyself by this thy change ' This said
 He shakes his locks, and from his golden head
 Shoots one bright beam, which smites with vital
 fire

The willing bird , to burn is his desire,
 That he may live again he's proud in death,
 And goes in haste to gain a better breath
 The spicy heap fir'd with celestial rays
 Doth burn the aged Phoenix, when straight stays

The chariot of th' amazèd moon , the pole
Resists the wheeling swift orbs, and the whole
Fabric of Nature at a stand remains,
Till the old bird a new young being gains
All stop and charge the faithful flames, that they
Suffer not Nature's glory to decay

By this time, life which in the ashes lurks
Hath fram'd the heart, and taught new blood new
works ,

The whole heap stirs, and ev'ry part assumes
Due vigour , th' embers too are turn'd to plumes ,
The parent in the issue now revives,
But young and brisk , the bounds of both these lives,
With very little space between the same,
Were parted only by the middle flame

To Nilus straight he goes to consecrate
His parent's ghost , his mind is to translate
His dust to Egypt Now he hastes away
Into a distant land, and doth convey
The ashes in a turf Birds do attend
His journey without number, and defend
His pious flight, like to a guard , the sky
Is clouded with the army, as they fly
Nor is there one of all those thousands dares
Affront his leader they with solemn cares
Attend the progress of their youthful king ,
Not the rude hawk, nor th' eagle that doth bring
Arms up to Jove, fight now, lest they displease ,
The miracle enacts a common peace

So doth the Parthian lead from Tigris' side
 His barbarous troops, full of a lavish pride
 In pearls and habit, he adorns his head
 With royal tires his steed with gold is led,
 His robes, for which the scarlet furs are sought,
 With rare Assyrian needle work are wrought,
 And proudly reigning o'er his rascal bands,
 He raves and triumphs in his large commands

A city of Egypt, famous in all lands
 For rites, adores the sun, his temple stands
 There on a hundred pillars by account,
 Digg'd from the quarries of the Theban mount
 Here, as the custom did require—they say—
 His happy parent's dust down he doth lay,
 Then to the image of his lord he bends
 And to the flames his burden straight commends
 Unto the altars thus he destines
 His own remains, the light doth gild the gates,
 Perfumes divine the censers up do send
 While th' Indian odour doth itself extend
 To the Pelusian fens, and filleth all
 The men it meets with the sweet storm A
 gale,

To which compar'd nectar itself is vile,
 Fills the sev'n channels of the misty Nile

O happy bird ' sole heir to thy own dust '
 Death, to whose force all other creatures must
 Submit, saves thee Thy ashes make thee rise,
 'Tis not thy nature, but thy age that dies

Thou hast seen all ' and to the times that run
Thou art as great a witness as the sun
Thou saw'st the deluge, when the sea outvied
The land, and drown'd the mountains with the tide
What year the straggling Phæton did fire
The world, thou know'st And no plagues can con-
spire
Against thy life , alone thou dost arise
Above mortality , the destinies
Spin not thy days out with their fatal clue ,
They have no law, to which thy life is due

PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS

TO HIS BOOKS

BRIGHT books ' the perspectives to our weak sights,
 The clear projections of discerning lights,
 Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
 The track of fled souls, and their Milky Way,
 The dead alive and busy, the still voice
 Of enlarg'd spirits, kind Heav'n's white decoys '
 Who lives with you, lives like those knowing flows
 Which in commerce with light spend all their hours
 Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
 But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun
 Beneath you, all is dark, and a dead night,
 Which whoso lives in, wants both health and sight.

By sucking you, the wise—like bees—do grow
 Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
 Because most choicely , for as great a store
 Have we of books, as bees of herbs, or more
 And the great task, to try, then know, the good
 To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,

Is a rare, scant performance for man dies
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies
But you were all choice flow'rs, all set and drest
By old sage florists, who well knew the best
And I amidst you all am turned a weed !
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that wouldst not be
Content to know—what was too much for thee !

LOOKING BACK

FAIR shining mountains of my pilgrimage
 And flowery vales, whose flow'rs were stars,
 The days and nights of my first happy age ,
 An age without distaste and wars '
 When I by thoughts ascend your sunny heads,
 And mind those sacred midnight lights
 By which I walk'd, when curtain'd rooms and beds
 Confin'd or seal'd up others' sights
 O then, how bright,
 And quick a light
 Doth brush my heart and scatter night ,
 Chasing that shade,
 Which my sins made,
 While I so spring, as if I could not fade '
 How brave a prospect is a bright back side '
 Where flow'rs and palms refresh the eye '
 And days well spent like the glad East abide,
 Whose morning glories cannot die !

THE SHOWER

WATERS above ! eternal springs !
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings !
O welcome, welcome to the sad !
Give dry dust drink , drink that makes glad !
Many fair ev'nings, many flow'rs
Sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoy'd, and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun ,
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower !

DISCIPLINE

FAIR Prince of Light ¹ Light's living Well
 Who hast the keys of death and Hell ¹
 If the mole¹ man despise Thy day,
 Put chains of darkness in his way
 Teach him how deep, how various are
 The counsels of Thy love and care
 When acts of grace and a long peace,
 Breed but rebellion, and displease,
 Then give him his own way and will,
 Where lawless he may run, until
 His own choice hurts him, and the sting
 Of his foul sins full sorrows bring
 If Heaven and angels, hopes and mirth,
 Please not the mole so much as earth
 Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,
 And one sad scheme of hideous Hell

¹ The original edition has *mole*

THE ECLIPSE

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly
When I did grieve Thine holy eye?
When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,
And all Thy care and counsels cross'd
O do not grieve, where'er Thou art !
Thy grief is an undoing smart,
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will ,
But O Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill

AFFLICTION

O COME, and welcome ! come, refine !
 For Moors, if wash'd by Thee, will shine.
 Man blossoms at Thy touch , and he,
 When Thou draw'st blood is Thy rose tree
 Crosses make straight his crookèd ways,
 And clouds but cool his dog star days ,
 Diseases too, when by Thee blest,
 Are both restoratives and rest
 Flow'rs that in sunshines riot still,
 Die scorch'd and sapless , though storms kill,
 The fall is fair, e'en to desire,
 Where in their sweetness all expire
 O come, pour on ! what calms can be
 So fair as storms, that appease Thee ?

RETIREMENT

FRESH fields and woods ! the Earth's fair face !
God's footstool ! and man's dwelling place !
I ask not why the first believer
Did love to be a country liver ?
Who, to secure pious content,
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent ,
Where he might view the boundless sky,
And all those glorious lights on high,
With flying meteors, mists, and show'rs,
Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flow'rs,
And ev'ry minute bless the King
And wise Creator of each thing

I ask not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his successful train ?
All various lusts in cities still
Are found , they are the thrones of ill,
The dismal sinks, where blood is spill'd,
Cages with much uncleanness fill'd
But rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocence ,

They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels descend and rule the sphere,
Where Heaven lies leiguer, and the Dove
Duly as dew comes from above
If Eden be on Earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call

THE REVIVAL

UNFOLD ! unfold ! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night
The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes ,
And, what the men of this world miss,
Some drops and dews of future bliss

Hark ! how His winds have chang'd their note !
And with warm whispers call thee out ,
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on
The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice ,
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The likes of His love appear !

THE DAY SPRING

EARLY, while yet the dark was gay
 And gilt with stars, more trim than day,
 Heav'n's Lily, and the Earth's chaste Rose,
 The green immortal Branch arose ,
 And in a solitary place
 Bow'd to His Father His blest face.

} S Mark,
 c. 1, v 35

If this calm season pleased my Prince,
 Whose fulness no need could evince,
 Why should not I, poor silly sheep,
 His hours, as well as practice, keep ?
 Not that His hand is tied to these,
 From whom Time holds his transient lease
 But mornings new creations are,
 When men, all night sav'd by His care,
 Are still reviv'd , and well He may
 Expect them grateful with the day
 So for that first draught of His hand,
 Which finish'd heav'n, and sea, and land,
 The sons of God their thanks did bring,
 And all the morning stars did sing
 Besides, as His part heretofore
 The firstlings were of all that bore

} Job, c. 38,
 v 7

So now each day from all He saves
Their soul's first thoughts and fruits He craves.
This makes Him daily shed and show'r
His graces at this early hour ,
Which both His care and kindness show,
Cheering the good, quickening the slow
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's stay,
So His Divine and loving Dove
With longing throes¹ doth heave and move,
And soar about us while we sleep ,
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep,
And shine, but always without fail,
Before the slow sun can unveil,
In new compassions breaks, like light,
And morning looks, which scatter night
And wilt Thou let Thy creature be,
When Thou hast watch'd, asleep to Thee ?
Why to unwelcome loath'd surprises
Dost leave him, having left his vices ?
Since these, if suffer'd, may again
Lead back the living to the slain
O, change this scourge , or, if as yet
None less will my transgressions fit,
Dissolve, dissolve ! Death cannot do
What I would not submit unto

¹ The original has *throws*

THE RECOVERY

I

FAIR vessel of our daily light, whose proud
And previous glories gild that blushing cloud,
Whose lively fires in swift projections glance
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burnish some neighbour rock, or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and wingèd flames again

If thou this day

Hold on thy way,

Know, I have got a greater light than thine,
A light, whose shade and back parts make thee shine

Then get thee down ! then get thee down !

I have a Sun now of my own

II

Those nicer livers, who without thy rays
Stir not abroad, those may thy lustre praise,
And wanting light—light, which no wants doth
know—

To thee—weak shiner !—like blind Persians bow
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,
From His own bright eternal eye doth shed

One living ray,
There thy dead day
Is needless, and man to a light made free,
Which shows that thou canst neither show nor see
Then get thee down ' then get thee down '
I have a Sun now of my own

THE NATIVITY

Written in the year 1656

PEACE? and to all the world? Sure One,
And He the Prince of Peace, hath none!
He travels to be born, and then
Is born to travel more again
Poor Galilee! thou canst not be
The place for His Nativity
His restless mother's call'd away,
And not deliver'd till she pay

A tax? 'tis so still! we can see
The Church thrive in her misery,
And, like her Head at Beth'lem, rise,
When she, oppress'd with troubles, lies
Rise?—should all fall, we cannot be
In more extremities than He
Great Type of passions! Come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all copies still
Thou cam'st from Heav'n to Earth, that we
Might go from Earth to Heav'n with Thee
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there

A stable was Thy Court, and when
Men turn'd to beasts, beasts would be men
They were Thy courtiers , others none ,
And their poor manger was Thy throne
No swaddling silks Thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou couldst turn Thy rays to gold.
No rockers waited on Thy birth,
No cradles stirr'd, nor songs of mirth ,
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,
Which lodg'd Thee first, did give Thee rest

But stay what light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam ?
It is Thy star runs page, and brings
Thy tributary Eastern kings
Lord ! grant some light to us, that we
May with them find the way to Thee !
Behold what mists eclipse the day !
How dark it is ! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night,
And say once more, " Let there be light ! "

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

So, stick up ivy and the bays,
 And then restore the heathen ways
 Green will remind you of the spring,
 Though this great day denies the thing,
 And mortifies the earth, and all
 But your wild revels, and loose hall
 Could you wear flow'rs, and roses strow
 Blushing upon your breasts' warm snow,
 That very dress your lightness will
 Rebuke, and wither at the ill
 The brightness of this day we owe
 Not unto music, masque, nor show,
 Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
 But to the manger's mean estate
 His life while here, as well as birth,
 Was but a check to pomp and mirth,
 And all man's greatness you may see
 Condemned by His humility

Then leave your open house and noise,
 To welcome Him with holy joys,
 And the poor shepherds' watchfulness,
 Whom light and hymns from Heaven did bless.

What you abound with, cast abroad
To those that want, and ease your load
Who empties thus, will bring more in ,
But riot is both loss and sin
Dress finely what comes not in sight,
And then you keep your Christmas right

THE REQUEST

O THOU who didst deny to me
 This world's ador'd felicity,
 And ev'ry big imperious lust,
 Which fools admire in sinful dust,
 With those fine subtle twists, that tie
 Their bundles of foul gallantry —
 Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
 Of those gay things which are not Thine !
 And shut my ears against the noise
 Of wicked, though applauded, joys !
 For Thou in any land hast store
 Of shades and coverts for Thy poor ,
 Where from the busy dust and heat,
 As well as storms, they may retreat
 A rock or bush are downy beds,
 When Thou art there, crowning their heads
 With secret blessings, or a tire
 Made of the Comforter's live fire.
 And when Thy goodness in the dress
 Of anger will not seem to bless,
 Yet dost Thou give them that rich rain,
 Which, as it drops, clears all again

O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt Thy great self and such poor grass :
With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
On those low violets of Thine,
While the tall tulip is accurst,
And crowns imperial die with thirst !
O give me still those secret meals,
Those rare repasts which Thy love deals !
Give me that joy, which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth relieve !
This is the portion Thy child begs ,
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs

JORDANIS

QUID celebras auratam undam, et combusta pyropis
 Flumina, vel medio quæ serit æthra salo?
 Æternum refluus si pernoctaret in undis
 Phoebus, et incertam sidera suda Tethyn
 Si colerent, tantæ gemmæ ! nil cærule librem •
 Sorderet rubro in littore dives Eos
 Pactoli mea lympha macras ditabit arenas,
 Atque universum gutta minuta Tagum
 O carum caput ! O cincinnos unda beatos
 Libata ! O Domini balnea sancta mei !
 Quod fortunatum voluit spectare canalem,
 Hoc erat in laudes area parva tuas
 Jordanis in medio perfusus flumine lavit,
 Divinoque tuas ore beavit aquas
 Ah ! Solyma infelix rivis obsessa prophanis !
 Amisit genum porta Bethesda suum
 Hic Orientis aquæ currunt, et apostata Parphar,
 Atque Abana immundo turbidus amne fluit,
 Ethnica te totam cum fœdavere fluentia,
 Mansit Christicolâ Jordanis unus aqua.

SERVILII FATUM, SIVE VINDICTA
DIVINA

Er sic in cithara, sic in dulcedine vitæ
Et facti et luctus regnat amarities
Quam subito in fastum extensos atque esseda¹ vul
Ultrici oppressit vilis arena sinu !
Si violæ, spiransque crocus si lilium *ἀέλιον*
Non nisi justorum nascitur e cinere
Spinarum, tribulique atque infelicis avenæ
Quantus in hoc tumulto et qualis acervus erit ?
Dii superi ! damnosa piis sub sidera longum
Mansuris stabilem conciliate fidem !
Sic olim in cœlum post nimbos clarius ibunt,
Supremo occidui tot velut astra die
Quippe ruunt horæ, qualisque in corpore vixit,
Talis it in tenebras bis moriturus homo

¹ The original edition misprints *essera*.

DE SALMONE

Ad virum optimum, et sibi familiarius notum D
Thomam Poellum Cantrevensem S S
Theologia Doctorem

ACCIPERE prærapido salmonem in gurgite cap'um,
 Ex imo in summas cum penetrasset aquas,
 Mentitæ culicis quem forma elusit inanis
 Picta coloratis plumea musca notis
 Dum captat, capitur, vorat inscius, ipse vorandus,
 Fitque cibi raptor grata rapina mali
 Al na quies ! miseræ merces ditissima vitæ,
 Quam tuto in tactis hic latuisset aquis !
 Qui dum spumosi fremitus et murmura rivi
 Quæritat, hamato sit cita præda cibo,
 Quam grave magnarum specimen dant ludicra rerum ?
 Gurgis est mundus salmo, homo pluma, dolus

THE WORLD

CAN any tell me what it is? Can you
That wind your thoughts into a clue
To guide out others, while yourselves stay in,
And hug the sin?

I, who so long have in it liv'd,
That, if I might,
In truth I would not be repriev'd,
Have neither sight
Nor sense that knows
These ebbs and flows

But since of all all may be said,
And likeness doth but upbraid
And mock the truth, which still is lost
In fine concerts, like streams in a sharp frost,
I will not strive, nor the rule break,
Which doth give losers leave to speak
Then false and foul world, and unknown
Ev'n to thy own,
Here I renounce thee, and resign
Whatever thou canst say is thine

Thou art not Truth ! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lies,

Thou art not Friendship ' for in thee
 'Tis but the bait of policy ,
 Which like a viper lodg'd in flow'rs,
 Its venom through that sweetness pours ,
 And when not so, then always 'tis
 A fading paint, the short liv'd bliss
 Of air and humour , out and in,
 Like colours in a dolphin's skin ,
 But must not live beyond one day,
 Or convenience , then away
 Thou art not Riches ' for that trash,
 Which one age hoards, the next doth wash
 And so severely sweep away,
 That few remember where it lay
 So rapid streams the wealthy land
 About them have at their command ,
 And shifting channels here restore,
 There break down, what they bank'd before.
 Thou art not Honour ' for those gay
 Feathers will wear and drop away ,
 And princes to some upstart line
 Gives new ones, that are full as fine
 Thou art not Pleasure ' for thy rose
 Upon a thorn doth still repose ,
 Which, if not cropp'd, will quickly shed,
 But soon as cropp'd, grows dull and dead
 Thou art the sand, which fills one glass,
 And then doth to another pass ,
 And could I put thee to a stay,

Thou art but dust ! Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright, though poor ,
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor ,
And, swallow like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone !

Welcome, pure thoughts, and peaceful hours,
Enrich'd with sunshine and with show'rs ,
Welcome fair hopes, and holy cares,
The not to be repented shares
Of time and business , the sure road
Unto my last and lov'd abode !

O supreme Bliss !

The Circle, Centre, and Abyss
Of blessings, never let me miss
Nor leave that path which leads to Thee,
Who art alone all things to me !
I hear, I see, all the long day
The noise and pomp of the broad way
I note their coarse and proud approaches,
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches
But in the narrow way to Thee
I observe only poverty,
And despis'd things , and all along
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot , and as they go
They sigh, and say, their Lord went so
Give me my staff then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood ,
—Those stones, which for the altar serv'd,

Might not be smooth'd, nor finely carv'd—
 With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,
 As Jacob did , and Thy dear word,
 As Thou hast dress'd it, not as wit
 And deprav'd tastes have poison'd it,
 Shall in the passage be my meat,
 And none else will Thy servant eat
 Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
 Will I set forth, though laugh'd at for't ,
 And leaving the wise world their way,
 Go through, though judg'd to go astray

THE BEE

FROM fruitful beds and flow'ry borders,
Parcell'd to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where State grasps more than plain Truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starv'd by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John

When truth and piety are miss'd
Both in the rulers and the priest ,
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread ,
While factious heads with open coil
And force, first make, then share, the spoil ,
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desert grows the rose
Hail crystal fountains and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day !
Hail, happy, harmless solitude !
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world , the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness !

Here something still like Eden looks ,
 Honey in woods, juleps in brooks,
 And flow'rs, whose rich, unrifed sweets
 With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
 When the toils of the day are done,
 And the tir'd world sets with the sun
 Here flying winds and flowing wells
 Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells ,
 Their busy murmurs all the night
 To praise or prayer do invite,
 And with an awful sound arrest,
 And piously employ his breast

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
 Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush ,
 Herbs straight get up, flow'rs peep and spread,
 Trees whisper praise, and bow the head
 Birds, from the shades of night releas'd,
 Look round about, then quit the nest,
 And with united gladness sing
 The glory of the morning's King
 The hermit hears, and with meek voice
 Offers his own up, and their joys
 Then prays that all the world may be
 Bless'd with as sweet an unity

If sudden storms the day invade,
 They flock about him to the shade
 Where wisely they expect the end,
 Giving the tempest time to spend ,

And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow

O purer years of light and grace !
The difference is great as the space
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun
Is not fair Nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint or pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carv'd stone or lead ?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted ,
And Discord—old Corruption's crest—
With blood and blame hath stain'd the rest
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness, like pure Heav'n, presents,
When touch'd by man is quickly soil'd,
And after, trodden down and spoil'd

O lead me, where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee !
Where undisturb'd I may converse
With Thy great Self , and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks , and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more

Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industry !
That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness show Thy might

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set , since all must be
Pluck'd up, whose growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden, and the bow'rs,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flow'rs
Their wholesomeness, but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still

Then since corrupt man hath driv'n hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead ,
Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where Thy best servants once did dwell
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exil'd Religion own'd by Thee ,
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossom like the vales ,
Decking their untill'd heads with flow'rs,
And fresh delights for all sad hours ,
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee

TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION

FAREWELL, thou true and tried reflection
Of the still poor, and meek election
Farewell, soul's joy, the quick'ning health
Of spirits, and their secret wealth !
Farewell, my morning star, the bright
And dawning looks of the True Light !
O blessed shiner, tell me whither
Thou wilt be gone, when night comes hither !
A seer that observ'd thee in
Thy course, and watch'd the growth of sin,
Hath giv'n his judgment, and foretold,
That westward hence thy course will hold ,
And when the day with us is done,
There fix, and shine a glorious sun
O hated shades and darkness ! when
You have got here the sway again,
And like unwholesome fogs withstood
The light, and blasted all that's good,
Who shall the happy shepherds be,
To watch the next nativity
Of truth and brightness, and make way
For the returning, rising day ?
O what year will bring back our bliss ?
Or who shall live, when God doth this *

Thou Rock of Ages ' and the Rest
 Of all, that for Thee are oppress'd '
 Send down the Spirit of Thy truth,
 That Spirit, which the tender youth,
 And first growths of Thy Spouse did spread
 Through all the world, from one small head '
 Then if to blood we must resist,
 Let Thy mild Dove, and our High Priest,
 Help us, when man proves false or frowns,
 To bear the Cross, and save our crowns
 O honour those that honour Thee '
 Make babes to still the enemy '
 And teach an infant of few days
 To perfect by his death Thy praise '
 Let none defile what Thou didst wed,
 Nor tear the garland from her head '
 But chaste and cheerful let her die,
 And precious in the Bridegroom's eye
 So to Thy glory and her praise,
 These last shall be her brightest days

REVEL[ATION] CHAP LAST, VERS 17
 " *The Spirit and the Bride say, Come* "

Black cloud , no rags, nor spots did stain
 The welkin's beauty , nothing frown'd like rain
 But ere night came, that scene of fine sights turn'd
 To fierce dark show'rs , the air with lightnings
 burn'd ,
 The wood's sweet syren, rudely thus oppress'd,
 Gave to the storm her weak and weary breast
 I saw her next day on her last cold bed
 And Daphnis so, just so is Daphnis, dead !

Damon

So violets, so doth the primrose, fall,
 At once the Spring's pride, and its funeral
 Such easy sweets get off still in their prime,
 And stay not here to wear the soil of time ,
 While coarser flow'rs, which none would miss, if
 past,
 To scorching Summers and cold Autumns last

Menalcas

Souls need not time The early forward things
 Are always fledg'd, and gladly use their wings
 Or else great parts, when injur'd, quit the crowd,
 To shine above still, not behind, the cloud
 And is't not just to leave those to the night
 That madly hate and persecute the light ?
 Who, doubly dark, all negroes do exceed,
 And inwardly are true black Moors indeed ?

Damon

The punishment still manifests the sin,
As outward signs show the disease within
While worth oppress'd mounts to a nobler height,
And palm like bravely overtops the weight
So where swift Isca from our lofty hills
With loud farewells descends, and foaming fills
A wider channel, like some great port vein
With large rich streams to fill the humble plain
I saw an oak, whose stately height and shade,
Projected far, a goodly shelter made,
And from the top with thick diffused boughs
In distant rounds grew like a wood nymph's house
Here many garlands won at roundel lays
Old shepherds hung up in those happy days
With knots and girdles, the dear spoils and dress
Of such bright maids as did true lovers bless
And many times had old Amphion made
His beauteous flock acquainted with this shade
His flock, whose fleeces were as smooth and white
As those the welkin shows in moonshine night
Here, when the careless world did sleep, have I
In dark records and numbers nobly high,
The visions of our black, but brightest bard
From old Amphion's mouth full often heard,
With all those plagues poor shepherds since have
known,
And riddles more which future time must own

While on his pipe young Hylas play'd, and made
 Music as solemn as the song and shade
 But the curs'd owner from the trembling top
 To the firm brink did all those branches lop ,
 And in one hour what many years had bred,
 The pride and beauty of the plain, lay dead
 The undone swains in sad songs mourn'd their loss,
 While storms and cold winds did improve the cross ,
 But nature, which—like virtue—scorns to yield,
 Brought new recruits and succours to the field ,
 For by next spring the check'd sap wak'd from sleep,
 And upwards still to feel the sun did creep ,
 Till at those wounds, the hated hewer made,
 There sprang a thicker and a fresher shade

Menalcas

So thrives afflicted Truth, and so the light
 When put out gains a value from the night
 How glad are we, when but one twinkling star
 Peeps betwixt clouds more black than is our tar
 And Providence was kind, that order'd thus
 To the brave sufferer should be solid bliss
 Nor is it so till this short life be done,
 But goes hence with him, and is still his sun

Damon

Come, shepherds, then, and with your greenest bays
 Refresh his dust, who lov'd your learned lays

Bring here the florid glories of the spring,
And, as you strew them, pious anthems sing,
Which to your children and the years to come
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb
While prostrate I drop on his quiet urn
My tears, not gifts, and like the poor that mourn
With green but humble turfs, write o'er his hearse
For false, foul prose men this fair truth in verse

“ Here Daphnis sleeps, and while the great watch
 goes
Of loud and restless Time, takes his repose
Fame is but noise, all Learning but a thought,
Which one admires, another sets at nought,
Nature mocks both, and Wit still keeps ado
But Death brings knowledge and assurance too ”

Menalcas

Cast in your garlands ' strew on all the flow'rs,
Which May with smiles or April feeds with show'rs,
Let this day's rites as steadfast as the sun
Keep pace with Time and through all ages run,
The public character and famous test
Of our long sorrows and his lasting rest
And when we make procession on the plains,
Or yearly keep the holiday of swains,
Let Daphnis still be the recorded name,
And solemn honour of our feasts and fame

For though the Isis and the prouder Thames
 Can show his relics lodg'd hard by their stream
 And must for ever to the honour'd name
 Of noble Murrey chiefly owe that fame
 Yet here his stars first saw him, and when Fate
 Beckon'd him hence, it knew no other date
 Nor will these vocal woods and valleys fail,
 Nor Isca's louder streams, this to bewail,
 But while swains hope, and seasons change, will
 glide
 With moving murmurs because Daphnis died

Damon

A fatal sadness, such as still foregoes,
 Then runs along with public plagues and woes,
 Lies heavy on us, and the very light,
 Turn'd mourner too, hath the dull looks of night
 Our vales, like those of death, a darkness show
 More sad than cypress or the gloomy yew,
 And on our hills, where health with height complied,
 Thick drowsy mists hang round, and there reside
 Not one short parcel of the tedious year
 In its old dress and beauty doth appear
 Flow'rs hate the spring, and with a sullen bend
 Thrust down their heads, which to the root still
 tend
 And though the sun, like a cold lover, peeps
 A little at them, still the day's eye sleeps

But when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active fires their sluggish heat recruit,
Our grass straight russets, and each scorching day
Drinks up our brooks as fast as dew in May ,
Till the sad herdsman with his catile faints,
And empty channels ring with loud complaints

Menalcas

Heaven's just displeasure, and our unjust ways,
Change Nature's course , bring plagues, dearth, and
decays

This turns our lands to dust, the skies to brass,
Makes old kind blessings into curses pass
And when we learn unknown and foreign crimes,
Brings in the vengeance due unto those climes
The dregs and puddle of all ages now,
Like rivers near their fall, on us do flow
Ah, happy Daphnis ' who while yet the streams
Ran clear and warm, though but with setting beams,
Got through, and saw by that declining light,
His toil's and journey's end before the night

Damon

A night, where darkness lays her chains and bars,
And feral fires appear instead of stars
But he, along with the last looks of day,
Went hence, and setting—sunlike—pass'd away

What future storms our present sins do hatch
Some in the dark discern, and others watch ,
Though foresight makes no hurricane prove mild,
Fury that's long fermenting is most wild

But see, while thus our sorrows we discourse,
Phœbus hath finish'd his diurnal course ,
The shades prevail each bush seems bigger grown ,
Darkness—like State—makes small things swell
and frown

The hills and woods with pipes and sonnets round,
And bleating sheep our swains drive home, resound

Menalcas

What voice from yonder lawn tends hither ?
Hark !

'Tis Thyrsis calls ! I hear Lycanthe bark !
His flocks left out so late, and weary grown,
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down

Damon

Menalcas, haste to look them out ! poor sheep,
When day is done, go willingly to sleep
And could bad man his time spend as they do,
He might go sleep, or die, as willing too

Menalcas

Farewell ! kind Damon ! now the shepherd's star
With beauteous looks smiles on us, though from far

All creatures that were favourites of day
Are with the sun retir'd and gone away
While feral birds send forth unpleasant notes,
And night—the nurse of thoughts—sad thoughts
promotes
But joy will yet come with the morning light,
Though sadly now we bid good night !

Damon

Good night !

FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS

From *Eucharistica Oxoniensia in Caroli Regis
nostri e Scotia Reditum Gratulatoria* (1641)

[TO CHARLES THE FIRST]

As kings do rule like th' heavens, who dispense
To parts remote and near their influence ,
So doth our Charles move also , while he posts
From south to north, and back to southern coasts ,
Like to the starry orb, which in its round
Moves to those very points , but while 'tis bound
For north, there is—some guess—a trembling fit
And shivering in the part that's opposite
What were our fears and pantings, what dire fame
Heard we of Irish tumults, sword, and flame '
Which now we think but blessings, as being sent
Only as matter, whereupon 'twas meant,
The British thus united might express,
The strength of joinèd Powers to suppress,
Or conquer foes This is Great Britan's bliss ,
The island in itself a just world is
Here no commotion shall we find or fear,
But of the Court's removal, no sad tear

Or cloudy brow, but when you leave us Then
Discord is loyalty professèd, when
Nations do strive, which shall the happier be
T' enjoy your bounteous rays of majesty
Which yet you throw in undivided dart,
For things divine allow no share or part
The same kind virtue doth at once disclose
The beauty of their thistle and our rose
Thus you do mingle souls and firmly knit
What were but join'd before , you Scotsmen fit
Closely with us, and reuniter prove ,
You fetch'd the crown before, and now their love

II VAUGHAN, Ies Col

From *Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies*
translated from Plutarch (1651)

1 [HOMER ILIAD, I 255-6]

SURE Priam will to mirth incline,
And all that are of Priam's line

2 [AESCHYLUS SEPTEM CONTRA
THEBES, 600-1]

FEEDING on fruits which in the heavens do grow,
Whence all divine and holy counsels flow

3 [EURIPIDES ORESTES, 251-2]

EXCEL then if thou canst, be not withstood,
But strive and overcome the evil with good

4 [EURIPIDES FRAGM MLXXI]

YOU minister to others' wounds a cure,
But leave your own all rotten and impure

5 [EURIPIDES CRESPHONTES,
FRAGM CCCCLV]

CHANCE, taking from me things of highest price,
At a dear rate hath taught me to be wise

6 [INCERTI]

[HE] Knaves' tongues and calumnies no more dot
prize
Than the vain buzzing of so many flies

7 [PINDAR FRAGM C]

HIS deep, dark heart—bent to supplant—
Is iron, or else adamant

8 [SOLON FRAGM XV]

WHAT though they boast their riches unto us?
Those cannot say that they are virtuous

From *Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body*
translated from Plutarch (1651)

1 [HOMER ILIAD, XVII 446-7]

THAT man for misery excell'd
All creatures which the wide world held

2 [EURIPIDES BACCHAE, 1170-4]

A TENDER kid—see, where 'tis put—
I on the hills did slay,
Now dress'd and into quarters cut,
A pleasant, dainty prey

From *Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body*
translated from Maximus Tyrius (1651)

1 [ARIPHRON]

O HEALTH, the chief of gifts divine !
I would I might with thee and thine
Live all those days appointed mine !

From *The Mount of Olives* (1652)

I [DEATH]

DRAW near, fond man, and dress thee by this glass,
Mark how thy bravery and big looks must pass
Into corruption, rottenness and dust ,
The frail supporters which betray'd thy trust
O weigh in time thy last and loathsome state !
To purchase heav'n for teais is no hard rate
Our glory, greatness, wisdom, all we have,
If mis employ'd, but add hell to the grave
Only a fair redemption of evil times
Finds life in death, and buries all our crimes

2 [HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL]

My soul, my pleasant soul, and witty,
The guest and consort of my body
Into what place now all alone
Naked and sad wilt thou be gone ?
No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
Nor jests wilt thou afford me more.

3 [PAULINUS CARM APP I 35-40]

WHAT is't to me that spacious rivers run
Whole ages, and their streams are never done?
Those still remain but all my fathers died,
And I myself but for few days abide

4 [ANEURIN ENGLYNION Y MISOEDD,
III 1-4]

IN March birds couple, a new birth
Of herbs and flow'rs breaks through the earth,
But in the grave none stirs his head,
Long is the impris'ment of the dead

5 [INCERTI]

So our decays God comforts by
The stars' concurrent state on high

6 [JUVENAL SATIRE XIII 86-8]

THERE are that do believe all things succeed
By chance or fortune and that nought's decreed
By a divine, wise Will, but blindly call
Old Time and Nature rulers over all

7 [INCERTI]

FROM the first hour the heavens were made
 Unto the last, when all shall fade,
 Count—if thou canst—the drops of dew,
 The stars of heav'n and streams that flow,
 The falling snow, the dropping show'rs,
 And in the month of May, the flow'rs,
 Their scents and colours, and what store
 Of grapes and apples Autumn bore,
 How many grains the Summer bears,
 What leaves the wind in Winter tears,
 Count all the creatures in the world,
 The motes which in the air are hurl'd,
 The hairs of beasts and mankind, and
 The shore's innumerable sand,
 The blades of grass, and to these last
 Add all the years which now are past,
 With those whose course is yet to come,
 And all their minutes in one sum
 When all is done, the damned's state
 Outruns them still, and knows no date

8 [VIRGIL GEORGICS, IV 12 -138]

I SAW beneath Tarentum's stately towers
 An old Cilician spend his peaceful hours

Some few bad acres in a waste, wild field,
Which neither grass, nor corn, nor vines would yield,
He did possess There—amongst thorns and weeds—
Cheap herbs and coleworts, with the common seeds
Of chesboule or tame poppies, he did sow,
And vervain with white lilies caused to grow
Content he was, as are successful kings,
And late at night come home—for long work brings
The night still home—with unbought messes laid
On his low table he his hunger stay'd
Roses he gather'd in the youthful Spring,
And apples in the Autumn home did bring
And when the sad, cold Winter burst with frost
The stones, and the still streams in ice were lost,
He would soft leaves of bear's foot crop, and chide
The slow west winds and ling'ring Summer tide !

9 [VIRGIL AENFID, III 515]

AND rising at midnight the stars espied,
All posting westward in a silent glide

10 [VIRGIL GEORGICS, II 58]

THE trees we set grow slowly, and their shade
Stays for our sons, while we—the planters —fade

From *Man in Glory* translated from Anselm (1652)

I [ANSELM]

HERE holy Anselm lives in ev'ry page,
And sits archbishop still, to vex the age
Had he foreseen—and who knows but he did?—
This fatal wrack, which deep in time lay hid,
'Tis but just to believe, that little hand
Which clouded him, but now benights our land,
Had never—like Elias—driv'n him hence,
A sad retirer for a slight offence
For were he now, like the returning year,
Restor'd, to view these desolations here,
He would do penance for his old complaint,
And—weeping—say, that Rufus was a saint

From the Epistle Dedicatory to *Flores Solitudinis*
(1654)

I [BISSELLIUS]

THE whole wench—how complete soe'er—was but
A specious bait, a soft, sly, tempting slut,
A pleasing witch, a living death, a fair,
Thriving disease, a fresh, infectious air,
A precious plague, a fury sweetly drawn,
Wild fire laid up and finely dress'd in lawn

2 [AUGURELLIUS]

PETER, when thou this pleasant world dost see,
Believe, thou seest mere dreams and vanity,
Not real things, but false, and through the air
Each where an empty, slipp'ry scene, though fair
The chirping birds, the fresh woods' shady boughs,
The leaves' shrill whispers, when the west wind blows,
The swift, fierce greyhounds coursing on the plains,
The flying hare, distress'd 'twixt fear and pains,
The bloomy maid decking with flow'rs her head,
The gladsome, easy youth by light love led,
And whatsoever here with admiring eyes
Thou seem'st to see, 'tis but a frail disguise
Worn by eternal things, a passive dress
Put on by beings that are passiveless

From a Discourse *Of Temperance and Patience*
translated from Nierembergius (1654)

1 [INCERTI]

THE naked man too gets the field,
And often makes the armèd foe to yield

2 [LUCRETIUS, IV 1012-1020]

[SOME] struggle and groan as if by panthers torn,
Or lions' teeth, which makes them loudly mourn ,
Some others seem unto themselves to die ,
Some climb steep solitudes and mountains high,
From whence they seem to fall manely down,
Panting with fear, till wak'd, and scarce their own
They feel about them if in bed they lie,
Decerv'd with dreams, and Night's imagery

In vain with earnest strugglings they contend
To ease themselves for when they stir and bend
Their greatest force to do it, even then most
Of all they faint, and in their hopes are cross'd
Nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot will serve their turn,
But without speech and strength within, they mourn

3 [INCERTI]

THOU the nepenthe easing grief
Art, and the mind's healing relief.

4 [INCERTI]

BASE man ' and couldst thou think Cato alone
Wants courage to be dry ? and but him, none ?
Look'd I so soft ? breath'd I such base desires,
Not proof against this Lybic sun's weak fires ?
That shame and plague on thee more justly lie '
To drink alone, when all our troops are dry

For with brave rage he flung it on the sand,
And the spilt draught suffic'd each thirsty band

5 [INCERTI]

[DEATH keeps off]

And will not bear the cry
Of distress'd man, nor shut his weeping eye

6 [MAXIMUS]

It lives when kill'd, and brancheth when 'tis lopp'd.

7 [MAXIMUS]

LIKE some fair oak, that when her boughs
Are cut by rude hands, thicker grows ,
And from those wounds the iron made
Resumes a rich and fresher shade

8 [GREGORY NAZIANZEN]

PATIENCE digesteth misery

9 [MARIUS VICTOR]

—They fain would—if they might—
Descend to hide themselves in Hell So light
Of foot is Vengeance , and so near to sin,
That soon as done, the actors do begin
To fear and suffer by themselves Death moves
Before their eyes , sad dens and dusky groves
They haunt, and hope—vain hope which Fear doth
 guide !—
That those dark shades their inward guilt can hide

10 [INCERTI]

BUT night and day doth his own life molest,
And bears his judge and witness in his breast

11 [THEODOTUS]

VIRTUE's fair cares some people measure
For poisonous works that hinder pleasure

12 [INCERTI]

MAN should with virtue arm'd and hearten'd be,
And innocently watch his enemy
For fearless freedom, which none can control,
Is gotten by a pure and upright soul

13 [INCERTI]

WHOSE guilty soul, with terrors fraught, doth frame
New torments still, and still doth blow that flame
Which still burns him, nor sees what end can be
Of his dire plagues, and fruitful penalty,
But fears them living, and fears more to die,
Which makes his life a constant tragedy

14 [INCERTI]

AND for life's sake to lose the crown of life

15 [INCERTI]

NATURE even for herself doth lay a snare,
And handsome faces their own traitors are.

16 [MENANDER]

TRUE life in this is shown,
To live for all men's good, not for our own

17 [INCERTI]

As Egypt's drought by Nilus is redress'd,
So thy wise tongue doth comfort the oppress'd

18 [INCERTI]

[LIKE] to speedy posts, bear hence the lamp of life

19 [DIONYSIUS LYRINENSIS]

ALL worldly things, even while they grow, decay ,
As smoke doth, by ascending, waste away

20 [INCERTI]

To live a stranger unto life

From a *Discourse of Life and Death* translated
from Nierembergus (1654)

1 [INCERTI]

WHOSE hissings fright all Nature's monstrous ills,
His eye darts death, more swift than poison kills.
All monsters by instinct to him give place,
They fly for life, for death lives in his face,
And he alone by Nature's hid commands
Reigns paramount, and prince of all the sands.

2 [INCERTI]

THE plenteous evils of frail life fill the old
Their wasted limbs the loose skin in dry folds
Doth hang about their joints are numb'd, and through
Their veins, not blood, but rheums and waters flow
Their trembling bodies with a staff they stay,
Nor do they breathe, but sadly sigh all day
Thoughts tire their hearts, to them their very mind
Is a disease, their eyes no sleep can find

3 [MIMNERMUS]

AGAINST the virtuous man we all make head,
And hate him while he lives, but praise him dead
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4 [INCERTI]

LONG life, oppress'd with many woes,
Meets more, the further still it goes

5 [JUVENAL SATIRE X 278-286]

WHAT greater good had deck'd great Pompey's crown
Than death, if in his honours fully blown,
And mature glories he had died ? those piles
Of huge success, loud fame, and lofty styles
Built in his active youth, long lazy life
Saw quite demolish'd by ambitious strife
He lived to wear the weak and melting snow
Of luckless age, where garlands seldom grow,
But by repining Fate torn from the head
Which wore them once, are on another shed

6 [MENANDER FRAGM CXXVIII]

WHOM God doth take care for, and love,
He dies young here, to live above

7 [INCERTI]

SICKNESS and death, you are but sluggish things,
And cannot reach a heart that hath got wings

From *Primitive Holiness, set forth in the Life of
Blessed Paulinus* (1654)

1 [AUSONIUS EPIST XXIV 115-16]

LET me not weep to see thy ravish'd house
All sad and silent, without lord or spouse,
And all those vast dominions once thine own
Torn 'twixt a hundred slaves to me unknown

2 [AUSONIUS EPIST XXIII 30-1,
XXV 5-9, 14, 17]

How could that paper sent,
That luckless paper, merit thy contempt?
Ev'n foe to foe—though furiously—replies,
And the defied his enemy defies
Amidst the swords and wounds, there's a salute,
Rocks answer man, and though hard are not mute.
Nature made nothing dumb, nothing unkind
The trees and leaves speak trembling to the wind
If thou dost fear discoveries, and the blot
Of my love, Tanaquil shall know it not.

3 [PAULINUS CARM XI 1-5, X 189-92]

OBDURATE still and tongue-tied, you accuse
 —Though yours is ever vocal—my dull muse,
 You blame my lazy, lurking life, and add
 I scorn your love, a calumny most sad,
 Then tell me, that I fear my wife, and dart
 Harsh, cutting words against my dearest heart
 Leave, learnèd father, leave this bitter course,
 My studies are not turn'd unto the worse,
 I am not mad, nor idle, nor deny
 Your great deserts, and my debt, nor have I
 A wife like Tanaquil, as wildly you
 Object, but a Lucretia, chaste and true

4 [PAULINUS CARM XXXI 581-2, 585-90,
601-2, 607-12]

THIS pledge of your joint love, to heaven now fled,
 With honey combs and milk of life is fed
 Or with the Bethlem babes—whom Herod's rage
 Kill'd in their tender, happy, holy age—
 Doth walk the groves of Paradise, and make
 Garlands, which those young martyrs from him take
 With these his eyes on the mild Lamb are fix'd,
 A virgin child with virgin infants mix'd
 Such is my Celsus too, who soon as given,
 Was taken back—on the eighth day—to heaven

To whom at Alcala I sadly gave
Amongst the martyrs' tombs a little grave
He now with yours—gone both the blessed way—
Amongst the trees of life doth smile and play,
And this one drop of our mix'd blood may be
A light for my Therasia, and for me

5 [AUSONIUS EPIST XXV 50, 56-7, 60-2]

SWEET Paulinus, and is thy nature turn'd?
Have I so long in vain thy absence mourn'd?
Wilt thou, my glory, and great Rome's delight,
The Senate's prop, their oracle, and light,
In Bilbilis and Calagurris dwell,
Changing thy ivory chair for a dark cell?
Wilt bury there thy purple, and condemn
All the great honours of thy noble stem?

6 [PAULINUS CARM X 110-331]

SHALL I believe you can make me return,
Who pour your fruitless prayers when you mourn,
Not to your Maker? Who can hear you cry,
But to the fabled nymphs of Castaly?
You never shall by such false gods bring me
Either to Rome, or to your company
As for those former things you once did know,
And which you still call mine, I freely now
Confess, I am not he, whom you knew then,

I have died since, and have been born again
 Nor dare I think my sage instructor can
 Believe it error, for redeemed man
 To serve his great Redeemer I grieve not
 But glory so to err Let the wise knot
 Of worldlings call me fool, I slight their noise,
 And hear my God approving of my choice
 Man is but glass, a building of no trust,
 A moving shade, and, without Christ, mere dust
 His choice in life concerns the chooser much
 For when he dies, his good or ill—just such
 As here it was—goes with him hence, and stays
 Still by him, his strict judge in the last days
 These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I,
 While yet 'tis daylight, fix my busy eye
 Upon His sacred rules, life's precious sum
 Who in the twilight of the world shall come
 To judge the lofty looks, and show mankind
 The difference 'twixt the ill and well inclin'd
 This second coming of the world's great King
 Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring
 A saving care into my watchful soul,
 Lest in that day all vitiated and foul
 I should be found—that day, Time's utmost line,
 When all shall perish but what is divine,
 When the great trumpet's mighty blast shall shake
 The earth's foundations, till the hard rocks quake
 And melt like piles of snow, when lightnings move
 Like hail, and the white thrones are set above

That day, when sent in glory by the Father,
The Prince of Life His blest elect shall gather,
Millions of angels round about Him flying,
While all the kindreds of the Earth are crying,
And He enthron'd upon the clouds shall give
His last just sentence, who must die, who live.

This is the fear, this is the saving care
That makes me leave false honours, and that share
Which fell to me of this frail world, lest by
A frequent use of present pleasures I
Should quite forget the future, and let in
Foul atheism, or some presumptuous sin.
Now by their loss I have secur'd my life,
And bought my peace ev'n with the cause of strife.
I live to Him Who gave me life and breath,
And without fear expect the hour of death
If you like this, bid joy to my rich state,
If not, leave me to Christ at any rate

7 [PAULINUS]

AND is the bargain thought too dear,
To give for heaven our frail subsistence here?
To change our mortal with immortal homes,
And purchase the bright stars with darksome stones?
Behold! my God—a rate great as His breath!—
On the sad cross bought me with bitter death,
Did put on flesh, and suffer'd for our good,
For ours—vile slaves!—the loss of His dear blood

8 [EPITAPH ON MARCELLINA]

LIFE, Marcellina, leaving thy fair frame,
 Thou didst condemn those tombs of costly fame,
 Built by thy Roman ancestors, and hest
 At Milan, where great Ambrose sleeps in Christ
 Hope, the dead's life, and faith, which never faints,
 Made thee rest here, that thou mayst rise with saints

9 [PAULINUS VERSUS APUD EPIST
XXXII 3]

YOU that to wash your flesh and souls draw near,
 Ponder these two examples set you here
 Great Martin shows the holy life, and white,
 Paulinus to repentance doth invite ,
 Martin's pure, harmless life, took heaven by force,
 Paulinus took it by tears and remorse ,
 Martin leads through victorious palms and flow'rs,
 Paulinus leads you through the pools and show'rs ,
 You that are sinners, on Paulinus look,
 You that are saints, great Martin is your book ,
 The first example bright and holy is,
 The last, though sad and weeping, leads to bliss

10 [PAULINUS VERSUS APUD EPIST
XXXII 5]

HERE the great well spring of wash'd souls with
beams
Of living light quickens the lively streams ,
The Dove descends, and stirs them with her wings,
So weds these waters to the upper springs
They straight conceive , a new birth doth proceed
From the bright streams by an immortal seed
O the rare love of God ! sinners wash'd here
Come forth pure saints, all justified and clear
So blest in death and life, man dies to sins,
And lives to God sin dies, and life begins
To be reviv'd old Adam falls away
And the new lives, born for eternal sway

11 [PAULINUS VERSUS APUD EPIST
XXXII 12.]

THROUGH pleasant green fields enter you the way
To bliss , and well through shades and blossoms may
The walks lead here, from whence directly lies
The good man's path to sacred Paradise.

314 *FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS*

12 [PAULINUS VERSUS APUD EPIST
XXXII 14]

THE painful cross with flowers and palms is crown'd,
Which prove, it springs, though all in blood 'tis
drown'd,
The doves above it show with one consent,
Heaven opens only to the innocent

13 [PAULINUS CARM XXVII 387-92]

You see what splendour through the spacious aisle,
As if the Church were glorified, doth smile
The ivory wrought beams seem to the sight
Engraven, while the carv'd roof looks curl'd and
bright
On brass hoops to the upmost vaults we tie
The hovering lamps, which nod and tremble by
The yielding cords, fresh oil doth still repair
The waving flames, vex'd with the fleeting air

14 [PAULINUS VERSUS APUD EPIST
XXXII 17]

THE pains of Saints and Saints' rewards are twins,
The sad cross, and the crown which the cross wins
Here Christ, the Prince both of the cross and crown,
Amongst fresh groves and hies fully blown

Stands, a white Lamb bearing the purple cross
White shows His pureness, red His blood's dear loss
To ease His sorrows the chaste turtle sings,
And fans Him, sweating blood, with her bright
wings ,

While from a shining cloud the Father eyes
His Son's sad conflict with His enemies,
And on His blessed head lets gently down
Eternal glory made into a crown.

About Him stand two flocks of diff ring notes,
One of white sheep, and one of speckled goats ,
The first possess His right hand, and the last
Stand on His left , the spotted goats are cast
All into thick, deep shades, while from His right
The white sheep pass into a whiter light

15 [PAULINUS]

THOSE sacred days by tedious Time delay'd,
While the slow years' bright line about is laid,
I patiently expect, though much distrest
By busy .onging and a love sick breast.
I wish they may outshine all other days ,
Or, when they come, so recompense delays
As to outlast the summer hours' bright length ,
Or that fam'd day, when stopp'd by divine strength
The sun did tire the world with his long light,
Doubling men's labours, and adjourning night.

As the bright sky with stars, the field with flow'rs,
 The years with diff'ring seasons, months and hours,
 God hath distinguishèd and mark'd, so He
 With sacred feasts did ease and beautify
 The working days because that mixture may
 Make men—loth to be holy ev'ry day—
 After long labours, with a freer will,
 Adore their Maker, and keep mindful still
 Of holness, by keeping holy days
 For otherwise they would dislike the ways
 Of piety as too severe To cast
 Old customs quite off, and from sin to fast
 Is a great work To run which way we will,
 On plains is easy, not so up a hill

Hence 'tis our good God—Who would all men
 bring

Under the covert of His saving wing—
 Appointed at set times His solemn feasts,
 That by mean services men might at least
 Take hold of Christ as by the hem, and steal
 Help from His lowest skirts, their souls to heal

For the first step to heaven is to live well
 All our life long, and each day to excel
 In holness, but since that tares are found
 In the best corn, and thistles will confound
 And prick my heart with vain cares, I will strive
 To weed them out on feast days, and so thrive
 By handfuls, 'till I may full life obtain,
 And not be swallow'd of eterna^l pain

16 [PAULINUS (?) CARM APP I]

COME, my true consort in my joys and care¹
 Let this uncertain and still wasting share
 Of our frail life be giv'n to God You see
 How the swift days drive hence incessantly,
 And the frail, drooping world—though still thought
 gay¹—

In secret, slow consumption wears away
 All that we have pass from us, and once past
 Return no more, like clouds, they seem to last,
 And so delude loose, greedy minds But where
 Are now those trim deceits? to what dark sphere
 Are all those false fires sunk, which once so shin'd,
 They captivated souls, and rul'd mankind?
 He that with fifty ploughs his lands did sow,
 Will scarce be trusted for two oxen now,
 His rich, loud coach, known to each crowded street,
 Is sold, and he quite tir'd walks on his feet
 Merchants that—like the sun—their voyage made
 From East to West, and by wholesale did trade,
 Are now turn'd sculler men, or sadly sweat
 In a poor fisher's boat, with line and net.
 Kingdoms and cities to a period tend,
 Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end,
 Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and war,
 Tortures and prisons, die both near and far;
 Fury and hate rage in each living breast,

¹ The original has *gay*

Princes with princes, States with States contest ,
 An universal discord mads each land,
 Peace is quite lost, the last times are at hand
 But were these days from the Last Day secure,
 So that the world might for more years endure,
 Yet we—like hirelings—should our term expect,
 And on our day of death each day reflect
 For what—Therasia—doth it us avail
 That spacious streams shall flow and never fail,
 That aged forests hie to tire the winos,
 And flow'rs each Spring return and keep their kinds !
 Those still remain but all our fathers died,
 And we ourselves but for few days abide

This short time then was not giv'n us in vain,
 To whom Time dies, in which we dying gain,
 But that in time eternal life should be
 Our care, and endless rest our industry
 And yet this task, which the rebellious deem
 Too harsh, who God's mild laws for chains esteem,
 Suits with the meek and harmless heart so right
 That 'tis all ease, all comfort and delight
 "To love our God with all our strength and will ,
 To covet nothing , to devise no ill
 Against our neighbours , to procure or do
 Nothing to others, which we would not to
 Our very selves , not to revenge our wrong ,
 To be content with little, not to long
 For wealth and greatness , to despise or jeer
 No man, and if we be despised, to bear ,

To feed the hungry , to hold fast our crown ,
 To take from others naught , to give our own,"
 —These are His precepts and—alas !—in these
 What is so hard, but faith can do with ease ?
 He that the holy prophets doth believe,
 And on God's words relies, words that still live
 And cannot die , that in his heart hath writ
 His Saviour's death and triumph, and doth yet
 With constant care, admitting no neglect,
 His second, dreadful coming still expect
 To such a liver earthy things are dead,
 With Heav'n alone, and hopes of Heav'n, he's fed,
 He is no vassal unto worldly trash,
 Nor that black knowledge which pretends to wash,
 But doth defile a knowledge, by which men
 With studied care lose Paradise again
 Commands and titles, the vain world's device,
 With gold—the forward seed of sin and vice—
 He never minds . his aim is far more high,
 And stoops to nothing lower than the sky
 Nor grief, nor pleasures breed him any pain,
 He nothing fears to lose, would nothing gain,
 Whatever hath not God, he doth detest,
 He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest.
 This Holy One sent hither from above
 A virgin brought forth, shadow'd by the Dove ,
 His skin with stripes, with wicked hands His face
 And with foul spittle soil'd and beaten was ,
 A crown of thorns His blessed head did wound

Nails pierc'd His hands and feet, and He fast bound
 Stuck to the painful Cross, where hang'd till dead,
 With a cold spear His heart's dear blood was shed.
 All this for man, for bad, ungrateful man,
 The true God suffer'd ' not that suff'rings can
 Add to His glory aught, Who can receive
 Access from nothing, Whom none can bereave
 Of His all fulness but the blest design
 Of His sad death was to save me from mine
 He dying bore my sins, and the third day
 His early rising rais'd me from the clay
 To such great mercies what shall I prefer,
 Or who from loving God shall me deter?
 Burn me alive, with curious, skilful pain,
 Cut up and search each warm and breathing vein,
 When all is done, death brings a quick release,
 And the poor mangled body sleeps in peace
 Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brass,
 My still free soul from thence to God shall pass
 Banish or bind me, I can be nowhere
 A stranger, nor alone, my God is there
 I fear not famine, how can he be said
 To starve who feeds upon the Living Bread?
 And yet this courage springs not from my store,
 Christ gave it me, Who can give much, much more
 I of myself can nothing dare or do,
 He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too
 If—I like great Abr'ham—I should have command
 To leave my father's house and native land,

I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the banner of His blessed Son
On worldly goods I will have no design,
But use my own, as if mine were not mine ,
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatness seek,
But choose—though laugh'd at—to be poor and meek
In woe and wealth I'll keep the same staid mind,
Grief shall not break me, nor joys make me blind
My dearest Jesus I'll still praise, and He
Shall with songs of deliv'rance compass me

Then come, my faithful consort ' join with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be ,
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray,
Let us be each the other's guide and stay ,
Be your lord's guardian give joint aid and due,
Help him when fall'n, rise, when he helpeth you,
That so we may not only one flesh be,
But in one spirit and one will agree.

322 *FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS*

From *Hermetical Physic* translated from Henry
Nollus (1655)

1 [HORACE EPIST I 1, 14-5]

WHERE'ER my fancy calls, there I go still,
Not sworn a slave to any master's will

2 [INCERTI]

There's need, betwixt his clothes, his bed and board,
Of all that Earth and Sea and Air afford

3 [INCERTI]

WITH restless cares they waste the night and day,
To compass great estates, and get the sway

4 [JUVENAL SATIRE XV 160-164.]

WHENEVER did, I pray,
One lion take another's life away?
Or in what forest did a wild boar by
The tusks of his own fellow wounded die?
Tigers with tigers never have debate,
And bears among themselves abstain from hate

5 [JUVENAL SATIRE XV 169-171]

[SOME] esteem it no point of revenge to kill,
Unless they may drink up the blood they spill
Who do believe that hands, and hearts, and heads,
Are but a kind of meat, etc.

6 [INCERTI]

THE strongest body and the best
Cannot subsist without due rest.

From Thomas Powell's *Cerbyd Fechydwaeth* (1657)

1 [THE LORD'S PRAYER]

Y Pader, pan trier, Duw tri a'i dododd
O'i dadol ddaioni,
Yn faen gwaddan i bob gweddi,
Ac athrawieth a wnaeth i ni.

OL[OR] VAUGHAN

From Thomas Powell's *Humane Industry* (1661)

1 [CAMPION EPIGR I 151]

TIME'S TELLER wrought into a little round,
Which count'st the days and nights with watchful
sound,
How—when once fix'd—with busy wheels dost thou
The twice twelve useful hours drive on and show,
And where I go, go'st with me without strife,
The monitor and ease of fleeting life

2 [GROTIUS LIB EPIGR II]

THE untired strength of never ceasing motion,
A restless rest, a toilless operation,
Heaven then had given it, when wise Nature did
To frail and solid things one place forbid,
And parting both, made the moon's orb their bound,
Damm'g to various change this lower ground
But now what Nature hath those laws transgress'd,
Giving to Earth a work that ne'er will rest?
Though 'tis most strange, yet—great King—'tis not
new.

This work was seen and found before, in you
In you, whose mind—though still calm—never sleeps,
But through your realms one constant motion keeps
As your mind—then—was Heaven's type first, so this
But the taught anti type of your mind is

3 [JUVENAL SATIRE III]

How oft have we beheld wild beasts appear
From broken gulfs of earth, upon some part
Of sand that did not sink ! How often there
And thence, did golden boughs o'er saffron'd start !
Nor only saw we monsters of the wood,
But I have seen sea calves whom bears withstood ,
And such a kind of beast as might be named
A horse, but in most foul proportion framed.

4 [MARTIAL. EPIGR. I 105]

THAT the fierce pard doth at a beck
Yield to the yoke his spotted neck,
And the untoward tiger bear
The whip with a submissive fear ,
That stags do foam with golden bits.
And the rough Libyc bear submits
Unto the ring , that a wild boar
Like that which Calydon of yore

Brought forth, doth mildly put his head
In purple muzzles to be led ,
That the vast, strong limb'd buffles draw
The British chariots with taught awe,
And the elephant with courtship falls
To any dance the negro calls
Would not you think such sports as those
Were shows which the gods did expose ?
But these are nothing, when we see
That hares by lions hunted be, etc

NOTES TO VOL. II

NOTES TO VOL. II

POEMS WITH THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL ENGLISHED

Most of the poems in this volume of 1646 appear to belong to Vaughan's sojourn as a law student in London that, however, on the Priory Grove must have been written after he had retired to Wales on the outbreak of the Civil War

P 5 TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, R. W.

It is probable that this is the R. W. of the *Elegy in Olor Iscannus* (p. 79). On the attempts to identify him, see the note to that poem. The *Poems* of 1646 must have been published while his fate was still unknown.

Pints & the Moon or Star These are names of rooms, rather than of inns. Cf. Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 30, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon."

P 6 *Randolph*. The works of Randolph here referred to are his comedy *The Jealous Lovers*, his pastoral *Amyntas*, or *The Impossible Dowry*, and the following verses *On the Death of a Nightingale* —

"Go, solitary wood, and henceforth be
Acquainted with no other harmony

Than the pie s chattering, or the shrieking note
 Of boding owls, and fatal raven s throat
 Thy sweetest chanter s dead, that warbled forth
 Lays that might tempests calm, and still the north,
 And call down angels from their glorious sphere
 To hear her songs, and learn new anthems there
 That soul is fled and to Elysium gone,
 Thou a poor desert left , go then and run
 Beg there to want a grove, and if she please
 To sing again beneath thy shadowy trees,
 The souls of happy lovers crowned with blisses
 Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kisses."

P 8 LES AMOURS

Lines 22-24 are misprinted in the original, they there run —

"O'er all the tomb a sudden spring
 If crimson flowers, whose drooping heads
 Shall curtain o'er their mournful heads '

P 10 TO AMORET

The Amoret of these *Poems* may or may not be the Etesia of *Thalia Rediviva*, and she may or may not have been the poet's first wife Cf *Introduction* (vol. I, p xxxiii)

To her white bosom Cf *Hamlet*, II. 2, 113, where Hamlet addresses a letter to Ophelia, "in her excellent white bosom, these.

P 12 SONG

The MS variant readings to this and to two of the following poems are written in pencil on a copy of the *Poems* in the British Museum, having the press mark 12304, a 24 There is no indication of their author, or of the source from which they are taken.

P 13 TO AMORET

The vast ring Cf *Silex Scintillans* (vol I, pp 150, 284)

P 18 A RHAPSODIS.

The Globe Tavern This appears to have been near or even a part of, the famous theatre There exists a forged letter of George Peele's in which it is mentioned as a resort of Shakespeare's, but there is no authentic allusion to it by name earlier than an entry in the registers of St Saviour's Southwark for 1637 An "alehouse" is however, alluded to in a ballad on the burning of the old Globe in 1613 (Rendle and Norman, *Inns of Old Southwark*, p 326)

Tower Wharf to Cymbeline and Lud, that is, from the extreme east to the extreme west of the City Statues of the mythical kings of Britain were set up in 1260 in niches on Ludgate. They were renewed when the gate was rebuilt in 1586 It stood near the Church of St. Martin's, Ludgate.

That made his horse a senator i.e. Caligula. Cf Suetonius Vit Caligulae, 55 "*Instituto equo, cuius causa pridie circenses, ne inquietaretur, vicinae silentium per milites indicere solebat, praeter equile marmoreum et praesepe eburneum praeterque purpurea tegumenta ac monilia e gemmas, donum etiam et familiam et suppellectilem dedit, quo lautius nomine eius invitati acciperentur, consulatum quoque traditur destinasse*"

he that crossed Rubicon, i.e. Julius Caesar.

P 21 TO AMORET

The third stanza is closely modelled on Donne, cf Introduction (vol. 1, p. xxi) The curious reader may detect many other traces of Donne's manner of writing in these *Poems* of 1646

P 23 TO AMORET WEeping.

Eat orphans *patent it* The ambition of a courtier under the Stuarts was to get the guardianship of a royal ward, or the grant of a monopoly in some article of necessity Dr Grosart quotes from Tustin's *Observations, or Conscience Emblems* (1646) "By me, John Tustin, who hath been plundered and spoiled by the patentees for white and grey soap, eighteen several times, to his utter undoing"

P 26 UPON THE PRIORY GROVE, HIS USUAL RETIREMENT

Mr Beeching, in the *Introduction* (vol 1, p xxiii), states following Dr Grosart, that the Priory Grove was "the home of a famous poetess of the day, Katherine Phillips, better known as "the Matchless Orinda". Vaughan was certainly a friend of Mrs. Phillips (*cf* pp 100, 164 211, with notes), whose husband Colonel James Phillips lived at the Priory, Cardigan but she was not married until 1647.

Miss Morgan points out that there is still a wood on the outskirts of Brecon which is known as the Priory Grove. It is near the church and remains of a Benedictine Priory on the Honddu.

P 28 JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE TRANSLATED

This translation has a separate title page, *cf* the *Bibliography* (vol II, p lvii).

OLOR ISCANUS

This volume, published in 1651, contains, besides the poems here reprinted, some prose translations from Plutarch and other writers. The separate title pages of these are given in the *Bibliography* (vol II, p lvi) the incidental scraps of verse in them appear on pp 291-293 of the present volume. The edition of 1651 has, besides the printed title page, an engraved title page by the well known engraver, who may or may not have been a kinsman of the poet, Robert Vaughan. It represents a swan on a river shaded by trees. The *Olor Iscanus* was reissued with a fresh title page in 1679.

P 52 AD POSTEROS

On the account of Vaughan's life here given, see the *Biographical note* (vol II, p xxx)

Herbertus Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock
Cf the poem to him on p 158, with its note

Castae fidaeque parentis, i.e., perhaps, his mother the Church.

Nec manus atra fuit Dr Grosart omitted the *fuit*, together with the final *s* of the preceding line. In this he is naïvely followed by Mr J R. Tutin, in his selection of Vaughan's *Secular Poems*.

P 53 TO THE LORD KILDARE DIGBY

Lord Kildare Digby was the eldest son of Robert, first Baron Digby in the peerage of Ireland. He succeeded to the title in 1642. He was about 21 at the time of this dedication, and died in 1661 (Dr Grosart).

The date of the dedication is 17th of December, 1647. A volume was therefore probably prepared for publication at that date, and afterwards, as we learn from the publisher's preface "condemned to obscurity, and given surreptitiously to the world. At the same time, as Miss Morgan points out to me, some of the poems in *Olor Iscanus* must be of later date than 1647. The death of Charles I is apparently alluded to in the lines *Ad Posteror*, and certainly in the "since Charles his reign of the *Invitation to Brecknock* (p. 74). This event took place on January 30th, 1648. The *Eptaph upon the Lady Elizabeth* (p. 102), again, cannot be earlier than her death on September 8th, 1650.

P 54 THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

Augustus vindex. The lives of Vergil attributed to Donatus and others relate that the poet, in his will, directed that his unfinished *Aeneid* should be burnt. Augustus, however, interfered and ordered its publication.

P 57 COMMENDATORY VERSES

These are signed by *T. Powell, Oxoniensis*, *I. Rowlandson, Oxoniensis*, and *Eugenius Philalethes, Oxoniensis*. Thomas Powell, one of the Powells of Cantreff, in Breconshire, was born in 1608. He matriculated from Jesus College on January 25th, 1623, took his B.A. in 1629 and his M.A. in 1632, and became a Fellow of the College. He was Rector of Cantreff and Vicar of Brecknock, but was ejected by the Commissioners for the Propagation of the Gospel and went abroad. At the Restoration he returned to Cantreff and was made D.D. and Canon of St. David's. But for his death, on the 31st December, 1660, he would probably have become Bishop of Bristol. He was the author of several books of no great importance. He appears to have been a close friend of Vaughan, who addresses various poems to him, and contributed others to his books. See *Olor Iscanus*, pp. 97, 159, *Thalia Rediviva*, pp. 178, 200, 267, *Fragments and Translations*, pp. 323-326. Powell, in return wrote com-

mentatory poems to both the *Olor Iscanus* and the *Thalia Rediviva*

I Rowlandson This may have been John Rowlandson of Queen's College, Oxford, who matriculated the 17th October, 1634 aged 17, took his B A in 1636, and his M A in 1639. Either he or his father, James Rowlandson, also of Queen's College, was sequestered by the Westminster Assembly to the vicarage of Battle Sussex in 1644. He left it shortly after and 'returned to his benefice from whence he was before thence driven by the forces raised against the parliament.' (See Addl MS 15,669 f 17). There was also another James Rowlandson son of James Rowlandson D D, Canon of Windsor, who matriculated from Queen's College on the 9th November, 1632, aged 17 and took his B A in 1637 —G G

Eugenus Philalethes The author's brother Thomas Vaughan. See the *Biographical Note* (vol II, p xxxiii)

P 39 *that lamentable nation, &c* the Scotch.

P 61 OLOR ISCANUS.

Ausonius The famous schoolmaster, rhetorician and courtier of the early fourth century was born at Bordeaux. One of his most famous poems is the *Mosella* (Idyll X), a description of the river and its fish.

Cas'ara Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, Lord Powys, and wife of the Worcestershire poet William Habington, who celebrated her in his poems under that name. The *Cas'ara* was published in 1634.

Sabrina, the tutelary nymph of the Severn. Cf the invocation of her in Milton's *Comus*.

May the evet and the toad This passage is imitated from W Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Bk I, Song 2, II, 277 sqq.

" May never evet nor the toad
Within thy banks make their abode '
Taking thy journey from the sea,
May st thou ne'er happen in thy way

On nitre or on brimstone mine,
 To spoil thy taste ' this spring of thine
 Let it of nothing taste but earth,
 And salt conceived, in their birth
 Be ever fresh ' Let no man dare
 To spoil thy fish, make lock or ware
 But on thy margent still let dwell
 Those flowers which have the sweetest smell
 And let the dust upon thy strand
 Become like Tagus golden sand.
 Let as much good betide to thee,
 As thou hast favour show d to me " G G

flames that are canicular Cf *A Dialogue between
 Sir Henry Wotton and Mr Donne* (Poems of John Donne,
Muses Library, Vol I, p 79)

" I'll never dig in quarry of a heart
 To have no part,
 Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
 Canicular

P 65 THE CHARNEL HOUSE

Kelder a caldron, cf J Cleveland, *The King's Disguise*

" The sun wears midnight, day is beetle brow d,
 And lightning is in kelder of a cloud

A second fiat's care The allusion is to *Genesis* 1 3 " And
 God said, Let there be light (in the Vulgate, *Fiat lux*), and
 there was light, cf Donne, *The Storm* (*Muses Library*,
 II 4)

" Since all forms uniform deformity
 Doth cover, so that we, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day '

P 70. TO HIS FRIEND —

Miss Morgan thinks that the "friend" of this poem, whose
 name is shown by the first line to have been James, may
 perhaps be identified with the James Howell of the *Epistolae*

Ho Elianae Howell had Vaughans amongst his cousins and correspondents, but these appear to have been of the Golden Grove family

P 73 TO HIS RETIRED FRIEND—AN INVITATION TO
BRECKNOCK

her foul, polluted walls Miss Morgan quotes a statement from Grose's *Antiquities* to the effect that the walls of Brecknock were pulled down by the inhabitants during the Civil War in order to avoid having to support a garrison or stand a siege

the Greek is Hercules when in love with Omphale.

Domitian like Cf Suetonius, *Vita Domitiani*, 3 *Inter inania principatus cotidie secretum sibi horarum sumere solebat, nec quicquam amplius quam muscas captare ac stilo praeacuto configere*

Since Charles his reign This poem must date from after the execution of Charles I, on January 30, 1649. It would appear therefore that Vaughan was living in Brecknock and not at Newton about the time that the *Olor Iscarnus* was published

P 77 MONSIEUR GOMBAULD

The writer referred to is John Ogier de Gombauld (1567-1666). His prose tale of *Endymion* was translated by Richard Hurst in 1637. *Ismena* and *Diophania* who was metamorphosed into a myrtle, are characters in the story. *Pernardes* is a hill in Armenia whence the Euphrates takes its course.

P 79 AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR R. W. SLAIN
IN THE LATE UNFORTUNATE DIFFERENCES AT ROUTON
HEATH, NEAR CHESTER.

The battle of Routon, or Rowton, Heath took place on September 24, 1645. The Royalist forces, under Charles I and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, advancing to raise the siege of Chester, were met and routed by the Parliamentarians under Poyntz. The contemporary pamphlets give a long list of the

prisoners taken at Routon Heath, but name hardly any of those slain. It is therefore difficult to say who R. W., evidently a dear friend of Vaughan's, may have been. He appears to have been missing for a year before he was finally given up. From lines 25-27 we learn that he was a young man of only twenty. The most likely suggestion for his identification seems to me that of Mr. C. H. Firth, who points out to me that the name of one Roger Wood occurs in the list of Catholics who fell in the King's service as having been slain at Chester. Miss Southall (*Songs of Siluria*, 1890, p. 124) suggests that he may have been either Richard Williams, a nephew of Sir Henry Williams of Gwernyfed, who died unmarried, or else a son of Richard Winter of Llanggoed. He might also, I think, have been one of Vaughan's wife's family, the Wises, and possibly also a Walbeoffe. A reference to the Walbeoffe pedigree in the note to p. 189 will show that there was a Robert Walbeoffe, brother of C. W. Miss Morgan thinks that he is a generation too old, and that the unnamed son of C. W., who, according to his tombstone did not survive him, may have been a Robert, and the R. W. in question. On the question whether Vaughan was himself present at Pouton Heath see the *Biographical Note* (vol. II, p. xxviii).

P. 83. UPON A CLOAK LENT HIM BY MR. J. RIDSLEY

I do not know who Mr. Ridsley was. On the references to Vaughan's "juggling fate of soldiery" in this poem, see the *Biographical Note* (vol. II, p. xxviii).

craggy Biston, and the fatal Dee. Chester stands, of course, on the Dee, which is "fatal" as the scene of disasters to the Royalist cause. Dr. Grosart explains Biston as "Bishopston (or Bishopstone) in Monmouthshire, and adds, "Craggy Biston refers, no doubt, to certain caves there. The Poet's school boy rambles from Llangattock doubtless included Bishopston. I think that Biston is clearly Beeston Castle, one of the outlying defences of Chester, which played a considerable part in the siege. It surrendered on November 5, 1645, and the small garrison was permitted to march to Denbigh.

(J R Phillips, *The Civil War in Wales and the Marches* vol 1, p 343)

Micro cosmography, the world represented on a small scale in man Vaughan means that he had as many lines on him as a map

Speed's Old Britons John Speed (1553-1629) published his *History of Great Britain* in 1614

King Harry's Chapel at Westminster with its tombs, was already one of the sights of London

Brownist The Brownists were the religious followers of Robert Browne (c. 1550-c. 1633) they were afterwards known as Independents or Congregationalists

P 86 UPON MR. FLETCHER'S PLAYS

The first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies* was published in 1647 Vaughan's lines are not, however amongst the commendatory verses there given

Field's or Swansted's overthrow Nathaniel Field and Elhard Swanston, who appears to be meant by Swansted, were well known actors They were both members of the King's Company about 1633

P 90 UPON THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF THE EVER MEMORABLE MR. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

This was printed together with verses by Tho Vaughan and many other writers, in William Cartwright's *Comedies Tragicomedies, with other Poems*, 1651

P 94 AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR R HALL, SLAIN AT PONTEFRAC, 1648

Miss Southall thinks that the subject of this elegy may have been a son of Richard Hall, of High Meadow, in the Forest of Dean, co Gloucester The Hall's were connected with the Winters, a Breconshire family Mr C H Firth ingeniously suggests to me that for R Hall we should read R Hallifax, and points out that a Robert Hallyfax was one of the garrison at the first siege of Pontefract in 1645 He may have been at the second siege also (R. Holmes *Sieges of Pontefract* p. 20.)

P 97 TO MY LEARNED FRIEND, MR T POWELL, UPON
HIS TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI'S "CHRISTIAN POLITI-
CIAN

The book referred to is *The Pourtract of the Politicke Christian Favourite* By Marquesse Virgilio Malvezzi, 1647 This is a translation of *Il Ritratto del Privato Politico Cristiano*, published at Bologna in 1635 It does not contain Vaughan's verses, and no translator's name is given The preface of another translation from Malvezzi, the *Stoa Triumphans* (1651), is, however, signed "T P"

P 99 TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER T LEWES.

Some of the lines in this poem are borrowed from Horace's verses, *Ad Thaliarcham* (Book I, Ode 9)

"Vides, ut alta stet nive candida
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere,
Quam sors dierum cunque debet, lucro
Appone'

G G

Dr Grosart thinks that T Lewes was "probably of Maes mawr, opposite Newton, on the south side of the Usk. Miss Southall identifies him with Thomas Lewis, incumbent in 1635 of Llanfigan near Llansantffread He was expelled from his living, but returned to it at the Restoration.

P 100. TO THE MOST EXCELLENTLY ACCOMPLISHED
MRS K. PHILIPS

Katherine Philips by birth Katherine Fowler, became the wife in 1647 of Colonel James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan She was a wit and poetess, and well known to a large circle of friends as 'the matchless Orinda. Each member of her coterie had a similar fantastic pseudonym, and it is possible that this may account for the Etesia and Timander, the Fida

and Lysimachus, of Vaughan's poems. The poems of Orinda were surreptitiously published in 1664, and in an authorised version in 1667. They include her poem on Vaughan, afterwards prefixed to *Thalia Rediviva* (cf p 169), but are not accompanied by the present verses nor by those to her editor in *Thalia Rediviva* (p 211).

A Persian votary—i.e., a Parsee, or fire worshipper

P 102 AN EPITAPH UPON THE LADY ELIZABETH, SECOND
DAUGHTER TO HIS LATE MAJESTY

Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I, was born in 1635. She suffered from ill health and grief after her father's execution, and died at Carisbrooke on September 8 1650. This poem, therefore, like others in the volume, must be of later date than the dedication.

P 104. TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, UPON HIS
GONDIBERT

Davenant's *Gondibert* was first published in 1651. It does not contain Vaughan's verses.

thy aged sire Is this an allusion to the story that Davenant was in reality the son of William Shakespeare?

Biritha, the heroine of *Gondibert*.

P 119. CUPIDO [CRUCI AFFIXUS].

Another translation of Ausonius' poems was published by Thomas Stanley in 1649. There is nothing in the original corresponding to the last four lines of Vaughan's translation.

Ll 89-94. The Latin is

"Se quisque absolvere gestit,

Transferat ut proprias aliena in crimina culpas

Vaughan's simile is borrowed from Donne's *Fourth Elegy* (*Muses Library*, I, 107)

"as a thief at bar is questioned there,

By all the men that have been robb'd that year "

P 125 TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS

These translations are from the *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, a medley of prose and verse. Vaughan has translated all the verse in the first two books except the Metrum 3 of Book I and Metrum 6 of Book II. The headings of Metra 7 and 8 of Book II are given in error in *Olor Iscannus* as Metra 6 and 7. Some further translations from Books III and IV will be found in *Thalia Rediviva* pp 224-235.

P 144 TRANSLATIONS FROM CASIMIRUS

These translations are from the Polish poet Mathias Casimirus Sarbievius, or Sarbiewski (1595-1640). His Latin *Lyrice* and *Epodes*, modelled on Horace, were published in 1625-1631. Sarbiewski was a Jesuit, and a complete edition of his poems was published by the Jesuits in 1892.

P 158 VENERABILI VIRO PRAECEPTORI SUO OLIM ET SEMPER COLENDISSIMO MAGISTRO MATHAEO HERBERT

Matthew Herbert was Rector of Llangattock and apparently acted as tutor to the young Vaughans. He is mentioned in the lines *Ad Posteror* (p 51). Thomas Vaughan also has two sets of Latin verses to him (Grosart II, 349) and dedicated to him his *Man Mouse taken in a Trap* (1650). On July 19, 1655 he petitioned for the discharge of the sequestration on his rectory, which had been sequestered for the delinquency of the Earl of Worcester (*Cal Proc Ctee for Compositions*, p 1713). He died in 1660.

P 159 PRAESTANTISSIMO VIRO THOMAE POELLO IN SUUM DE ELEMENTIS OPTICAE LIBELLUM

The *Elementa Opticae* appeared in 1649. It has no name on the title page, but the preface is signed 'T P', and dated 1649. It contains the present prefatory verses, together with some others also in Latin, by Eugenius Philalethes (Thomas Vaughan).

THALIA REDIVIVA

This volume, published in 1578, at a late date in Henry Vaughan's life twenty three years after the second part of *Silex Scintillans*, must have been written, at least in part, much earlier. The poem on *The King Disguised*, for instance, goes back to 1646. At the end of the volume, with a separate title page (*cf Bibliography*), come the Verse Remains of the poet's brother, Thomas Vaughan. This is the rarest of Vaughan's collections of poems. The copy once in Mr Corser's collection, and now in the British Museum was believed to be unique. It was used both by Lyte and Dr Grosart. But Miss Morgan has come across two other copies: one in Mr Locker Lampson's library at Rowfant, the other in that of Mr Joseph, at Brecon.

P 163 THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Henry Somerset, third Marquis of Worcester, was created Duke of Beaufort in 1682. He was a distant kinsman of Vaughans, whose great great grandfather, William Vaughan of Tretower, married Frances Somerset, granddaughter of Henry Earl of Worcester. He was a firm adherent of the Stuarts, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III (Dr Grosart).

P 164 COMMENDATORY VERSES

These are signed by *Orinda*, *Tho Powell*, *D D*, *N W*, *Ies Coll*, *Oxon*, *I W*, *A M Oxon*.

On *Orinda*, *cf* the note to p 100 and on Dr Powell, *that to*
P 57

Mr Firth suggests that N W, of Jesus, probably a young man, who imitates Cowley's *Pindarics*, and does not claim any personal acquaintance with Vaughan may be N[athaniel] W[illiams] son of Thomas Williams, of Swansea, who matriculated in 1672, or N[icholas] W[adham], of Rhydodyn, Carmarthen, who matriculated in 1669

I W, also an Oxford man is probably the writer of the prefaces to the Marquis of Worcester and to the Reader which are signed respectively J W and I W Mr Firth suggests that he may be J[ohn] W[illiams], son of Sir Henry Williams of Gwernevet Brecon, who matriculated at Brasenose in 1642 I have thought that he might be Vaughan's cousin, the second John Walbeoffe (*cf* p 189, note), who is mentioned in Thomas Vaughan's diary (*cf* *Biographical Note*, vol II, p xxxviii), but there is no proof that Walbeoffe was an Oxford man Perhaps he is the friend James to whom a poem in *Olor Iscanus* is addressed (p 70)

P 178 TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND AND LOYAL FELLOW
PRISONER, THOMAS POWEL OF CANT[REFF], DOCTOR OF
DIVINITY

On Dr Powell, *cf* note to p 57 Vaughan's reason for calling him a "fellow prisoner" is discussed in the *Biographical Note* (vol II, p xxxii)

P 181 THE KING DISGUISED

John Cleveland's poem, *The King's Disguise*, here referred to, was first published as a pamphlet on January 21, 1646 It appears in Cleveland's *Works* (1687) The disguising was on the occasion of Charles the First's flight, on April 27, 1646, from Oxford to the Scottish camp, of which Dr Gardiner writes (*History of the Civil War*, Ch xli) "At three in the morning of the 27th, Charles, disguised as a servant, with his beard and hair closely trimmed, passed over Magdalen Bridge in apparent attendance upon Ashburnham and Hudson

P 187 TO MR. M. L. UPON HIS REDUCTION OF THE
PSALMS INTO METHOD

Dr Grosart identifies M. L. with Matthew Locke, of whom Roger North says, in his *Memoirs of Music* (4to, 1846, p. 96) "He set most of the Psalms to music in parts, for the use of some virtuoso ladies in the city." Locke's setting of the *Psalms* exists only in MS. A copy was in the library of Dr E. F. Rimbault, who thinks that the author assisted Playford in his *Whole Book of Psalms* (1677). In 1677 he died.

P 189 TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF C[HARLES] W[ALBEOFFE]
ESQUIRE.

Charles Walbeoffe was a man of considerable importance in Brecknockshire. His name occurs several times in State papers of the period. A petition of his concerning a ward is dated October 12, 1640 (*Cal. S. P. Dom.*, Car. I., 470. 113). He was High Sheriff in 1648 (Harl. MS. 2,289, f. 174), and a fragment of a warrant signed by him on April 17 of that year to Thomas Vaughan, treasurer of the county, for the monthly assessment, is in Harl. MS. 6,831, f. 13. As we might perhaps gather from Vaughan's poem, he does not seem to have taken an active part in the Civil War. He did not, like some other members of his family, sign the *Declaration of Brecknock* for the Parliament on November 23, 1645 (J. R. Phillips, *Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, II. 284). And he seems to have joined the Royalist rising in Wales of 1648. Information was laid on February 10, 1649, that he "was Commissioner of Array and Association, raised men and money, subscribed warrants to raise men against the Parliament's generals, and sat as J. P. in the court at Brecon when the friends of Parliament were prosecuted" (*Cal. Proc. Ctes. for Advance of Money*, p. 1017). Afterwards he was reconciled, sat on the local Committee for Compositions, and again got into trouble with the authorities. On May 14, 1652, the Brecon Committee wrote to the Central Committee that, being one of the late Committee, he would not account for sums in

his hands. He was fined £20 (*Cal Proc Ctee for Con positions*, p 578)

Miss Morgan has copied the inscription on his tombstone in Llanhamlach Church

[Arms of Walbeoffe]

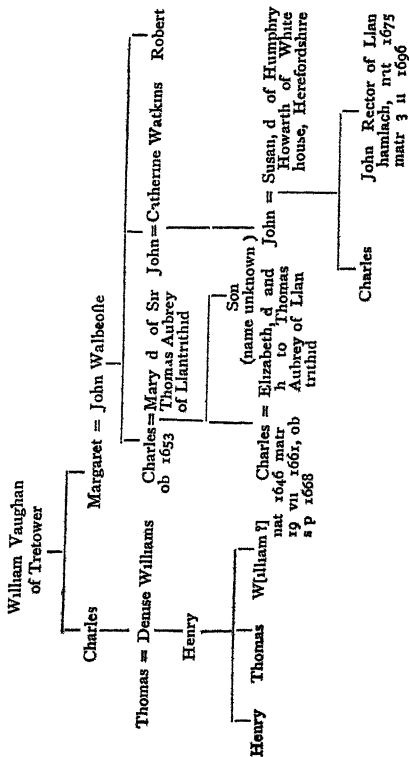
"Here lieth the body of Charles Walbeoffe, Esqre, who departed this life the 13th day of September, 1653, and was married to Mary, one of the daughters of Sir Thoma Aubrey of Llantryddid, in the county of Glamorgan, Knt, by whom he had issue two sonnes, of whom only Charles surviveth

Charles Walbeoffe the younger died in 1668, and was succeeded by his cousin John. 'This gentleman, says Jones (*Hist of Brecknock* ii 482), "being of a gay and extravagant turn, left the estate much encumbered to his son Charles and soon after his death it was foreclosed and afterwards sold

This John Walbeoffe is mentioned in Thomas Vaughan's *Diary* (cf vol ii, p xxxviii). He may be the writer of the preface to *Thalia Rediviva* (cf p 164, note)

It is possible that the R. W. of another of Vaughan's *Elegies* may also have been a Walbeoffe. Cf p 79, note

Dr Grosart was unable to identify the initials C. W. The Walbeoffes, or Walbieffes, of Llanhamlach, the next village to Llansantfread, were among the most important of the *Advenae*, or Norman settlers of Brecknockshire. They were related, as the following table shows, to the Vaughans of Tietower. The following extract from the genealogy of the Walbeoffes of Llanhamlach is compiled from Harl MS 2,289 f 136b. Jones *History of Brecknockshire*, ii 484, Miss G. E. F. Morgan, in *Brecon County Times* for May 13, 1887



P 193 IN ZODIACUM MARCELLI PALINGENII

Marcellus Palingenius, or Petro Angelo Manzoli, wrote his didactic and satirical poem, the *Zodiacus Vitae*, about 1535. It was translated into English by Barnabee Googe in 1560-1565. The latest edition of the original is that by C. C. Weise (1832). As we may gather from Vaughan's lines, Manzoli was an earnest student of occult lore. Cf. Gustave Reynier, *De Marcelli Palingeni Stellatae Poetae Zodiaco Vitae* (1893).

P 195 TO LYSIMACHUS

Bevis *Arundel* *Morglay* The allusion is to the *Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton* (ed. E. Kölbing, E. E. T. S., 1885). Arundel was Sir Bevis' horse, and Morglay his sword.

P 197 ON SIR THOMAS BODLEY'S LIBRARY

If Vaughan was not himself an Oxford man (*Biog. Note*, vol. II, p. xxvi), he may have been in Oxford with the King's troops at the end of August, 1645 (*Biog. Note*, vol. II, p. xxxi).

Walsam Walsingham, in Norfolk, famous for the rich shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, to which many offerings were made.

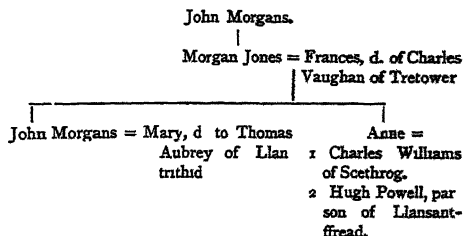
P 200 THE IMPORTUNATE FORTUNE.

I 105 *My purse, as Randolph's was* The allusion is to Randolph's *A Parley with his Empty Purse*, which begins

"Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been
When he shall look and find no gold herein?"

P 204 TO I MORGAN, OF WHITEHALL, ESQ

Whitehall appears to be an Anglicised form of Wenallt, more properly Whitehill. John Morgan, or Morgans, of Wenallt, in Llandetty, was a kinsman of Vaughan's, as the following table (from Harl. MS., 2,289, f. 39) shows



P 211 TO THE EDITOR OF THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.

cf p 100, *note* These lines do not appear in either the 1664 or the 1667 edition of Orinda's poems

P 213 UPON SUDDEN NEWS OF THE MUCH LAMENTED
DEATH OF JUDGE TREVERS.

"This was probably Sir Thomas Trevor, youngest son of John Trevor, Esq of Trevallyn co Denbigh, by Mary, daughter of Sir George Bruges, of London. He was born 6th July, 1586. He was made one of the Barons of the Exchequer 12th May, 1625, and was one of the six judges who refused to accept the new commission offered them by the ruling powers under the Commonwealth. He died 21st December, 1656, and is buried at Lemington Hastings, in Warwickshire' (Dr Grosart.)

P 214. TO ETESIA (FOR TIMANDER) THE FIRST SIGHT

I do not think we need look for anything autobiographical in this and the following poems written to Etesia. They are written "for Timander," that is, either to serve the suit of a friend, or as copies of verses with no personal reference at all. The names Etesia and Timander smack of Orinda's poetic circle

P 224 TRANSLATIONS FROM SEVERINUS

Dr Grosart hunted out an obscure Neapolitan, Marcus Aurelius Severino, and ascribed to him the originals of these translations. They are of course from the *De Consolatione Philosophiae* of Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius, and are a continuation of the pieces already printed in *Olor Iscanus* (pp 125-143)

P 245 PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS

These are much in the vein of *Silex Scintillans*. They probably belong to various dates later than 1655, when the second part of that collection appeared. *The Nativity* (p 259) is dated 1656, and *The True Christmas* (p 261) was apparently written after the Restoration.

P 261 THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

Vaughan was no Puritan, cf his lines on *Christ's Nativity* (vol 1, p 107)—

"Alas, my God! Thy birth now here

Must not be numbered in the year,

but he was not much in sympathy with the ideals of the Restoration either, cf the passage on "our unjust ways" in *Daphnis* (p 284)

P 267 DE SALMONE

On Thomas Powell, cf p 57 note

P 272 THE BEE

Hilarion's servant, the sage crow. There seems to be some confusion between Hilarion, an obscure fourth-century Abbot, and Paul the Hermit, of whom it is related in his *Life* by S. Jerome that for sixty years he was daily provided with half a loaf of bread by a crow

P 278 DAPHNIS

The subject of the Eclogue appears to be Vaughan's brother Thomas, who died 27th February, 1666. On him see the *Biographical Note* (vol II, p xxxiii)

true black Moors an allusion, perhaps, to Thomas Vaughan's controversy with Henry More

Old Amphion, perhaps Matthew Herbert, on whom see note to p 158

The Isis and the prouder Thames Thomas Vaughan was buried at Albury near Oxford

Noble Murray Thomas Vaughan's patron, himself a poet and alchemist, Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland. His poems have been collected by the Hunterian Club

FRAGMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The larger number of the verses in this section are translations scattered through Vaughan's prose pamphlets. Dr Grosart identified some of the originals, I have added a few others, but the larger number remain obscure and are hardly worth spending much labour upon. The title pages of the pamphlets will be found in the *Bibliography* (vol II, p. lvi).

P 289 FROM EUCHARISTICA OXONIENSIA

I have already, in the *Biographical Note* (vol II, p. xxviii), given reasons for doubting whether this poem is by the Silurist. It was first printed as his by Dr Grosart. Charles the First was in Scotland, trying to settle his differences with the Scots during the closing months of 1641.

P 291 TRANSLATIONS FROM PLUTARCH AND MAXIMUS TYRIUS

These, together with a translation of Guevara's *De vite rustice laudibus*, were appended to the *Olor Iscanus*. Vaughan did not translate directly from the Greek, but from a Latin version published in 1613-14 amongst some tracts by John Reynolds, Lecturer in Greek at, and afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

P 294 FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

A volume of Devotions published by Vaughan in 1652. The preface, dated 1st October, 1651, is addressed to Sir Charles Egerton, Knight, and in it Vaughan speaks of "that new

relation by which my dearest friend lays claim to your person. It is impossible to say who is the "dearest friend" referred to. The *Flores Solitudinis* (1654) is also dedicated to Sir Charles Egerton. He was probably of Staffordshire. Dr Grosart (II xxxiii) states that in Hanbury Church co. Stafford, is a monument *Caroli Egerton Equitis Aurati*, who died 1662. Perhaps therefore he was connected with Vaughan's wife's family, the Wises of Staffordshire.

P 298 FROM MAN IN GLORY

This translation from a work attributed to St Anselm and published as his in 1639 is appended to the Mount of Olives.

In the original lines 5, 6, are printed in error after lines 7, 8

P 299 FROM FLORES SOLITUDINIS.

In 1654 Vaughan published a volume containing (1) translations of two discourses by Eusebius Nierembergius, (2) a translation of Eucherius *De Contemptu Mundi*, (3) an original life of S Paulinus, Bishop of Nola. These were poems "collected in his sickness and retirement." The Epistle-dedicatory to Sir Charles Egerton is dated 1653, and that to the reader which precedes the translations from Nierembergius on 17th April 1652.

Bissellius John Bissel a Jesuit, (1601-1677), wrote *Deluciae Aetatis*, *Argonauticon Americanorum* etc (Grosart).

Augurellius Johannes Aurelius Augurellius of Ruman (1454-1537), wrote *Carmina*, *Chrysopoena*, *Geronticon*, etc. (Grosart).

P 307 FROM PRIMITIVE HOLINESS.

This original life of S Paulinus of Nola, by far the most striking of Vaughan's prose works contains a number of poems, pieced together by Vaughan from lines in Paulinus' own poems and in those of Ausonius addressed to him. The edition used by Vaughan seems to have been that published by Rosweyde at Antwerp in 1622. I have traced the sources of the poems so far as I can in the edition published by W. de Hartel in the *Corpus*

Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latiorum (vols. xxix xxx
1894)

P 322 FROM HERMETICAL PHYSIC

A translation from the *Naturae Sanctuarium! quod est Physica Hermetica* (1619) of the alchemist Henry Nollus, published by Vaughan in 1655

P 323 FROM CERBYD FFCHYDWIAETH

This tract is bound up with the Brit Mus copy of [Thomas Powell's] *Quadrige Salutis* (1657), of which it appears to be a Welsh translation. The verses, to which nothing corresponds in the English version, are signed Ol[or] Vaughan (cf Olor Iscanus). Professor Palgrave (*Y Cymrodor*, 1890-1) translates them as follows: "The Lord's Prayer, when looked into (we see), the Trinity of His Fatherly goodness has given it as a foundation stone of all prayer, and has made it for our instruction in doctrine. He adds that this Englyn occurs with others written in an eighteenth century hand on the fly leaf of a MS of Welsh poetry by Iago ab Duwi.

P 324 FROM HUMANE INDUSTRY

On Thomas Powell cf p 57, note. The first three of these translations are marked H V in the margin, of the fourth Powell says, "The translation of Mr Hen Vaughan, Silurist, whose excellent Poems are published." Many other translations are scattered through the book, but there is nothing to connect them with Vaughan.

	Vol. page
Those sacred days by tedious Time delay'd,	II. 315
Though since thy first sad entrance by	I. 272
Thou that know'st for whom I mourn,	I. 54
Thou the nepenthe easing grief	II. 301
Thou who didst place me in this busy street	I. 244
Thou, who dost flow and flourish here below,	I. 198
Thou, whose sad heart, and weeping head lies low	I. 132
Through pleasant green fields enter you the way	II. 312
Through that pure virgin shrine,	I. 251
Time's teller wrought into a little round,	II. 324
'Tis a sad Land, that in one day	I. 23
'Tis dead night round about Horror doth creep	I. 41
'Tis madness sure, and I am in the fit,	II. 184
'Tis not rich furniture and gems,	II. 147
'Tis now clear day I see a rose	I. 33
'Tis true, I am undone yet, ere I die,	II. 17
To live a stranger unto life	II. 304
True life in this is shown,	II. 304
'Twas so, I saw thy birth That drowsy lake	I. 45
Tyrant, farewell! this heart, the prize	II. 8
UNFOLD Unfold! Take in His light,	II. 254
Up, O my soul! and bless the Lord! O God,	I. 202
Up to those bright and gladsome hills,	I. 136
VAIN, sinful art! who first did fit.	I. 219
Vain wits and eyes	I. 26
Virtue's fair cares some people measure	II. 303
Vivaces oculorum ignes et lumina dia.	II. 139
WATERS above! eternal springs!	II. 248
Weary of this same clay and straw, I laud	I. 153
We thank you, worthy Sir, that now we see	II. 97
Weighing the steadfastness and state	I. 169
'Welcome, dear book, soul's joy and food! The feast	I. 193

	Vol	page
Welcome, sweet and sacred feast ' welcome life ' 1	1	134
Welcome, white day ' a thousand suns,	1	184
Well, we are rescued ' and by thy rare pen	11	104
What can the man do that succeeds the king ?	1	247
What clouds Menalcas, do oppress thy brow,	11	278
What fix d affections, and lov d laws	11	228
What happy, secret fountain,	1	241
What greater good hath decked great Pompey s crown	11	306
What is t to me that spacious rivers run	11	295
What planet rul d your birth ? what witty star ?	11	57
What smiling star in that fair night,	11	214
What though they boast their riches unto us ?	11	292
Whatever tis, whose beauty here below	1	191
When Daphne s lover here first wore the bays,	11	61
When first I saw True Beauty, and Thy joys	1	168
When first Thou didst even from the grave	1	110
When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave	1	94
When Jove a heav n of small glass did behold,	11	238
When the Crab s fierce constellation	11	131
When the fair year	1	212
When the sun from his rosy bed	11	136
When through the North a fire shall rush	1	28
When to my eyes,	1	63
When we are dead, and now, no more	11	"
When with these eyes clos d now by Thee,	1	271
Whenever did, I pray,	11	322
Where reverend bards of old have sate	11	172
Where er my fancy calls there I go still,	11	322
Whither, O whither didst thou fly	11	250
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